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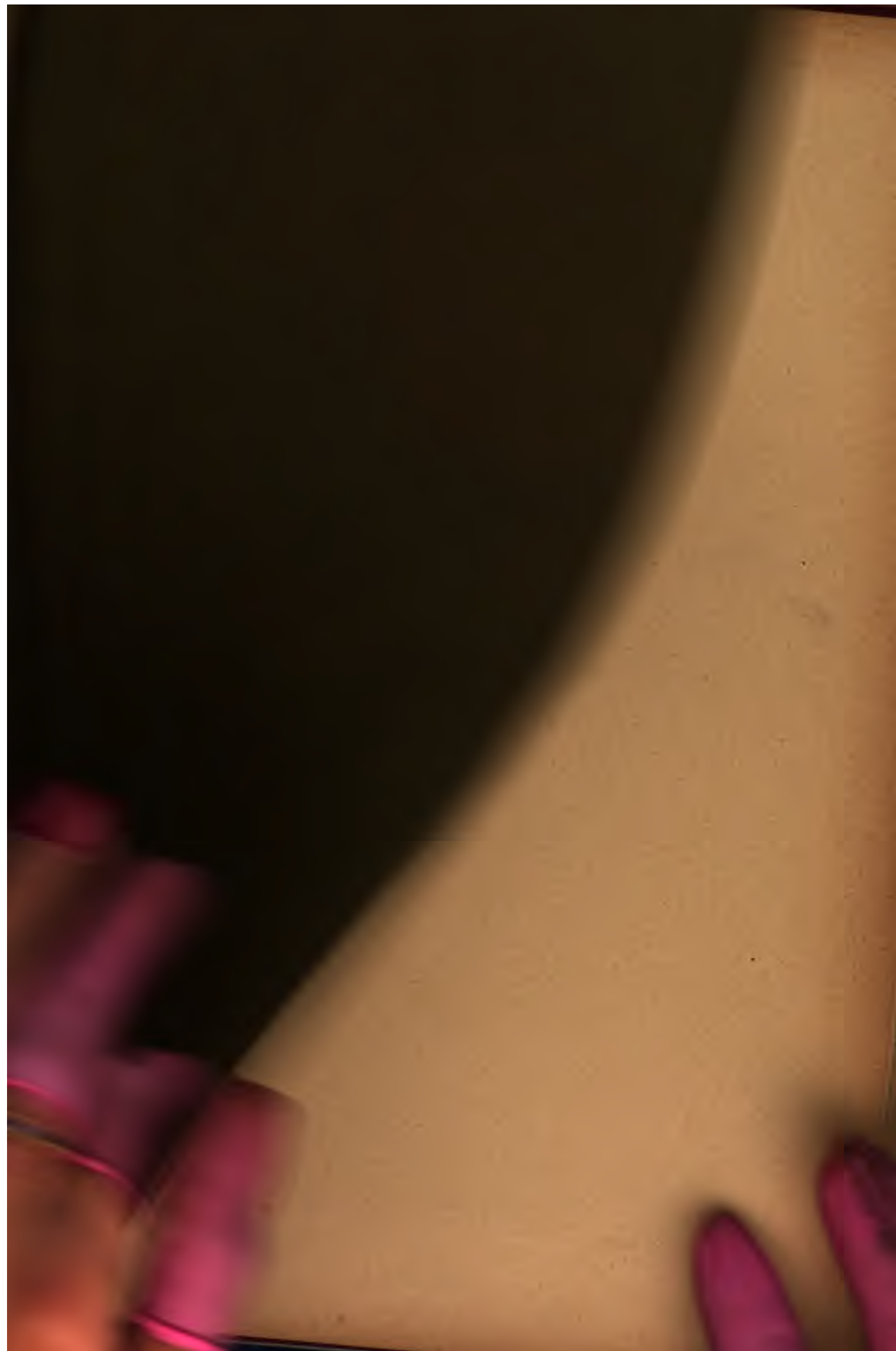
FERDINAND FREILIGRATH

Vol. II.

















THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTERS.

(SEE MISCELLANEA.)

**HALLBERGER'S**  
**ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.**

**FOUNDED**

**BY**

**FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.**

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**VOL. II.—1876.**

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**STUTT GART-LEIPZIG:**  
**EDWARD HALLBERGER.**



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# HALLBERGER'S ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

## JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

BY

M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

### CHAPTER XIV.

"TROP BELLE POUR MOI,  
VOILA MON TRÉPAS."

THE actual machinery of life, the common details of domestic existence, underwent little change after Joshua Haggard's second marriage, and the introduction of a fair girl-wife into the sober household. The change was in the minds of the household, not in outward things. Aunt Judith abated no jot or tittle of her authority. Her assumption of her accustomed post at the tea-table upon the evening of Cynthia's arrival was symbolical of her maintenance of supreme authority in all domestic matters. She did not even offer to surrender the keys of those awful and impenetrable repositories in which she kept the jams and jellies, the pickles and home-made wines, and all those items which, in Jim's opinion, gave savour and relish to life—the orna-

mental margin of existence's daily needs, like the labyrinthine scroll-work and illumination which border the texts of a mediæval Bible.

She retained supreme authority in the kitchen; and this young wife's coming did not benefit her step-son by so much as an extra pudding on weekdays, or a currant cake flavoured with saffron, and of that golden hue his soul loved, on Sundays.

Before Cynthia had been established in her new home for the space of a week she had discovered that her domestic duties and rights were alike usurped by another, that in yielding the tea-pot she had given up her place in her husband's home. This was a disappointment; for in her happy dreams of life with Joshua she had seen herself ministering to him, providing for his comforts, working with those busy clever hands of hers for his small needs and simple luxuries, lending new graces and pleasures to his daily life, were they but the smallest things, such as a bunch of fresh flowers on his breakfast-table, or a dish of light cakes at tea-time. She had a natural taste for and love of household work—a handiness in all womanly offices which had won her the approval of her mistresses at Penmoyle; and to be shut out of these offices was a hardship she felt keenly.

Not one word of complaint was ever spoken by her, or Joshua would have promptly transferred the domestic sceptre. She was by nature submissive, and the experience of her brief life had made obedience a habit. She bowed her neck to Judith's yoke, and resigned her simple household privileges without a murmur. Joshua thought it right, no doubt, or he would not look on approvingly. She did not know that Joshua—whose temporal and spiritual duties filled his time and thoughts to overflowing—had never thought about the matter at all. She remembered what he had said

on that first evening—"Let there be peace in the household, and no foolish fuss about trifles;" and she accepted this speech as a command. Any opposition to Aunt Judith would be rebellion against her husband.

Cynthia's position in the family, therefore, seemed rather that of daughter than wife. She sat by her husband's side at meals; she spent her mornings in needlework, and her afternoons in serious reading, or occasionally in a ramble on the sea-shore or in the woods with Jim. She would have been better pleased to accompany her husband on his pastoral visits to distant homesteads and cottages, but Joshua told her gently that her presence would be out of place on such occasions. She taught in Mr. Haggard's Sunday-school, held in a roomy loft at the top of the chapel. She often went to read to the sick and aged among her husband's flock, delighted to be of some use in this manner; but these occupations left a wide margin of her life to be filled somehow: and there were afternoon hours in which she sat with the Bible or Baxter open before her, and her thoughts wandering far from the text.

There were some sad thoughts mingled with her full contentment in an union which had seemed to her royal and triumphant as Esther's bridal with Ahasuerus. She had been quick to perceive the consternation her appearance had occasioned on that first evening; and she was conscious that beneath Judith's cold civility and somewhat exaggerated politeness there lurked a disapproving spirit that was not to be conciliated. Let her be never so assiduous to please her husband's sister, Judith would never love her; and, more than this, Judith had contrived to let her know, without any apparent unkindness of intention, that Joshua's marriage had lowered him in the esteem of his flock.

"We can't all be apostles and martyrs," said Judith; "but folks expected a great deal of my brother. 'He that is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please the Lord,' and he that's married doesn't. St. Paul says that pretty plain, you see; there's no getting away from the right meaning of his words. And people will naturally cast that up at my brother—marrying a second time, and a girl younger than his daughter. I don't blame you, my dear. I daresay if you'd thought of these things you'd have said no, especially as your own inclination would have led you to prefer a younger man."

"I could never have loved or honoured any one as I love and honour my husband," protested Cynthia, flushing with anger at the suggestion.

"Ah," sighed Judith, with a world of significance, "of course it was a great thing for

you to come to such a home as this, and a husband as comfortably off as my brother. It isn't many young women in service that get as well provided for."

"I hope you don't think—" cried Cynthia eagerly.

"I trust I am too much of a Christian to think evil of any one," replied Aunt Judith with dignity. "I'm thinking what *other* people will say. You can't stop their tongues. If they choose to say that my brother Joshua was led away from his own principles and the first of Corinthians by a pretty face, and that you married him for the sake of a home, there's no law in the land to hinder 'em from having their say."

Thus for the first time in her life Cynthia heard of that invisible and irresponsible tribunal which is always sitting outside our doors; and was taught to feel that it was not to her Creator and her own conscience alone she had to answer, but that she ought also to shape her acts to meet the views of other people; other people would measure her acts by their standard, sound the depths of her heart with their plummet; and unheard, undefended, ignorant alike of her indictment and her sentence, she would be convicted and condemned.

This was a chilling revelation to one as innocent of life's complexities as Miranda or Perdita. One of the few lessons in the world's bitter school which Cynthia had thoroughly learned was to endure undeserved affliction patiently. She bore Aunt Judith's sharp stings and quiet stabs as meekly as she had borne ill-usage from the tyrants of her childhood. But she felt her punishment none the less keenly; and already, ere she had been married a month, began to ask herself if Joshua had verily done wisely in marrying her, and whether it would not have been better for her to have gone on worshipping him at a distance all her life, spending her tranquil industrious days in the little kitchen at Penmoyle, doing her duty, and being praised for faithful service, among people who were in no wise scandalised by her existence. It had been a very monotonous life, containing little for memory to dwell on, offering still less for hope to build upon; and the river of life, which youth would fain sail upon, is a bright and swiftly flowing current—not a tideless canal. But it had been a life full of peace, and already in this new life there had come a feeling which was not peace. Unhappily, Judith's christianlike and candid remarks upon popular feeling at Combhollow were sustained by a foundation of truth. The minister's congregation did not contemplate his second marriage with entire approval. They were not prepared to take his youthful flaxen-haired wife to their hearths and bosoms with any warmth of affection. She would be invited out to tea,

of course, and best tea-pots would be taken out of their chamois-leather enfoldings, and amber-hued cakes would be baked for her regalement; but there would be little heartiness in her reception—it would be ceremonial and civic only, like the welcome of a foreign princess when the nation feels their prince has made a foolish or insignificant choice.

There were so many things to be said against this marriage of Joshua Haggard's. In the first place, why marry at all? In the second, if he must needs marry, why not choose one of his own flock—a comfortable widow, for instance—and there were several comfortable widows among the Bethelites—whose antecedents would be patent to everybody at Combhollow, whose life from the cradle upwards would be as well-known to the community as the pattern of her parlour carpet, or the furniture in her best bedroom? Such a marriage, though unspiritual, and, in some wise, depoeitising the ideal pastor, would at least have recommended itself to the more practical members of the congregation as prudent and suitable.

Whatever disappointment such a marriage might have caused in those loftier minds which had elevated the preacher and teacher into the Saint and Apostle—minds to be found chiefly among the spinsters of Joshua's flock—it could hardly have occasioned scandal; but this unannounced, unexplained union with an unknown young woman from the far West of Cornwall—a girl who had worked in the mines, perhaps, and worn unholy attire, and toiled shoulder-to-shoulder with rough barbarians, speaking a strange tongue—this was enough to inspire unpleasant doubts in the minds of Joshua's congregation, to call all their prejudices to arms against the fair intruder.

Who was she—supposing that she had not worked in the mines? Who was she? whence came she? to whom belonged she?—questions to which no one could supply any categorical or satisfactory answer, though speculative answers and suggestions were to be had in abundance. Whence came this wandering rumour, traceable to no particular source, yet in everybody's mouth, that Joshua had found his young wife by the wayside, a beggar, with bare feet, houseless, friendless, not even knowing the name of her kindred, or the place of her birth, nor on what parish she might fasten her helplessness; the merest waif upon the stream of life? This notion could hardly have arisen from any imprudent communicativeness upon the part of Aunt Judith, for, when sounded by solicitous friends upon the subject of her brother's marriage, that lady had refrained from all expression of opinion save such dumb, inscrutable movements as shoulder-shrugs, elevation of the eyebrows, lips tightly drawn, and head shaken with a solemn significance. What-

ever this dumb-show meant, Combhollow felt assured that it meant a great deal, and meant no good.

There was a general and growing conviction that Joshua had acted foolishly, if not wickedly, in marrying this strange young woman. "How are the mighty fallen!" cried the Bethelites; and in their lamentations over the degradation of their pastor, they indulged in a great deal of Scriptural language to his disadvantage. Perhaps the value of our Bible never comes so fully home to us as when we quote it against our erring neighbour. It was felt that Joshua held the same position in Combhollow that David must have occupied in Jerusalem after that lamentable episode in the princely life which brought greatness to the level of the sinful herd. The preacher read disapproval in the faces of his flock on the first Sabbath after his marriage; he discovered a coldness, an alteration in the tone of those customers at the shop who were of his congregation. His Church of England patrons, on the contrary, congratulated him heartily upon his marriage, and praised his wife's pretty face in the friendliest manner. But they had never canonised the pastor; they contemplated him solely in his aspect as a general dealer; and what more natural, what more distinctly human, than that a well-to-do grocer should beautify the autumn of his life with the charms and graces of a young wife?

Joshua saw the change in his flock, and his heart rebelled against their hardness. Pride sustained him—a manly and honest pride, and a spiritual pride, which told him that he was better than the best of those who presumed to sit in judgment upon him. Who among them had toiled for the good cause as he had done? Who, among these professing Methodists, had trodden in the footsteps of the great founder of Methodism as he had trodden, faithfully imitating that pious man's asceticism and self-denial? And were these people, whom he had served so faithfully, for whose spiritual welfare he had laboured so hard, to turn the light that he had kindled against him, to distort the law he had taught them, in order to pass an iniquitous sentence upon their teacher? He felt these cold looks and altered greetings keenly as a deep injustice, and shut himself up in the armour of offended pride. God had given him this infinite blessing—the love of a pure and lovely woman—and was man's malice to poison his cup of bliss? No, he told himself. He could live without the world's regard. He had never served mankind for their own sake, and he could dispense with their affection. In his prayers and sermons at this time of estrangement he raised himself so far above the level of daily life and earthly ills, that there was no taint of personal feeling to be perceived



in any of his words, no murmur against man's injustice crept into his communion with God. Never had this teaching been clearer or more elevated; never were his prayers more fervent. In that spiritual world of which he possessed the key neither worldly malice nor worldly misconception could follow him.

Again, at the worst, were his flock never so ungrateful, he knew of one listener whose mute enthusiasm was in itself sufficient for inspiration. If he had not been able, of his own unassisted strength, to lift up his soul to the very gates of heaven, that look of Cynthia's, as she sat in the narrow little pew just under the square box of a pulpit, would have been the source of pure imaginings and holy thoughts. His Sabbaths were now such blessed days; for all the time he did not owe to duty he gave to his young wife. They walked together by that lovely sea which in its jewel-like colouring so often recalled the Oriental imagery of Holy Writ. They talked together of spiritual things, with a fond familiarity which is natural to those whose only poetry, whose only knowledge of the beautiful, has been drawn from Scripture. Cynthia's greatest delight at this time was to hear her husband talk of his youthful career, his discouragements and successes, his alternate despair and triumph; those hysterical gusts of enthusiasm in the newly-converted which had promised so much, those chilling disappointments caused by backsliding in his brightest disciples, the sudden going out of the sacred fire.

Perfectly blessed in such perfect love, Joshua was able to live his own life with supreme indifference as to the opinion of the outside world; and this independence of feeling speedily revealing itself to the flock, there was a general sense of disappointment at the discovery that Mr. Haggard had not been crushed by their disapproval, and then the cold looks began to give place to friendly smiles and salutations, as of old. The pastor was complimented on his last sermon; the more select of the community were pressing in their invitations to tea-parties of a ceremonious character.

Joshua, who had felt his affections outraged, was not so easily to be won back to the pleasant path of brotherly love. He rejected all invitations to tea, responded coldly to the warmest salutations, and heard men's praises of his eloquence unmoved. But in all pastoral duties he was faithful, as of old; ministered to the sick, taught in his school, gave three evenings a week to a class of young men belonging to the labouring community, who met in the loft over the chapel for serious reading and conversation by the light of two dip candles, and joined in a hymn before they separated. It may be supposed, therefore, that, with the exception of those tran-

quil Sabbath hours between the services, there was not much time left for him to devote to his young wife, and that Cynthia had plenty of leisure in which to meditate upon things spiritual and temporal.

## CHAPTER XV.

### A FAMILY PICTURE.

THE year drew to its close, and society at Combhollow, which possessed something of that capacity for adapting itself to circumstances which is characteristic of society in wider circles, had got accustomed to the idea of Joshua Haggard's marriage; and, if not altogether reconciled to his union, had become, at any rate, resigned to the inevitable.

"It's a blessed mercy for Mr. Haggard that he's got a sister to look after his house and keep the furniture polished, and see that the bottoms of the loaves and broken pieces don't get thrown to the fowls," remarked careful housewives to each other in the friendly loquacity of the tea-table, "or else things would go to wrack and ruin altogether, I should think, with a young wife like that."

"And so pretty, too," sighed a matron, gently shaking the stiffest of caps, as if prettiness were a crime.

"Pretty and useless, no doubt, poor thing. And he seems so foolishly fond of her. I'm sure to see them out walking together you'd think they were sweethearts that had only just begun to keep company," remarked Mrs. Pycroft, of the First and Last, whose conversations with her husband after marriage had been chiefly of a didactic or argumentative character.

Once, and once only, had Joshua—whose style of preaching was more personal and familiar than that which obtained at this time in the Established Church, where the chaff of abstruse doctrine was but sparsely qualified with the grain of moral teaching and Gospel truth—approached indirectly the subject of his marriage.

He had been quoting Richard Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted," and, suddenly diverging from the theology of the preacher, enlarged upon the man and his life.

"It was in many ways a life of trial, yet in all ways a life full of blessing," he said; "nor do I count it the smallest of graces which Providence bestowed upon this great and good man that, at forty-seven years of age, he was blessed in the affection of a wife of three-and twenty. He had come to that time of life without having ever known the sweetness of domestic happiness. But it pleased God that he should be the instrument of this dear girl's conversion, and that her heart should

go forth to him who had brought her the message of salvation. There were some, perchance, in those evil days who were scandalised by this marriage; for it had been a part of Baxter's creed that for ministers to marry was barely lawful. But Heaven smiled upon this wedded pair, who were verily married in the Lord; and Baxter has told us that he found in his wife a helpmeet, a comforter in all his sorrows, the sharer of his prison, and always the helper to his joy."

Before the year was ended Naomi had become completely reconciled to her father's marriage. She had suffered faint thrills of pain just at first, when she saw Cynthia draw her chair near Joshua's, and perhaps sit with her hand in his, while he read the evening Scriptures. She had felt it just a little hard to see her father's eyes rest with such ineffable love upon the face of the stranger; but she had schooled her heart to submit to this loss—if loss it could be called—since her father was more affectionate to his children than he had been before his marriage. She had subdued all human jealousy, and had taught herself to be glad that her father had won so fair and faithful a companion. There was something indescribably touching in the young wife's childlike affection for her husband, her intense belief in him, her unbounded admiration for his talents and powers as preacher and teacher, her implicit faith in his judgment. If flattery be a pleasant poison, Joshua was in a fair way to be poisoned by the sweetest of all flatteries—the exaggerated estimate which springs from womanly love. Love with a woman of this temper is but another name for worship; and Cynthia's love had begun in a spiritual idolatry which had set Joshua but a little way below the saints and apostles he had taught her to reverence. In a man so truthful as Joshua closer communion revealed no flaw, familiarity was not followed by disillusion. After two months of married life the husband still occupied the pedestal upon which Cynthia had elevated the teacher; but, although she had suffered no disappointment in the man himself, her vivid and romantic mind began to find something wanting in his surroundings. The atmosphere of her daily life was depressing; the young eager spirit yearned for work of some kind, and was flung back upon the dull blank of idleness. She sighed for keener air, a wider horizon, yet scarcely knew what she desired. She had secret aspirations for her husband, and rebelled against that commonplace trade which occupied one half of his life—that buying and selling and getting gain, which seemed to her enthusiastic mind a practical denial of the Gospel which the trader preached on Sundays, the lesson which he taught his flock on weekdays. These divided duties, this solicitous service to a worldly

master, struck her as out of joint with her husband's sacred character. To her, who had known no other church than this Dissenting community, and who hardly knew that they were Dissenters, Joshua was as holy as if Episcopal hands had been laid upon him, and she was troubled by the incongruity between the trader and the priest. Yet, seeing that Joshua saw no harm in his calling, that he held honest trade as an honourable office, she dared not lift up her voice in remonstrance, and accepted the shop as one of those things which, like Aunt Judith, were an inevitable element in her life.

Christmas brought cheerful thoughts and friendly relations between the minister and his flock. Presents rained upon Joshua at this season, and those stiffnecked members of his congregation who had lifted the nose at his marriage, atoned for their unfriendly feeling by the fattest of turkeys and youngest of geese. *Noël* was a season of much eating and drinking at Combhollow; and even Methodism forgot to be ascetic, and gorged itself with beef and pudding, with a riotous delight in the good things of this mortal life that would have made William Law's hair stand on end. The Established Church woke from its comfortable doze, and sang carols on Christmas Eve; the ecclesiastical feeling for colour displayed itself in sprigs of holly, stuck here and there in convenient places by the hands of beadle and pew-opener; and a dole of bread, provided by the bequest of the virtuous dame Margery Hawker, of this parish, was meted out to five-and-twenty poor women on Christmas morning. New bonnets, modelled upon the coal-scuttle of the period, were to be seen above the high oaken pews of St. Mary Magdalene, and enlivened the crowded congregation at Little Bethel. It was altogether a season of pleasant thoughts and general contentment, a season which seemed very sweet to Naomi, as she walked in the leafless woods with the lover who was so soon to be her husband. Early in March, before the birds had pecked the crocuses to death, before the daffodils had begun their fairy dances in the windy afternoons, Naomi and Oswald were to be married at the gray old parish church. It was a wonderful thing to think of. Naomi was to be a great lady, and live at the Grange, and have that pretty morning-room, with its dainty book-cases, and neat duodecimo edition of the old poets, bound in white vellum, for her very own. She was to belong to the old Squire and his son; the gardens and the park, where the cattle browsed and the beautiful mysterious wood, with its glades and dells and lopsided old trees, and knolls and thickets, which one could never quite know by heart, were to be hers—a part of her life, inseparable from all her future years.

"You will let me go to chapel, Oswald?" she asked, earnestly; "you will never try to keep me away from Little Bethel?"

"My dearest, I would rather go there with you than hinder your going. You shall be free, my dear. These things are more to you than they are to me. It would be hard if I were to oppose my prejudices to your deep-rooted faith. And who shall say whether John Wesley's creed is right or wrong? It is a comfortable doctrine most assuredly that sin brings us closer to Christ, and that the deeper we sink in the mire the nearer we are to the stars."

"Oh, Oswald, you don't understand. It is our consciousness of sin that brings us to the Fount of grace, not the sin."

They were very happy at this Christmas-tide. It was one of those green yules to which popular prejudice accredits the filling of churchyards, although the *Times* obituary goes far to prove the good old-fashioned Christmas, with his icicle diadem and his mantle of snow, Death's sterner coadjutor. Blackbirds were merry in the woods at even-song, and mistaken dog-violets struggled into untimely bloom under the shelter of tall hedges. Oswald dined with his father upon the great festival, and, as soon as he decently could do so, stole away from the firelit dining-room, leaving the old Squire asleep in his big arm-chair, where he would in all likelihood slumber peacefully until bed-time, when he would awake with wonderful briskness to go his round of the lower chambers, and see that every bolt was duly drawn against thieves and burglars, for although half a dozen spoons and forks, and a pair of salt-cellars with corpulent bodies and attenuated legs comprised the utmost display of silver that ever decorated the Squire's table, there was a goodly store of old tankards, venison-dishes, soup-tureens, and smaller plate stowed away in the great oak closet in old Mr. Pentreath's bedroom.

Oswald walked straight to the minister's house—but not quite so fast as he had been accustomed to walk in the same direction. The air was wondrously mild; the western sky a pale primrose; the wooded horizon-line bluer than it is wont to be. It was a winter twilight that might tempt a man to linger, and Oswald was full of thought. Early in March—so soon—for him as for Naomi, that approaching marriage was an event to be contemplated with wonder, almost with disbelief. His apprenticeship, which at the beginning had seemed to him as long as Jacob's, was nearly ended. His patience and truth and constancy were to have their reward.

"Dear girl!" he said to himself, thinking of his betrothed. "She is the best and noblest of women; where could I find so perfect a wife? I do not believe there is a flaw in her

goodness. I always feel myself a better man when I am with her. Yes, that is what a wife ought to be."

And then in his low legato tones he repeated those familiar lines of Wordsworth's—

A perfect woman, nobly planned—

from a poem which seems to concentrate in thirty lines all that can ever be said or sung in praise of womankind.

He could see the ruddy firelight shining in the minister's best parlour as he came round the bend of the road. It was tea-time, and they were all assembled there, no doubt—Aunt Judith in her best gown, which was such an excellent fit across the chest as to be faintly suggestive of a strait waistcoat! Naomi sitting in her favourite corner with the red light flickering upon her glossy hair, and those deep dark eyes of hers full of grave thoughts; and on the other side of the hearth that childlike face and figure, the very type of innocent and guileless maidenhood, his idea of Goethe's Gretchen, nestling close to Joshua's side, looking up at him now and then with worshipping eyes.

Oswald saw the family scene from afar off, as if it had been a mirage-picture. He turned the handle of the door and went in. The passage was dimly lighted by an oil-lamp. He knocked at the parlour door, by way of ceremony, and the minister's deep voice bade him enter. Yes, the scene was just as his imagination showed it to him—Aunt Judith seated at the tea-board, the old brown Bible on Joshua's right hand, Cynthia's fair hair looking like palest gold in the uncertain light, Naomi's dark head drooping thoughtfully, Jim screwed as close as possible to the fire, stooping to roast chestnuts between the bars—a peaceful home-picture. They all looked up and gave him welcome, but Naomi's gratified smile was worth all the rest.

"I did not think you would be able to come," she exclaimed.

"Luckily for me, my father indulged in a heavier dinner than usual and fell asleep immediately after it. But I should have contrived to come under any circumstances. I hope I am in time for a cup of your excellent tea, Miss Haggard? It is not everyone can make such tea as yours."

"Everyone hasn't been making tea in the same pot for five-and-twenty years," replied Aunt Judith, obviously mollified by this compliment. "You want to know your pot and to know your tea if it's to be worth drinking."

Miss Haggard dispensed the beverage with an abnormal stiffness peculiar to festive occasions and best gowns. Social gatherings of a cheerful nature did not induce Aunt Judith to unbend. On occasions of this kind she as-

sumed a spinal inflexibility which, in her mind, was the surest indication of a virtuous bringing-up and a polite education. And this back-board politeness was accepted, at Combhollow, where Miss Haggard was considered "quite the lady."

"I don't know what's coming to the women in this place," said Aunt Judith presently, when there was a pause in the conversation, "but I think they must have set their hearts on spending money one against the other. I counted four new bonnets in chapel this morning, without counting Mrs. Spradgers's, that had been fresh trimmed, and she only had it in October, for I sold her the ribbon for it—a lovely maroon with an orange spot."

"I hope you had something better to do in chapel than count the new bonnets and think badly of your neighbours, Judith," remonstrated Joshua.

"I've got eyes in chapel as well as out of chapel," answered Judith, "and there's times when the most serious-minded Christian can use 'em—while the hymn's being given out, for instance; our time's our own then, I should think. All I can say is, that if milliners' made-up bonnets—drawn silk trumpery that one heavy shower will spoil—don't bring Combhollow to ruin, nothing else will. There's Mrs. Flitton, that I've sold many a serviceable straw to in days gone by, decked out in a velvet cottage with a bird of Paradise from Barnstaple. It was luxury of this kind that led to the French king losing his head when we were young folks, Joshua. I've heard you say as much many a time, so don't deny it."

"If you thought less of your neighbours' shortcomings, Judith—"

"I can't help thinking of them when I've got fourteen straw bonnets, best quality, left out of last summer's stock. The shape will be old next year, I daresay. Fashions change so quick nowadays. I shall have to sell 'em to the servant girls, half-price."

"How you do worry about a few shillings, aunt," cried Jim in a disgusted tone. "We make more on our side of the shop in a day than you can lose on your side in a week."

"Thank you, Mr. Pert. When your father loses money by *my* department I hope he'll tell me so. I haven't heard of it yet."

"Then why do you make such a fuss about half a dozen straw bonnets? You *said* you were going to lose by 'em."

"If I lose by my bonnets I shall come home upon my ribbons, you may be sure, Mr. James; and when you know the grocery business as well as I know the drapery you may take me to task, not sooner."

"We won't talk any more about the shop this evening, Judith," said Joshua. "We may be too assiduous in business."

"The Bible tells us not to be slothful," re-

plied the aggrieved Judith, "but I daresay it vexes Mrs. Haggard to hear such talk. She'd have liked to have married a bishop, with his carriage and pair."

This was a hit at Cynthia's dislike to the shop, which the girl had revealed involuntarily upon one or two occasions.

"I should be glad if my husband had nothing to distract his thoughts from his chapel and his schools," answered Cynthia. "Any man can keep a shop. It seems a hard thing that his time should be taken up with selling grocery."

"Does it seem a hard thing that he's got a comfortable home and money in the bank, and a fortune to give his daughter?" demanded Aunt Judith. "He wouldn't have got those out of Little Bethel."

Cynthia sighed. It seemed to her that it would have been a far happier life to have wandered with her husband from village to village, tending him and comforting him in his pilgrimage, than to lead this prosperous life in a settled home, where there was so much to draw his mind away from his great work. And was it for the sake of a substantial house and daily food, for money heaped up in the bank, that the teacher consented so to limit his sphere of usefulness—nay, in a manner to hide his light under a bushel? Naomi had talked to Cynthia of that missionary life which seemed so glorious to her, and the younger girl had caught the enthusiasm of the elder. She felt as if her husband's true vocation lay far away beyond the wide strange seas among the races that had never heard of the Christian God.

Happily for household peace upon this festive occasion the clearing away of the tea-things, and the retirement of Judith to wash them, put an end to a discussion that had tended towards unpleasantness.

Naomi and Oswald were able to enjoy their quiet talk on one side of the hearth, while Joshua read one of his favourite Puritan divines on the other, Cynthia sitting by him in meek silence, full of sweet thoughts and dreamy aspirations after an unknown good. James went on roasting his chestnuts, which ever and anon exploded with a fizz and a splutter, to his own delight and the consternation of the assembly.

"How pretty she is," whispered Oswald to Naomi, contemplating Cynthia's thoughtful face during a pause in his talk. He watched her with the same pleasure and interest he might have felt in the contemplation of a pretty child—something soft and sweet and helpless, which he looked down upon from the altitude of his mature years.

"Yes, she is very pretty, and very good. My father is quite happy in his marriage."

"Why does she never come with us in our

walks? It must be dull for her of an afternoon when your father is out."

"She goes for a walk with Jim sometimes."

"But why not with us?"

"I don't know. She's very shy. I rather think she's afraid of you."

"Afraid of me! Oh, that's too ridiculous."

"She thinks you a very fine gentleman."

"That's delightful! You know how much of the fine gentleman there is about me, Naomi. I am afraid she must be rather silly."

"Oh no, indeed. She is wonderfully bright and quick in everything."

"Is she? I should hardly have thought her so. We are talking of you, Mrs. Haggard," pursued Oswald abandoning his confidential, half-whispering tone; "I have been asking Naomi why you never join us in our afternoon rambles. Perhaps you don't care for woods and hills?"

"Yes, I do," answered Cynthia: "I am very fond of this beautiful place. It is prettier than anything I ever saw before."

"I should think so," said Aunt Judith, sharply. "It's bare enough in the mining country where you come from, I've always heard say."

"You should come with us sometimes, Mrs. Haggard," said Oswald.

"Yes," said Joshua, looking up from his book. "It would be better for you to go out of doors oftener, Cynthia. I find you sitting reading or working in the parlour every afternoon when I come home to tea."

"There's nothing so bad as poring over a book for a young woman's spine," said Aunt Judith. "Mrs. Haggard will be round-shouldered before she's thirty if she doesn't take care."

Judith's backbone was her tower of strength. Years might creep on, the insidious approach of age might show itself in a sprinkling of gray hair among the dark ones—by crow's feet at the corners of the eyes—but Judith's spine defied the assailant Time. It straightened itself against the enemy, and at eight-and-forty Miss Haggard was more erect than she had been at eighteen.

"Yes, my love, you must really have more air and exercise," said Joshua.

Cynthia gave a faint sigh. She was very happy, on such an evening as this, in her husband's company, sitting next him, stealing her hand into his now and then, or leaning against his shoulder to read a page or so of the book he was reading; but there were times in her life when she felt as if she belonged to no one. Thus it was that she had taken to pore over books, or to sit long at some laborious piece of plain needlework. There was so little for her to do: she was never happier than when Joshua allowed her to go and sit in some stuffy cottage, beside the bed

of sickness or decrepitude, and read the Book she loved. She felt then that she, too, had her mission in the world, and that she was in some wise worthy of the husband who had chosen her.

Not a festive Christmas evening this for those who had been wont to associate the occasion with cheery family circles, merry children, old-fashioned games, cards, forfeits, and snapdragon—the good old traditional Christmas immortalised by Washington Irving and Charles Dickens. A pack of cards had never been seen in Mr. Haggard's house, and forfeits or snapdragon he would have accounted childish folly. His children had never been gratified with such empty delights. In the day when he took up John Wesley as his guide and model, he put away from him all small pleasures, all sensual gratifications. At heart he was an ascetic, and it grated a little upon his sense of right to see the board loaded with cold turkey and chine and plum-pudding upon this particular evening. He would have been happier eating his dry bread and hard cheese, and feeling that he was denying himself while all the rest of the world were feasting and revelling. There was a touch of the Pharisee's spiritual pride here, perhaps, but the pride had its source in that idea of calling and special grace which was implanted in the preacher's heart. Had he not been chosen and elected in the days of his youth, when he first felt himself called to do God's work? He could name the day and hour. It was no slow awakening to solemn truths, no gradual leavening of the human mind with spiritual grace; but a sudden and absolute conversion—an instantaneous call to righteousness. Yesterday a child of wrath, to-day the heir of a salvation, a citizen of heaven, an inhabitant of eternity. Wondrous, mysterious had been this Pentecostal season; he looked back at it with love and pride. How pitiful a price had he paid for so great a treasure, in surrendering the transient pleasures of this world!

And now Heaven had rewarded him with the sweetest of all earthly blessings—the blessed joy of home.

He looked at his daughter, happy by her lover's side; at his son, healthy, intelligent, active, dutiful; at his useful sister, rough and bitter, like medicinal herbs, but a faithful servant; at his wife, dearest of all; and thanked God for these manifold blessings.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### CYNTHIA TRIES TO BE USEFUL.

MARCH had come; the anemones were white in the woods, the gummy chestnut-buds were



bursting in sheltered corners of the land, there was a perfume of violets in the lanes, and primroses began to peep out like pale earth-stars, amidst tender green tufts fringed with the ragged disorder of last year's leaves. The daffodils were flaunting everywhere. March was growing old, but Naomi Haggard's wedding had not yet come to pass. The date had been fixed, and all things had gone prosperously till within a week of the appointed day, when the Squire, returning on horseback from Barnstaple, where he had been to take coun-

sel with his lawyer as to the ejectment of a troublesome tenant, had been overtaken by a heavy fall of rain, which lasted with a cruel persistency throughout his homeward journey. Instead of immediately resorting to a hot bath and dry clothes as a cure, Mr. Pentreath had sat by the dining-room fire, while he solaced himself with a tumbler of hot brandy-and-water, before changing his raiment. The consequences of the wet ride and of his imprudence showed themselves next morning in a sharp attack of bronchitis, which speedily



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degenerated into inflammation of the lungs. Before the week was out the Squire's life was in danger, and Naomi's wedding was deferred to an indefinite period.

Oswald was in much distress about his father's state. They had not loved each other tenderly, but the son was soft-hearted, and felt a curious aching pity for the lonely old man lying on his death-bed, more friendless than the lowliest hind on his estate. The family surgeon and sole doctor of Combhollow, who attended all the families round about, and killed or cured by the pharmacopœia with-

out let or hindrance from any opposing practitioner, declared that the Squire's only chance of recovering lay not in medicine, or blood-letting, or blistering, but in good nursing. And who was to nurse this peevish, cantankerous old man, who, while groaning in the agonies of mortal disease, would grudge the nurse her feet and feel an extra pang at every meal she ate? The professional nurses of Combhollow were ancient females of the sibyl or witch type, women one might expect to meet on solitary moors, or in fever-haunted swamps, gathering simples under a stormy moon, and

whose ignorance was only matched in degree by their cunning and cruelty. The housemaid at the Grange, who had such a conscientious regard for the oak panelling that she would begin beeswaxing at six o'clock in the morning, was not so deeply attached to her old master. When Oswald appealed to her for aid she told him she had never been where there was sickness, and did not know much about invalids' ways, and that she should scream if anyone asked her to handle a leech. The housekeeper was old and purblind, and cooked her dinners by the aid of habit and memory rather than by any existing sense. Oswald could not trust his father's life to her.

In this difficulty he naturally applied to Miss Haggard as a person likely to have all the resources of Combhollow at her fingers' ends.

"Do I know any woman that would go out sick-nursing?" she exclaimed, repeating Oswald's question. "If I know one such I know twenty. There's nothing people won't undertake to do if you'll pay them for it. But if you ask me to recommend you a nurse for your father, Mr. Pentreath, that's quite another thing. There isn't a woman who goes out nursing in Combhollow that I'd trust with the life of a kitten, if I wanted the kitten to grow up to a cat."

"That's conclusive," said Oswald despondently. "Yet I suppose people in Combhollow get nursed somehow when they're ill."

"Somehow; yes, that's about it. Sometimes they die, and sometimes Providence is extra kind to them, and pulls them through their troubles, nursing and all."

This was depressing. Oswald sat looking at the fire gloomily, wondering what he ought to do. It was tea-time. Aunt Judith was in her accustomed place before the tea-tray. Naomi stood by the mantelpiece looking at her lover, too much disturbed by his despondency to obey that rigorous code of etiquette which her aunt had imposed upon the household, and in which sitting down to meals the instant they were ready was a stringent article. Cynthia had taken her place and was cutting bread-and-butter for Jim, with a calm matronly air which became the fair young face. She was always pleased to be useful, were it in the smallest detail.

"I wish I could nurse your father, Oswald," said Naomi earnestly.

"But you can't," exclaimed Judith with prompt severity. "A pretty thing, indeed, for you to go and live in the Squire's house before you've any right. A nice scandal there'd be in Combhollow. You, a minister's daughter too! You ought to have more sense than to talk of such a thing."

"I can't see that it would be wrong," cried Oswald, with some show of heat. "Who has

a better right to be at home in my father's house than my future wife?"

"If young men like you were able to draw a line between right and wrong, right and wrong wouldn't get mixed up so often as they do," replied Judith sententiously. "As to Naomi making herself at home at the Grange till she's Mrs. Pentreath, its out of the question, and she ought to have known it. Besides which, she knows about as much of sick-nursing as a babe in its cradle."

"God would teach me," said Naomi, "and my love for Oswald would make me strong to help his father."

"I believe that, Naomi," exclaimed Oswald with a grateful look.

"Let me nurse the Squire," said Cynthia, with a subdued eagerness. "I have so little to do at home. I should hardly be missed. And I do know something about sickness. I nursed Miss Webling, a lady who had the quinsy very badly. The doctor thought she would die; and I put on leeches and blisters, and sat up with her fifteen nights. And I have nursed the poor people here, haven't I, Joshua?" she asked, looking up at her husband, who had this moment entered the room.

"Yes, love; you have been a ministering angel by many sick-beds, and you would have done more if I had suffered you. But what is all this talk about nursing?"

"If some of you will sit down," remonstrated Judith, "I'll pour out the tea. But I don't feel as if anybody wanted it while you're standing about higgledy-piggledy."

Thus reproved, Naomi took her seat meekly, and Oswald, feeling that the reproof applied with double force to him as a visitor, seated himself in a desponding attitude at a corner of the table.

"I want to nurse old Mr. Pentreath, Joshua," said Cynthia. "Miss Haggard says there is no nurse to be trusted in Combhollow, and the doctor says the old gentleman must have good nursing. Will you let me go to the Grange for a little while and sit up with him, as I did with Miss Webling?"

Joshua watched her earnest face with a tender smile.

"Why, my love, how anxious you are! And do you think you know enough about sickness—that you would have strength for such a task?"

"It would be a good work, and I should do it with all my heart. God would give me strength and knowledge. I have no fear. I feel often that my life here is of very little use. I am never happier than when you let me visit the sick people. Let me go to the Grange, Joshua, and nurse poor Mr. Pentreath."

"You are too good to offer such a thing," cried Oswald, wondering at the ardour of this

delicate, flower-like creature. "It would be a troublesome task. You have no notion how cross my poor old father is. He abuses the doctor in a most ferocious style—accuses him of picking his pocket. Our housemaid will scarcely go near him. There is a scrub of a girl who works about the house under everyone else, a stupid good-natured thing, too much accustomed to hard words to mind them, and she is the only creature I can get to stay in my father's room; but she is clumsy and sleepy."

"Do you really wish to go, Cynthia?" asked Joshua seriously.

To his mind there was nothing unnatural in this desire of his young wife's. He belonged to a community in which to minister to the sick was a paramount duty, in which affliction was a period of closer brotherhood, a drawing together of those links which bound the little flock to one another at all times. True, that the Squire was an ungodly person, outside that circle; but he had been in a manner united to Joshua's household by his son's choice of Naomi. Here was a sick man to be snatched from the jaws of Death; here was something higher and nobler, a soul to be saved from the clutch of Satan. That the Squire's body must perish was, in all probability, inevitable—an event not to be staved off by leechings and blistering, or all the resources of medicine; but there was a great battle to be fought for that immortal part of him, that impalpable, indestructible spark destined for an eternal future of good or evil.

What had the Church of England—of those slumberous days—done for the Squire? Well, it had taken tithe of his substance, and thereby secured to itself his antipathy; it had preached diluted Tillotson, South, and Barrow over his head while he dozed in the noontide sun; it had christened and married him, and held itself in readiness to bury him; and for the rest it had civilly and obligingly let him alone.

It seemed to Joshua Haggard that if his wife succoured the Squire in his fight with disease and death he too could be by the bed-side to defend the sinner against the onslaughts of his invisible foe; for Joshua's positive theology had never been troubled by any

doubt of the reality and personality of man's first tempter and perpetual adversary.

"If you really feel that you have a call for this good work, Cynthia, I should be sorry to forbid your obeying it," he said, after a thoughtful pause.

"It seems too bold to say that I am called to do it," answered his wife humbly, "but indeed, Joshua, my heart is drawn towards the poor lonely old man in his sickness and pain."

"Then you shall go, my dear," said Joshua decisively.

Cynthia rose as if to depart that moment.

"God bless you for that permission," cried Oswald.

"You may as well wait till tea's finished," exclaimed Judith tartly; "other people want their teas, if you don't. We didn't use to have tea in such a fashion."

Whereupon Cynthia resumed her seat meekly, and begged pardon of the authorities for this breach of the household law.

"I don't know how to thank you both," said Oswald,—“you for your generous offer, Mrs. Haggard, and your husband for his goodness in letting you obey your benevolent inclination; but I am more grateful than I can say. I will take care that you are not over-fatigued by your task. Phoebe—that's the girl I spoke of just now—will do anything you want. She'd work till she dropped, I believe, poor girl, and only requires to be taught. My poor father was delirious last night. That won't frighten you, I hope—if his mind wanders?"

"No," said Cynthia; "I was sitting with a poor woman yesterday who was light-headed. She talked of all kinds of strange things. Yet every now and then she spoke quite clearly, and followed the sense when I read to her. I shall not be frightened."

After tea, when the bondage of etiquette was loosened a little, Naomi stole to her young stepmother's side and kissed her tenderly.

"I am so grateful to you, Cynthia," she said.

"Dear Naomi, there's no reason for gratitude or praise. I am only doing my duty. I am sorry you were not permitted to perform this task, dear, as I know it would have seemed sweet to you, for Oswald's sake."

TO BE CONTINUED.



## LILIES.

(Illustration, Page 441.)



HERE'S a bend in the river where beechen leaves wave,  
Where the willow and alder their lithest boughs lave  
In the murmuring stream, as it limpidly creeps,  
And the soft sedges whisper the reed-bird that sleeps.  
'Tis not where in dimples swift eddies brawl on  
Over water-washed pebbles, now glistening, now gone,  
But round by the ayot where, shadowed and cool,  
The river's depths linger in many a pool—  
Fringed here by forget-me-nots' eyelets of blue,  
And there by the buttercups' silvery hue.

In May's hottest hours, in still glowing noon,  
When earth flags—heat-panting—for sultriest June,  
There's coolness, and silence, and calmness, and shade,  
And the summer breeze passing scarce ruffles a blade.  
Here broad, green, and floating the lilies' leaves lie  
On the breast of the current that softly glides by;  
And the blossoms' fair chalices seem, as they start  
From the bed of the river where golden rays dart,

To be held by some Undine to tempt those who pass—  
A fair silvern cup from a table of glass;  
And in the sweet murmur that floats from the stream,  
A voice seems to sing, "Sip this nectar and dream."

There are lilies and lilies, though, float o'er that pool,  
And peering from out the dark shadows all cool,  
You may see how each chalice a fair hand does clasp,  
As white, ay, as soft, as the petals 'twill grasp;  
And in wonder you ask heart, does Nature in air  
Show maidens as bright as the water-nymphs fair?  
And the answer, unspoken, comes softly again,  
As some skiff sends the wavelets in ripples amain:—  
"The lilies are bright now, but soon they must fade;  
The winter send blasts where now all is soft shade;  
But the lilies of lilies who pluck from the stream  
Might, if roused from their slumbers to love's waking dream,  
Be to him who awoke them, in tempest or calm,  
Sweet flowers unfading, for aye shedding balm."

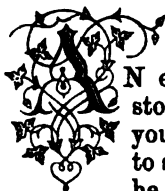
—From "A Book of Fair Women."

## GABRIEL CONROY.

BY

BRET HARTE.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

MR. DUMPHY HAS NEWS OF A  
DOMESTIC CHARACTER.

N earthquake," echoed Mr. Rollingstone cheerfully to his guests. "Now you've had about everything we have to show. Don't be alarmed, madam," he continued to Mrs. Raynor, who was beginning to show symptoms of hysteria. "Nobody ever was hurt by 'em."

"In two hundred years there hasn't been as many persons killed by earthquakes in California as are struck by lightning on your coast in a single summer," said Mr. Dumphy.

"Never have 'em any stronger than this," said Mr. Pilcher, with a comforting suggestion of there being an absolute limitation of nature's freaks on the Pacific coast.

"Over in a minute, as you see," said Mr. Dumphy. "And—hello! what's that?"

In a moment they were on their feet, pale and breathless again—this time Mr. Raynor and his wife among the number. But it was only a carriage—driving away.

"Let us adjourn to the piazza," said Mr. Dumphy, offering his arm to Mrs. Raynor with the air of having risen solely for that purpose. Mr. Dumphy led the way, and the party followed with some celerity. Mrs. Se-

pulvida hung back a moment with Arthur, and whispered:

"Take me back as soon as you can."

"You are not seriously alarmed?" asked Arthur.

"We are too near the sea here," she replied, looking toward the ocean with a slight shudder. "Don't ask questions now," she added a little sharply. "Don't you see these Eastern people are frightened to death, and they may overhear?"

But Mrs. Sepulvida had not long to wait, for, in spite of the pointed asseverations of Messrs. Pilcher, Dyce, and Dumphy, that earthquakes were not only harmless but absolutely possessed a sanitary quality, the piazzas were found deserted by the usual pleasure-seekers, and even the eloquent advocates themselves betrayed some impatience to be once more on the open road. A brisk drive of an hour put the party again in the highest spirits, and Mr. and Mrs. Raynor again into the condition of chronic admiration and enthusiasm.

Mrs. Sepulvida and Mr. Poinsett followed in an open buggy behind. When they were fairly upon their way, Arthur asked an explanation of his fair companion's fear of the sea.

"There is an old story," said Donna Maria, "that the Point of Pines—you know where it



is, Mr. Poinsett?—was once covered by a great wave from the sea that followed an earthquake. But tell me, do you really think that letter of this man Conroy's true?"

"I do," said Arthur promptly.

"And that there is a prospect that the stock of this big mine may depreciate in value?"

"Well, possibly, yes."

"And if you knew that I had been foolish enough to put a great deal of money in it, you would still talk to me as you did the other day down there?"

"I should say," responded Arthur, changing the reins to his left hand, that his right might be free for some purpose—goodness knows what! "I should say that I am more than ever convinced that you ought to have some person to look after you."

What followed this remarkable speech I really do not know how to reconcile with the statement that Mrs. Sepulveda made to the Donna Dolores a few chapters ago, and I therefore discreetly refrain from transcribing it here. Suffice it to say, that the buggy did not come up with the *char-à-banc* and the rest of the party until long after they had arrived at Mr. Dumphy's stately mansion on Rincon Hill, where another costly and elaborate collation was prepared. Mr. Dumphy evidently was in spirits, and had so far overcome his usual awe and distrust of Arthur, as well as the slight jealousy he had experienced an hour or so before, as to approach that gentleman with a degree of cheerful familiarity that astonished and amused the self-sustained Arthur, who perhaps at that time had more reason for his usual conceit than before. Arthur, who knew, or thought he knew, that Miss Ring-round was only coquetting with Mr. Dumphy for the laudable purpose of making the more ambitious of her sex miserable, and that she did not care for his person or position, was a good deal amused at finding the young lady the subject of Mr. Dumphy's sudden confidences.

"You see, Poinsett, as a man of business I don't go as much into society as you do, but she seems to be a straight up and down girl, eh?" he queried, as they stood together in the vestibule after the ladies had departed. It is hardly necessary to say that Arthur was positive and sincere in his praise of the young woman. Mr. Dumphy, by some obscure mental process, taking much of the praise to himself, was highly elated, and perhaps tempted to a greater vinous indulgence than was his habit. Howbeit, the last bottle of champagne seemed to have obliterated all past suspicion of Arthur, and he shook him warmly by the hand.

"I tell ye what now, Poinsett, if there are any points I can give you, don't you be afraid to ask for 'em. I can see what's up between

you and the widow. Honour, you know. All right, my boy. She's in the Conroy lode pretty deep, but I'll help her out and you too. You've got a good thing there, Poinsett, and I want you to realize. We understand each other, eh? You'll find me a square man with my friends, Poinsett. Pitch in; pitch in. My advice to you is to just pitch in and marry the widow. She's worth it. You can realize on her—you can, by Jove! You see you and me's, so to speak, ole pards, eh? You reck'leck old times on Sweetwater, eh? Well, if you mus' go, goo'-bi! I s'pose she's waitin' for ye. Look you, Poinsey, d'ye see this yer posy in my button-hole? She give it to me. Rosey did, eh? Strike me dead if she didn't, ha! ha! Won't tak' nothin' drink? Lesh open n'or bo'll. No? Goori!" until, struggling between disgust, amusement, and self-depreciation, Arthur absolutely tore himself away from the great financier and his degrading confidences.

When Mr. Dumphy staggered back into his drawing-room, a servant met him with a card.

"The gent'lman says it's very important business, and he must see you to-night," he said hastily, anticipating the oath and indignant protest of his master. "He says it's your business, sir, and not his. He's been waiting here since you came back, sir."

Mr. Dumphy took the card. It bore the inscription in pencil, "Colonel Starbottle, Siskiyou, on important business." Mr. Dumphy reflected a moment. The magical word "business" brought him to himself.

"Show him in—in the office," he said savagely, and retired thither.

Anybody less practical than Peter Dumphy would have dignified the large showy room in which he entered as the library. The rich mahogany shelves were filled with a heterogeneous collection of recent books, very fresh, very new, and glaring as to binding and subject; the walls were hung with files of newspapers and stock reports. There was a velvet-lined cabinet containing minerals—all of them gold or silver-bearing. There was a map of an island that Mr. Dumphy owned; there was a marine view, with a representation of a steamship, also owned by Mr. Dumphy. There was a momentary relief from these facts in a very gorgeous and badly painted picture of a tropical forest and sea-beach, until inquiry revealed the circumstance that the sugar-house in the corner under a palm-tree was "run" by Mr. Dumphy, and that the whole thing could be had for a bargain.

The stranger who entered was large and somewhat inclined to a corpulency that was, however, restrained in expansion by a blue frock coat, tightly buttoned at the waist, which had the apparent effect of lifting his



stomach into the higher thoracic regions of moral emotion—a confusion to which its owner lent a certain intellectual assistance. The Colonel's collar was very large, open, and impressive; his black silk neckerchief loosely tied around his throat, occupying considerable space over his shirt-front, and expanding through the upper part of a gilt-buttoned white waistcoat, lent itself to the general suggestion that the Colonel had burst his sepals and would flower soon. Above this unfolding the Colonel's face, purple, aquiline-nosed, throttled-looking as to the eye, and moist and sloppy-looking as to the mouth, uptilted above his shoulders. The Colonel entered with that tip-toeing celerity of step affected by men who are conscious of increasing corpulency. He carried a cane hooked over his fore-arm; in one hand a large white handkerchief, and in the other a broad-brimmed hat. He thrust the former gracefully in his breast, laid the latter on the desk where Mr. Dumphy was seated, and taking an unoffered chair himself, coolly rested his elbow on his cane in an attitude of easy expectancy.

"Say you've got important business?" said Dumphy. "Hope it is, sir—hope it is! Then out with it. Can't afford to waste time any more here than at the bank. Come! What is it?"

Not in the least affected by Mr. Dumphy's manner, whose habitual brusqueness was intensified to rudeness, Colonel Starbottle drew out his handkerchief, blew his nose carefully, returned apparently only about two inches of the cambric to his breast, having the rest displayed like a ruffled shirt, and began with an airy gesture of his fat white hand,

"I was here two hours ago, sir, when you were at the—er—festive board. I said to the boy, 'don't interrupt your master. A gentleman worshipping at the shrine of Venus and Bacchus and attended by the muses and immortals, don't want to be interrupted.' Ged, sir, I knew a man in Louisiana—Hank Pinckney—shot his boy—a likely yellow boy worth a thousand dollars—for interrupting him at a poker party—and no ladies present! And the boy only coming in to say that the gin-house was in flames. Perhaps you'll say an extreme case. Know a dozen such—blank me! So I said, 'Don't interrupt him, but when the ladies have risen, and Beauty, sir, no longer dazzles and er-gleams, and the table round no longer echoes the er-light jest, then er-spot him! And over the deserted board, with er-social glass between us, your master and I will have our little confab.'"

He rose, and before the astonished Dumphy could interfere, crossed over to a table where a decanter of whiskey and a caraffe of water stood, and filling a glass half-full of liquor, reseated himself and turned it off with

an easy, yet dignified, inclination toward his host.

For once only Mr. Dumphy regretted the absence of dignity in his own manner. It was quite evident that his usual brusqueness was utterly ineffective here, and he quickly recognized in the Colonel the representative of a class of men well known in California, from whom any positive rudeness would have provoked a demand for satisfaction. It was not a class of men that Mr. Dumphy had been in the habit of dealing with, and he sat filled with impotent rage, but wise enough to restrain its verbal expression, and thankful that none of his late guests were present to witness his discomfiture. Only one good effect was due to his visitor. Mr. Dumphy, through baffled indignation and shame, had become sober.

"No, sir," continued Colonel Starbottle, setting his glass upon his knee, and audibly smacking his large lips. "No, sir. I waited in the er-antechamber until I saw you part with your guests, until you bade er-adieu to a certain fair nymph. Ged, sir, I like your taste, I do, blank me, and I call myself a judge of fine women. Blank it all. I said to myself, sir, 'Blank it all, Star, you ain't goin' to pop out upon a man just as he's ministering to Beauty and putting a shawl upon a pair of alabaster shoulders like that!' Ha! ha! Ged, sir, I remembered myself that in '43 in Washington at a party at Tom Benton's I was in just such a position, sir. 'Are you never going to get that cloak on, Star?' she says to me—the blankest, most beautiful creature, the acknowledged belle of that whole winter—'43, sir; as a gentleman yourself, you'll understand why I don't particularise. 'If I had my way, madam,' I said, 'I never would!' I did, blank me. But you're not drinking, Mr. Dumphy, eh? A thimbleful, sir, to our better acquaintance."

Not daring to trust himself, Mr. Dumphy shook his head somewhat impatiently, and Colonel Starbottle rose. As he did so, it seemed as if his shoulders had suddenly become broader, and his chest distended until his handkerchief and white waistcoat protruded through the breast of his buttoned coat like a bursting grain of "pop corn." He advanced slowly and with deliberate dignity to the side of Dumphy.

"If I have intruded upon your privacy, Mr. Dumphy," he said with a stately wave of his white hand—"if, as I surmise, from your disinclination, sir, to call it by no other name, blank me, to exchange the ordinary convivial courtesies common between gentlemen, sir, you are disposed to resent any reminiscences of mine as reflecting upon the character of the young lady, sir, whom I had the pleasure to see in your company—if such be

the case, sir, Ged!—I am ready to retire now, sir, and to give you to-morrow, or at any time, the satisfaction which no gentleman ever refuses another, and which Culpepper Starbottle has never been known to deny! My card, sir, you have already; my address, sir, is St. Charles Hotel, where I and my friend, Mr. Dumphy, will be ready to receive you."

"Look here," said Mr. Dumphy in surly but sincere alarm, "I don't drink because I've been drinking. No offense, Mr. Starbottle. I was only waiting for you to open what you had on your mind in the way of business to order up a bottle of *Cluquot* to enable us to better digest it. Take your seat, Colonel. I've—blast that nigger! Bring champagne and two glasses."

He rose, and under pretence of going to the sideboard, added in a lower tone to the servant who entered:

"Stay within call, and in about ten minutes bring me some important message from the Bank—you hear? A glass of wine with you, Colonel. Happy to make your acquaintance! Here we go!"

The Colonel uttered a slight cough, as if to clear away his momentary severity, bowed with gracious dignity, touched the glass of his host, drew out his handkerchief, wiped his mouth, and seated himself once more.

"If my object," he began with a wave of dignified depreciation, "were simply one of ordinary business, I should have sought you, sir, in the busy mart, and not among your Lares and Penates, nor in the blazing lights of the festive hall. I should have sought you at that temple which report and common rumour says that you, sir, as one of the favoured sons of Fortune, have erected to her worship. In my intercourse with the gifted John C. Calhoun I never sought him, sir, in the gladiatorial arena of the Senate, but rather with the social glass in the privacy of his own domicile. Ged, sir, in my profession we recognize—blank me!—some blank quality in our relations, even when professional, with gentlemen, that keeps us from approaching them like a blank Yankee peddler with blank goods to sell!"

"What's your profession?" asked Mr. Dumphy.

"Until elected by the citizens of Siskiyou to represent them in the legislative councils I practiced at the bar. Since then I have been open occasionally to retainers in difficult and delicate cases. In the various intrigues that arise in politics, in the more complicated relations of the two sexes—in, I may say, the two great passions of mankind, ambition and love, my services have, I believe, been considered of value—blank me! It has been my office, sir, to help the steed of vaulting ambition er-over the fence, and to er-dry the er-tearful yet glowing cheek of Beauty. But for the necessity of honour and secrecy in my

profession, blank it, sir, I could give you the names of some of the blankest elegant women, and some of the first—the very first men in the land as the clients of Culpepper Starbottle."

"Very sorry," began Mr. Dumphy; "but if you're expecting to put me among your list of clients, I——"

Without taking the least notice of Dumphy's half-retained sneer, Colonel Starbottle interrupted him coolly.

"Ged, sir! it's out of the question; I'm retained on the other side."

The sneer instantly faded from Dumphy's face, and a look of genuine surprise took its place.

"What do you mean?" he said curtly.

Colonel Starbottle drew his chair beside Dumphy, and, leaning familiarly over his desk, took Mr. Dumphy's own pen-holder and persuasively emphasized the points of his speech upon Mr. Dumphy's arm with the blunt end.

"Blank me, sir, when I say retained by the other side, blank it, it doesn't keep me, blank me, from doing the honourable thing with the defendant—from recognizing a gentleman, and trying to settle this matter as between gentlemen."

"But what's all this about? Who is your plaintiff?" roared Dumphy, forgetting himself in his rage.

"Ged, sir, it's a woman, of course. Don't think I'm accusing you of any political ambition. Ha! ha! No, sir. You're like me! it's woman, lovely woman—I saw it at a glance! Gentlemen like you and me, blank it, don't go through to fifty years without giving some thought to these dear little creatures. Blank me, sir, I despise a man who did. It's the weakness of a great man, sir."

Mr. Dumphy pushed his chair back with the grim deliberation of a man who had at last measured the strength of his adversary, and was satisfied to risk an encounter.

"Look here, Colonel Starbottle, I don't know or care who your plaintiff is. I don't know or care how she may have been deceived, or wronged, or disappointed, or bamboozled, or what is the particular game that's up now. But you're a man of the world, you say, and, as a man of the world, and a man of sense, you know that no one in my position ever puts himself in any woman's power. I can't afford it! I don't pretend to be better than other men, but I ain't a fool. That's the difference between me and your clients!"

"Yes; but blank it, my boy, that is the difference! Don't you see? In other cases, the woman's a blank, beautiful woman—a blank, charming creature, you know. Gad, sometimes she's as proper and pious as a blank nun; but then the relations, you see, ain't legal! But, blank it all, my boy, this is YOUR WIFE!"

Mr. Dumphy, with colourless cheeks, tried to laugh a reckless, scornful laugh.

"My wife is dead!"

"A mistake—Ged, sir, a most miserable mistake! Understand me. I don't say that she hadn't ought to be! Ged, sir, from the look that that little blue-eyed hussy gave you an hour ago—there ain't much use of another woman around, but the fact is that she is living, blank it! You thought she was dead, and left her up there in the snow. She goes so far as to say—you know how these women talk, Dumphy—Gad, sir, they'll say anything when they get down on a man—she says it ain't your fault if she wasn't dead! Eh? Sho?"

"A message, sir, business of the Bank, very important," said Dumphy's servant, opening the door.

"Get!" said Dumphy, with an oath.

"But, sir, they told me, sir—"

"Get! will you!" roared Dumphy.

The door closed on his astonished face.

"It's all a—a mistake," said Dumphy, when he had gone. "They died of starvation, all of them, while I was away hunting help. I've read the accounts."

Colonel Starbottle slowly drew from some vast moral elevation in his breast pocket a well-worn paper. It proved, when opened, to be a faded, blackened, and bethumbed document in Spanish.

"Here is the report of the Commander of the Presidio who sent out the expedition. You read Spanish? Well. The bodies of all the other women were identified except your wife's. Blank it, my boy, why, don't you see why she was excepted? She wasn't there."

The Colonel darted a fat forefinger at his host and then drew back, and settled his purpled chin and wattled cheeks conclusively in his enormous shirt-collar. Mr. Dumphy sank back in his chair at the contact as if the finger of fate had touched him.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

#### MRS. CONROY HAS AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

THE hot weather had not been confined to San Francisco. San Pablo Bay had glittered, and the yellow currents of the San Joaquin and Sacramento glowed sullenly with a dull sluggish lava-like flow. No breeze stirred the wild oats that drooped on the western slope of the Contra Costa hills; the smoke of burning woods on the Eastern hill-sides rose silently and steadily; the great wheat-fields of the intermediate valleys clothed themselves humbly in dust and ashes. A column of red dust accompanied the Wingdam and One Horse Gulch Stage-coach, a pillar of fire by

day as well as by night, and made the fainting passengers look longingly toward the snow-patched Sierras beyond. It was hot in California; few had ever seen the like, and those who had were looked upon as enemies of their race. A rashly scientific man of Murphy's Camp who had a theory of his own, and upon that had prophesied the probable recurrence of the earthquake shock, concluded he had better leave the settlement until the principles of meteorology were better recognized and established.

It was hot in One Horse Gulch—in the oven-like Gulch, on the burning sands and scorching bars of the river. It was hot even on Conroy's Hill, among the calm shadows of the dark-green pines—on the deep verandas of the Conroy *cottage ornée*. Perhaps this was the reason why Mrs. Gabriel Conroy, early that morning after the departure of her husband for the mill, had evaded the varnished and white-leaded heats of her own house and sought the more fragrant odours of the sedate pines beyond the hill-top. I fear, however, that something was due to a mysterious note which had reached her clandestinely the evening before, and which, seated on the trunk of a prostrate pine, she was now re-perusing.

I should like to sketch her as she sat there. A broad-brimmed straw hat covered her head, that, although squared a little too much at the temples for shapeliness, was still made comely by the good taste with which—aided by a crimping-iron—she had treated her fine-spun electrical blonde hair. The heat had brought out a delicate dewy colour in her usually pale face, and had heightened the intense nervous brightness of her vivid gray eyes. From the same cause, probably, her lips were slightly parted, so that the rigidity that usually characterized their finely chiseled outlines was lost. She looked healthier; the long flowing skirts which she affected, after the fashion of most *petites* women, were gathered at a waist scarcely as sylph-like and unsubstantial as that which Gabriel first clasped after the accident in the fatal canon. She seemed a trifle more languid—more careful of her personal comfort, and spent some time in adjusting herself to the inequalities of her uncouth seat, with a certain pouting peevishness of manner that was quite as new to her character as it was certainly feminine and charming. She held the open note in her thin, narrow, white-tipped fingers, and glanced over it again with a slight smile. It read as follows:

"At ten o'clock I shall wait for you at the hill near the Big Pine! You shall give me an interview if you know yourself well. I say beware! I am strong, for I am injured!"  
VICTOR.

Mrs. Conroy folded the note again, still smiling, and placed it carefully in her pocket.





THE GENTLE CRAFT.



Then she sat patient, her hands clasped lightly between her knees, the parasol open at her feet—the very picture of a fond confiding tryst. Then she suddenly drew her feet under her sidewise with a quick, nervous motion, and examined the ground carefully with sincere distrust of all artful lurking vermin who lie in wait for helpless womanhood. Then she looked at her watch.

It was five minutes past the hour. There was no sound in the dim, slumbrous wood, but the far-off sleepy caw of a rook. A squirrel ran impulsively half-way down the bark of the nearest pine, and catching sight of her tilted parasol, suddenly flattened himself against the bark, with outstretched limbs, a picture of abject terror. A bounding hare came upon it suddenly and had a palpitation of the heart that he thought he really never should get over. And then there was a slow crackling in the underbrush as of a masculine tread, and Mrs. Conroy, picking up her terrible parasol, shaded the cold fires of her gray eyes with it, and sat calm and expectant.

A figure came slowly and listlessly up the hill. When within a dozen yards of her, she saw it was *not* Victor. But when it approached nearer she suddenly started to her feet with pallid cheeks and an exclamation upon her lips. It was the Spanish translator of Pacific street. She would have flown, but on the instant he turned and recognized her with a cry, a start, and a tremour equal to her own. For a moment they stood glaring at each other, breathless but silent!

"Devarges!" said Mrs. Conroy in a voice that was scarcely audible. "Good God!"

The stranger uttered a bitter laugh.

"Yes! Devarges!—the man who ran away with you—Devarges the traitor! Devarges the betrayer of your husband. Look at me! You know me—Henry Devarges! Your husband's brother!—your old accomplice—your lover—your dupe!"

"Hush," she said imploringly, glancing around through the dim woods, "for God's sake, hush!"

"And who are you?" he went on without heeding her; "which of the Mesdames Devarges is it now? Or have you taken the name of the young sprig of an officer for whom you deserted me, and may be in turn married? Or did he refuse you even that excuse for your perfidy? Or is it the wife and accomplice of this feeble-minded Conroy? What name shall I call you? Tell me quick! Oh, I have much to say, but I wish to be polite, madame; tell me to whom I am to speak!"

Despite the evident reality of his passion and fury there was something so unreal and grotesque in his appearance—in his antique foppery, in his dyed hair, in his false teeth, in his padded coat, in his thin strapped legs, that this relentless woman cowered before him

in very shame, not of her crime, but of her accomplice!

"Hush," she said, "call me your friend; I am always your friend, Henry! Call me anything, but let me go from here. In God's name, do you hear? not so loud! Another time and another place I will listen," and she drew slowly back, until, scarce knowing what he did, she had led him away from the place of rendezvous toward the ruined cabin. Here she felt she was at least safe from the interruption of Victor. "How came you here? how did you find what had become of me? where have you been these long years?" she asked hastily.

Within the last few moments she had regained partially the strange power that she had always exerted over all men except Gabriel Conroy. The stranger hesitated and then answered in a voice that had more of hopelessness than bitterness in its quality,

"I came here six years ago, a broken, ruined and disgraced man. I had no ambition but to hide myself from all who had known me,—from that brother whose wife I had stolen, and whose home I had broken up—from you—you, Julie!—you and your last lover—from the recollection of your double treachery!" He had raised his voice here, but was checked by the unflinching eye and cautionary gesture of the woman before him. "When you abandoned me in St. Louis, I had no choice but death or a second exile. I could not return to Switzerland, I could not live in the sickening shadow of my crime and its bitter punishment. I came here. My education, my knowledge of the languages stood me in good stead; I might have been a rich man, I might have been an influential one, but I only used my opportunities for the bare necessities of life and the means to forget my trouble in dissipation. I became a drudge by day, a gambler by night. I was always a gentleman. Men thought me crazy, an enthusiast, but they learned to respect me. Traitor as I was in larger trust, no one doubted my honour or dared to approach my integrity. But bah! what is this to you? You?"

He would have turned from her again in very bitterness, but in the act he caught her eye, and saw in it, if not sympathy, at least a certain critical admiration, that again brought him to her feet. For despicable as this woman was, she was pleased at this pride in the man she had betrayed, was gratified at the sentiment that lifted him above his dyed hair and his pitiable foppery, and felt a certain honourable satisfaction in the fact, that even after the lapse of years, he had proved true to her own intuitions of him.

"I had been growing out of my despair, Julie," he went on sadly, "I was, or believed I was, forgetting my fault, forgetting even you



—when there came to me the news of my brother's death—by starvation. Listen to me, Julie! One day there came to me for translation a document, revealing the dreadful death of him—your husband!—my brother!—do you hear?—by starvation. Driven from his home by shame, he had desperately sought to hide himself as I had—accepted the hardship of emigration—he a gentleman and a man of letters—with the boors and rabble of the plains, had shared their low trials and their vulgar pains, and died among them, unknown and unrecorded.”

“He died as he had lived,” said Mrs. Conroy, passionately, “a traitor and an hypocrite; he died following the fortunes of his paramour, an uneducated, vulgar rustic, to whom, dying, he willed a fortune—this girl—Grace Conroy. Thank God I have the record! Hush!—what's that?”

Whatever it was—a falling bough, or the passing of some small animal in the underbrush—it was past now. A dead silence enwrapped the two solitary actors; they might have been the first man and the first woman, so encompassed were they by nature and solitude.

“No,” she went on hurriedly in a lower tone, “it was the same old story—the story of that girl at Basle—the story of deceit and treachery which brought us first together, which made you, Henry, my friend, which turned our sympathies into a more dangerous passion! You have suffered. Ah, well, so have I. We are equal now.”

Henry Devarges looked speechlessly upon his companion. Her voice trembled, there were tears in her eyes, that had replaced the burning light of womanly indignation. He had come there knowing her to have been doubly treacherous to her husband and himself. She had not denied it. He had come there to tax her with an infamous imposture, but had found himself within the last minute glowing with sympathetic condemnation of his own brother, and ready to accept some yet unoffered and perfectly explicable theory of that imposture. More than that, he began to feel that his own wrongs were slight in comparison with the injuries received by this superior woman. The woman who endeavours to justify herself to her jealous lover always has a powerful ally in his own self-love, and Devarges was quite willing to believe that even if he had lost her love he had never at least been deceived. And the answer to the morality of this imposture was before him. Here was she married to the surviving brother of the girl she had personated. Had he—had Dr. Devarges ever exhibited as noble trust, as perfect appreciation of her nature and her sufferings? Had they not thrown away the priceless pearl of this woman's love,

through ignorance and selfishness? You and I, my dear sir, who are not in love with this most reprehensible creature, will be quick to see the imperfect logic of Henry Devarges; but when a man constitutes himself accuser, judge, and jury of the woman he loves, he is very apt to believe he is giving a verdict when he is only entering a *nolle prosequi*. It is probable that Mrs. Conroy had noticed this weakness in her companion, even with her pre-occupied fears of the inopportune appearance of Victor, whom she felt she could have accounted for much better in his absence. Victor was an impulsive person, and there are times when this quality, generally adored by a self-restrained sex, is apt to be confounding.

“Why did you come here to see me?” asked Mrs. Conroy, with a dangerous smile. “Only to abuse me?”

“There is another grant in existence for the same land that you claim as Grace Conroy or Mrs. Conroy,” returned Devarges, with masculine bluntness,—“a grant given prior to that made to my brother Paul. A suspicion that some imposture has been practiced is entertained by the party holding the grant, and I have been requested to get at the facts.”

Mrs. Conroy's gray eyes lightened.

“And how were these suspicions aroused?”

“By an anonymous letter.”

“And you have seen it?”

“Yes—both it and the hand-writing in portions of the grant are identical.”

“And you know the hand?”

“I do—it is that of a man, now here, an old Californian—Victor Ramirez!”

He fixed his eyes upon her; unabashed she turned her own clear glance on his, and asked with a dazzling smile,

“But does not your client know that whether the grant is a forgery or not, my husband's title is good?”

“Yes, but the sympathies of my client, as you call *her*, are interested in the orphan girl Grace.”

“Ah!” said Mrs. Conroy, with the faintest possible sigh, “your client, for whom you have travelled—how many miles?—is a woman?”

Half-pleased, but half-embarrassed, Devarges said, “Yes.”

“I understand,” said Mrs. Conroy, slowly. “A young woman, perhaps, a good, a *pretty* one! And you have said, ‘I will prove this Mrs. Conroy an impostor,’ and you are here. Well! I do not blame you. You are a man. It is well, perhaps, it is so.”

“But Julie, hear me!” interrupted the alarmed Devarges.

“No more!” said Mrs. Conroy, rising and waving her thin white hand; “I do not blame you. I could not expect—I deserve no more! Go back to your client, sir; tell her that you have seen Julie Devarges, the impostor. Tell

her to go on and press her claim, and that you will assist her. Finish the work that the anonymous letter-writer has begun, and earn your absolution for your crime and my folly. Get your reward, you deserve it; but tell her to thank God for having raised up to her better friends than Julie Devargès ever possessed in the heyday of her beauty! Go! Farewell. No! let me go, Henry Devargès, I am going to my husband. He at least has known how to forgive and protect a friendless and erring woman."

Before the astonished man could recover his senses, elusive as a sunbeam, she had slipped through his fingers, and was gone. For a moment only he followed the flash of her white skirt through the dark aisles of the forest, and then the pillared trees, crowding in upon one another, hid her from view.

Perhaps it was as well, for a moment later Victor Ramirez, flushed, wild-eyed, disheveled and panting, stumbled blindly upon the trail, and blundered into Devargès' presence. The two men eyed each other in silence.

"A hot day for a walk," said Devargès, with an ill-concealed sneer.

"Vengeance of God! you are right—it is," returned Victor, "and you?"

"Oh, I have been fighting flies! Good day!"

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

##### GABRIEL DISCARDS HIS HOME AND WEALTH.

I AM sorry to say that Mrs. Conroy's expression as she fled was not entirely consistent with the grieved and heart-broken manner with which she just closed the interview with Henry Devargès. Something of a smile lurked about the corners of her thin lips as she tripped up the steps of her house, and stood panting a little with the exertion in the shadow of the porch. But here she suddenly found herself becoming quite faint, and, entering the apparently empty house, passed at once to her boudoir, and threw herself exhaustedly on the lounge with a certain peevish discontent at her physical weakness. No one had seen her enter; the Chinese servants were congregated in the distant wash-house. Her housekeeper had taken advantage of her absence to ride to the town. The unusual heat was felt to be an apology for any domestic negligence.

She was very thoughtful. The shock she had felt on first meeting Devargès was past; she was satisfied she still retained an influence over him sufficient to keep him her ally against Ramirez, whom she felt she now had reason to fear. Hitherto his jealousy had only shown itself in vapouring and bravado; she had been willing to believe him capable of offering her physical violence in his insane fury, and had

not feared it; but this deliberately planned treachery made her tremble. She would see Devargès again; she would recite the wrongs she had received from the dead brother and husband, and in Henry's weak attempt to still his own conscience with that excuse, she could trust to him to keep Ramirez in check, and withhold the exposure until she and Gabriel could get away. Once out of the country she could laugh at them both; once away she could devote herself to win the love of Gabriel, without which she had begun to feel her life and schemes had been in vain. She would hurry their departure at once. Since the report has spread affecting the value of the mine, Gabriel, believing it true, had vaguely felt it his duty to stand by his doubtful claim and accept its fortunes, and had delayed his preparations. She would make him believe that it was Dumphy's wish that he should go at once; she would make Dumphy write him to that effect. She smiled as she thought of the power she had lately achieved over the fears of this financial magnate. She could do all this now—at once—but for her physical weakness. She ground her teeth as she thought of it; that, at such a time, she should be—ah!—and yet a moment later a sudden fancy flashed across her mind, and she closed her eyes that she might take in its delusive sweetness more completely. It might be that it wanted only this to touch his heart—some men were so strange—and if it were—oh, God!—she stopped.

What was that noise? The house had been very quiet, so still that she had heard a woodpecker tapping on its roof. But now she heard distinctly the slow, heavy tread of a man in one of the upper chambers, which had been used as a lumber-room. Mrs. Conroy had none of the nervous apprehension of her sex in regard to probable ghosts or burglars—she had too much of a man's practical pre-occupation for that, yet she listened curiously. It came again. There was no mistaking it now. It was the tread of the man with whom her thoughts had been busy—her husband.

What was he doing here? In the few months of their married life he had never been home before at this hour. The lumber-room contained among other things the *disjecta membra* of his old mining life and experience. He may have wanted something. There was an old bag which she remembered he said contained some of his mother's dresses. Yet it was so odd that he should go there now. Any other time but this. A terrible superstitious dread—a dread that any other time she would have laughed to scorn, began to creep over her. Hark! he was moving. She stopped breathing.

The tread recommenced. It passed into the

upper hall and came slowly down the stairs, each step recording itself in her heart-beats. It reached the lower hall and seemed to hesitate; then it came slowly along toward her door, and again hesitated. Another moment of suspense and she felt she would have screamed. And then the door slowly opened and Gabriel stood before her.

In one swift, intuitive, hopeless look she read her fate. He knew all! And yet his eyes, except that they bore less of the usual perplexity and embarrassment with which they had habitually met hers, though grave and sad, had neither indignation nor anger. He had changed his clothes to a rough miner's blouse and trousers, and carried in one hand a miner's pack, and in the other a pick and a shovel. He laid them down slowly and deliberately, and seeing her eyes fixed upon them with a nervous intensity, began apologetically:

"They contain, ma'am, on'y a blanket and a few duds ez I allus used to carry with me. I'll open it ef you say so. But you know me, ma'am, well enough to allow that I'd take nothin' outer this yer house ez I didn't bring inter it."

"You are going away?" she said, in a voice that was not audible to herself, but seemed to echo vaguely in her mental consciousness.

"I be. Ef ye don't know why, ma'am, I 'reckon ez you'll hear it from the same vyce ez I did. It's on'y the squar thing to say afore I go, ez it ain't my fault nor hiz'n. I was on the hill this mornin' in the old cabin."

It seemed as if he had told her this before, so old and self-evident the fact appeared.

"I was sayin' I woz on the hill, when I heerd vyces, and lookin' out I seed you with a stranger. From what ye know o' me and my ways, ma'am, it ain't like me to listen to thet wot ain't allowed for me to hear. And ye might have stood thar ontel now ef I hedn't seed a chap dodgin' round behind the trees spyin' and list'nin'. When I seed that man I knowed him to be a pore Mexican, whose legs I'd tended yer in the Gulch mor'n a year ago. I went up to him, and when he seed me he'd hev run. But I laid my hand onto him—and—he stayed!"

There was something so unconsciously large and fine in the slight gesture of this giant's hand as he emphasized his speech, that even through her swiftly rising pride Mrs. Conroy was awed and thrilled by it. But the next moment she found herself saying—whether aloud or not she could not tell—"If he had loved me he would have killed him then and there."

"Wot thet man sed to me—bein' flustered and savage like, along o' bein' choked hard

to keep him from singin' out and breakin' in upon you and thet entire stranger—ain't fur me to say. Knowin' him longer than I do, I reckon you suspect 'bout wot it was. That it ez the truth I read it in your face now, ma'am, ez I reckon I might hev read it off and on in many ways, and vari's styles sens we've been yer together, on'y I was thet weak and undecided yer."

He pointed to his forehead here, and then with his broad palm appeared to wipe away the trouble and perplexity that had overshadowed it. He, then, drew a paper from his breast.

"I've drawed up a little paper yer ez I'll hand over to Lawyer Maxwell makin' over back agin all ez I once hed o' you and all ez I ever expect to hev. For I don't agree with thet Mexican thet wot was gin to Grace belongs to me. I allow ez she kin settle thet herself, ef she ever comes, and ef I know thet chile, ma'am, she ain't goin' tech it with a two-foot pole. We've allus bin simple folks, ma'am, though it ain't the squar' thing to take me for a sample, and oneddicated and common, but thar ain't a Conroy thet lived ez was ever pinte for money or ez ever took more outer the company's wages than his grub and his clothes."

It was the first time that he had ever asserted himself in her presence, and even then he did it half apologetically, yet with an unconscious dignity in his manner that became him well. He reached down as he spoke, and took up his pick and his bundle, and turned to go.

"There is nothing then that you are leavin' behind you?" she asked.

He raised his eyes squarely to hers.

"No," he said, simply, "nothing."

Oh, if she could have only spoken! Oh, had she but dared to tell him that he had left behind that which he could not take away, that which the mere instincts of his manhood would have stirred him to treat with tenderness and mercy, that which would have appealed to him through its very helplessness and youth. But she dared not. That eloquence which an hour before had been ready enough to sway the feelings of the man to whom she had been faithless and did not love, failed her now. In the grasp of her first and only hopeless passion this arch-hypocrite had lost even the tact of the simplest of her sex. She did not even assume an indifference! She said nothing; when she raised her eyes again he was gone.

She was wrong. At the front door he stopped, hesitated a moment and then returned slowly and diffidently to the room. Her heart beat rapidly, and then was still.

"Ye asked me jest now," he said falteringly, "ef thar was anything ez I was leavin'

behind. Thar is, ef ye'll overlook my sayin' it. When you and me allowed to leave fur furrin parts, I reckoned to leave thet house-keeper behind, and unbeknowed to ye I gin her some money and a charge. I tole her thet if ever that dear chile, Sister Grace, came here, thet she should take her in and do by her ez I would, and let me know. Et may be a heap to ask, but if it tain't too much—I—shouldn't—like—yer—to turn—thet innocent unsuspectin' chile away from the house thet she might take to be mine. Ye needn't let on anythin' thet's gone; ye needn't tell her wot a fool I've been, but jest take her in and send for me. Lawyer Maxwell will gin ye my address."

The sting recalled her benumbed life. She rose with a harsh dissonant laugh and said, "Your wishes shall be fulfilled—if"—she hesitated a moment—"I am here."

But he did not hear the last sentence, and was gone.

### CHAPTER XXXV.

#### WHAT PASSED UNDER THE PINE AND WHAT REMAINED THERE.

RAMIREZ was not so happy in his revenge as he had anticipated. He had, in an instant of impulsive rage, fired his mine prematurely, and, as he feared, impotently. Gabriel had not visibly sickened, faded, nor fallen blighted under the exposure of his wife's deceit. It was even doubtful, as far as Ramirez could judge from his quiet reception of the revelation, whether he would even call that wife to account for it. Again, Ramirez was unpleasantly conscious that this exposure had lost some of its dignity and importance by being wrested from him as a *confession* made under pressure or duress. Worse than all, he had lost the opportunity of previously threatening Mrs. Conroy with the disclosure, and the delicious spectacle of her discomfiture. In point of fact his revenge had been limited to the cautious cowardice of the anonymous letter-writer, who, stabbing in the dark, enjoys neither the contemplation of the agonies of his victim, nor the assertion of his own individual power.

To this torturing reflection a terrible suspicion of the Spanish translator, Perkins, was superadded. For Gabriel, Ramirez had only that contempt which every lawless lover has for the lawful husband of his mistress, while for Perkins, he had that agonizing doubt which every lawless lover has for every other man but the husband. In making this exposure had he not precipitated a catastrophe as fatal to himself as to the husband? Might they not both drive this woman into the arms of another man? Ramirez paced the little bed-

room of the Grand Conroy hotel, a prey to that bastard remorse of all natures like his own—the overwhelming consciousness of opportunities for villainy misspent.

Come what might, he would see her again and at once. He would let her know that he suspected her relations with this translator. He would tell her that he had written the letter—that he had forged the grant—that—

A tap at the door recalled him to himself. It opened presently to Sal, coy, bashful, and conscious. The evident agitation of this young foreigner had to Sal's matter-of-fact comprehension only one origin—a hopeless, consuming passion for herself.

"Dinner hez bin done gone an hour ago," said that arch virgin, "but I put suthin' by for ye. Ye was inquiren' last night about them Conroys. I thought I'd tell ye thet Gabriel hez bin yer askin' arter Lawyer Maxwell—which he's off to Sacramento—altho' one o' Sue Markle's most intymit friends and steadiest boarders!"

But Mr. Ramirez had no ear for Gabriel now. "Tell to me, Mees Clark," he said, suddenly turning all his teeth on her, with gasping civility, "where is the Senor Perkins, eh?"

"Thet shiny chap—ez looks like a old turned alpacker gownd!" said Sal, "thet man ez I can't abear," she continued, with a delicate maidenly suggestion that Ramirez need fear no rivalry from that quarter. "I don't mind; and don't keer to know. He hezn't bin yer since mornin'. I reckon he's up somewhar on Conroy's Hill. All I know ez thet he sent a message yer to git ready his volise to put aboard the Wingdam stage to-night. Are ye goin' with him?"

"No," said Ramirez, curtly.

"Axin' yer parding for the question, but seein' ez he'd got booked for two places, I tho't ez maybe ye'd got tired o' plain mountin' folks and mounting ways, and waz goin' with him," and Sal threw an arch yet reproachful glance at Ramirez.

"Booked for two seats," gasped Victor, "ah! for a lady, perhaps—eh, Mees Clark?—for a lady?"

Sal bridled instantly at what might have seemed a suggestion of impropriety on her part. "A lady, like his imperance, indeed! I'd like to know who'd demean theirselves by goin' with the like o' he! But you're not startin' out agin without your dinner, and it waitin' ye in the oven? No? La! Mr. Ramirez ye must be in love! I've heard tell ez it do take away the appetite; not knowin' o' my own experence—though it's little hez passed my lips these two days, and only when tempted."

But before Sal could complete her diagnosis, Mr. Ramirez gasped a few words of

hasty excuse, seized his hat, and hurried from the room.

Leaving Sal a second time to mourn over the effect of her coquettish playfulness upon the sensitive Italian nature, Victor Ramirez, toiling through the heat and fiery dust shaken from the wheels of incoming teams, once more brushed his way up the long ascent of Conroy's Hill, and did not stop until he reached its summit. Here he paused to collect his scattered thoughts, to decide upon some plan of action, to control the pulse of his beating temples, quickened by excitement and the fatigue of the ascent, and to wipe the perspiration from his streaming face. He must see her at once, but how and where? To go boldly to her house would be to meet her in the presence of Gabriel, and that was no longer an object; besides, if she were with this stranger it would probably not be there. By haunting this nearest umbrage to the house he would probably intercept them on their way to the Gulch, or overhear any other conference. By lingering here he would avoid any interference from Gabriel's cabin on the right, and yet be able to detect the approach of anyone from the road. The spot that he had chosen was, singularly enough, in earlier days, Gabriel's favourite haunt for the indulgence of his noon-tide contemplation and pipe. A great pine, the largest of its fellows, towered in a little opening to the right, as if it had drawn apart for seclusion, and, obeying some mysterious attraction, Victor went toward it and seated himself on an abutting root at its base. Here a singular circumstance occurred, which at first filled him with superstitious fear. The handkerchief with which he had wiped his face—nay, his very shirt-front itself—suddenly appeared as if covered with blood. A moment later he saw that the ensanguined hue was only due to the red dust through which he had plunged, blending with the perspiration, that on the least exertion still started from every pore of his burning skin.

The sun was slowly sinking. The long shadow of Reservoir Ridge fell upon Conroy's Hill and seemed to cut down the tall pine that a moment before had risen redly in the sunlight. The sounds of human labour slowly died out of the Gulch below, the far-off whistle of teamsters in the Wingdam road began to fail. One by one the red openings on the wooded hillside opposite went out, as if Nature were putting up the shutters for the day. With the gathering twilight Ramirez became more intensely alert and watchful. Treading stealthily around the lone pine-tree with shining eyes and gleaming teeth, he might have been mistaken for some hesitating animal waiting for that boldness which should come with the coming night. Suddenly he stopped, and leaning forward peered into the increasing shadow.

Coming up the trail from the town was a woman. Even at that distance, and by that uncertain light, Ramirez recognized the flapping hat and ungainly stride. It was Sal—perdition! Might the devil fly away with her! But she turned to the right with the trail that wound toward Gabriel's hut and the cottage beyond, and Victor breathed, or rather panted, more freely. And then a voice at his very side thrilled him to his smallest fiber, and he turned quickly. It was Mrs. Conroy, white, erect, and truculent.

"What are you doing here?" she said, with a sharp, quick utterance.

"Hush!" said Ramirez, trembling with the passion called up by the figure before him. "Hush! There is one who has just come up the trail."

"What do I care who hears me now? You have made caution unnecessary," she responded sharply. "All the world knows us now; and so I ask you again, what are *you* doing here?"

He would have approached her nearer, but she drew back, twitching her long white skirt behind her with a single quick feminine motion of her hand as if to save it from contamination.

Victor laughed uneasily. "You have come to keep your appointment; it is not my fault if I am late."

"I have come here because, for the last half-hour I have watched you from my veranda, coursing in and out among the trees like a hound as you are! I have come to whip you off my land as I would a hound. But I have first a word or two to say to you as the man you have assumed to be."

Standing there with the sunset glow over her erect, graceful figure, in the pink flush of her cheek, in the cold fires of her eyes, in all the thousand nameless magnetisms of her presence, there was so much of her old power over this slave of passion, that the scorn of her words touched him only to inflame him, and he would have groveled at her feet could he have touched the thin three fingers that she warningly waved at him.

"You wrong me, Julie, by the God of Heaven. I was wild, mad, this morning—you understand; for when I came to you I found you with another! I had reason, Mother of God!—I had reason for my madness, reason enough, but I came in peace, Julie, I came in peace!"

"In peace," returned Mrs. Conroy scornfully; "your note was a peaceful one, indeed!"

"Ah! but I knew not how else to make you hear me. I had news—news you understand, news that might save you, for I came from the woman who holds the grant. Ah! you will listen, will you not? For one moment only, Julie, hear me and I am gone!"

Mrs. Conroy with abstracted gaze, leaned against the tree. "Go on," she said coldly.



"Ah you will listen, then!" said Victor joyfully, "and when you have listened you shall understand! Well, first I have the fact that the lawyer for this woman is the man who deserted the Grace Conroy in the mountains, the man who was called Philip Ashley, but whose real name is Poinsett."

"Who did you say?" said Mrs. Conroy, suddenly stepping from the tree, and fixing a pair of cruel eyes on Ramirez.

"Arthur Poinsett—an ex-soldier, an officer. Ah, you do not believe—I swear it is so!"

"What has this to do with me?" she said scornfully, resuming her position beside the pine. "Go on—or is this all?"

"No, but it is much. Look you! he is the affianced of a rich widow in the Southern Country, you understand? No one knows his past. Ah, you begin to comprehend. He does not dare to seek out the real Grace Conroy. He shall not dare to press the claim of his client. Consequently he does nothing!"

"Is this all your news?"

"All!—ah no. There is one more, but I dare not speak it here," he said, glancing craftily around through the slowly darkening wood.

"Then it must remain untold," returned Mrs. Conroy, coldly, "for this is our last and only interview."

"But Julie!"

"Have you done?" she continued, in the same tone.

Whether her indifference was assumed or not, it was effective. Ramirez glanced again quickly around, and then said, sulkily:

"Come nearer, and I will tell you. Ah, you doubt—you doubt? Be it so." But seeing that she did not move, he drew toward the tree and whispered, "Bend here your head—I will whisper it."

Mrs. Conroy, evading his outstretched hand, bent her head. He whispered a few words in her ear that were inaudible a foot from the tree.

"Did you tell this to him—to Gabriel?" she asked, fixing her eyes upon him, yet without change in her frigid demeanour.

"No!—I swear to you, Julie, no! I would not have told him anything, but I was wild, crazy. And he was a brute, a great bear. He held me fast, here, so! I could not move. It was a forced confession. Yes, Mother of God, by force!"

Luckily for Victor the darkness hid the scorn that momentarily flashed in the woman's eyes at this corroboration of her husband's strength, and the weakness of the man before her.

"And is this all that you have to tell me?" she only said.

"All—I swear to you, Julie—all!"

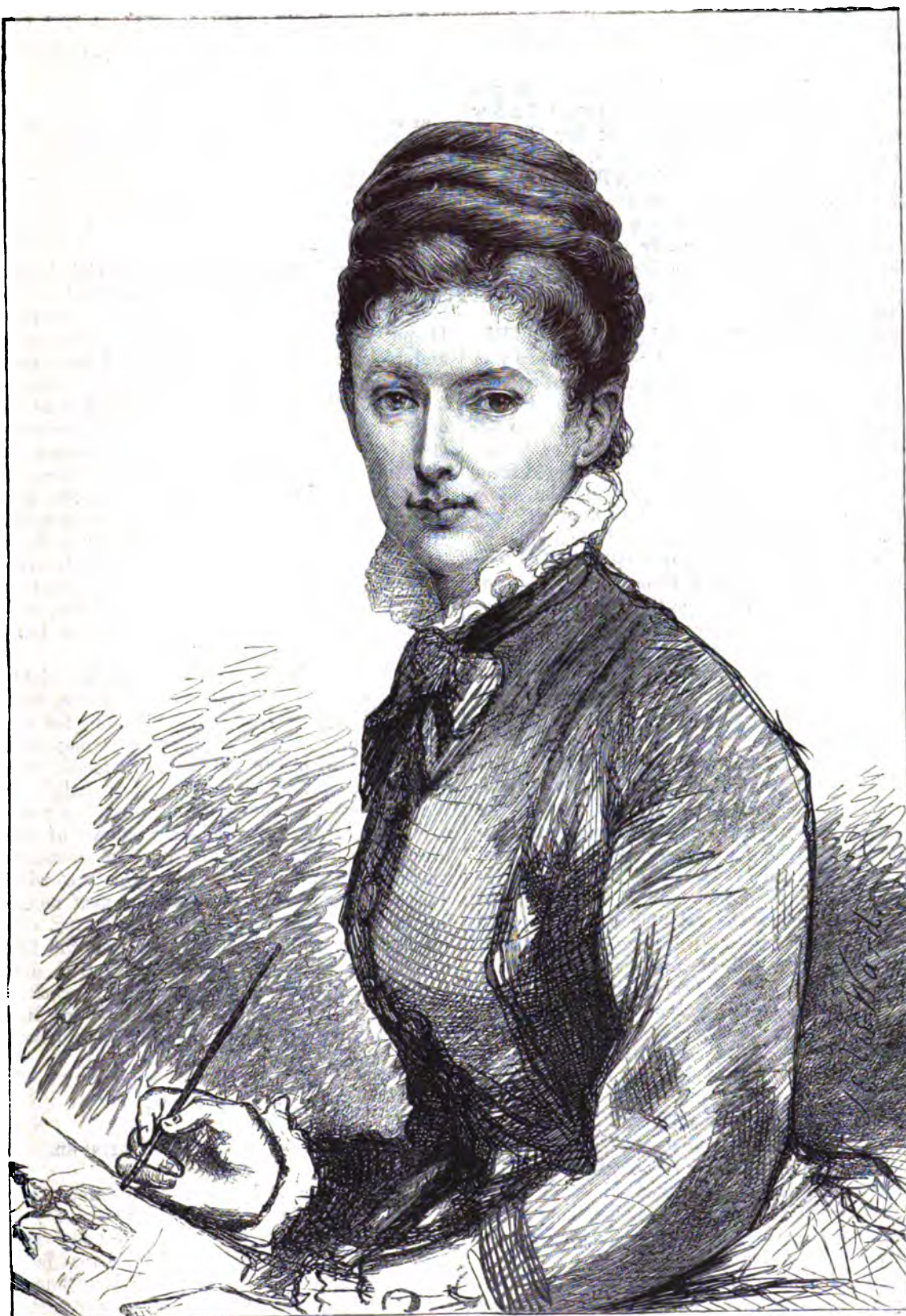
"Then listen, Victor Ramirez," she said,

swiftly stepping from the tree into the path before him, and facing him with a white and rigid face. "Whatever was your purpose in coming here, it has been successful! You have done all that you intended, and more! The man whose mind you came to poison, the man you wished to turn against me, is gone! has left me—left me never to return! He never loved me! Your exposure of me was to him a godsend, for it gave him an excuse for the insults he has heaped upon me, for the treachery he has always hidden in his bosom!"

Even in the darkness she could see the self-complacent flash of Victor's teeth, could hear the quick, hurried sound of his breath as he bent his head toward her, and knew that he was eagerly reaching out his hand for hers. He would have caught her gesturing hand and covered it with kisses but that, divining his intention, without flinching from her position she whipped both her hands behind her.

"Well, you are satisfied! You have had your say and your way. Now I shall have mine. Do you suppose I came here to-night to congratulate you? No, I came here to tell you that, insulted, outraged, and spurned as I have been by my husband, Gabriel Conroy—cast-off and degraded as I stand here to-night—I love him! Love him as I never loved any man before; love him as I never shall love any man again; love him as I hate you! Love him so that I shall follow him wherever he goes, if I have to drag myself after him on my knees. His hatred is more precious to me than your love. Do you hear me, Victor Ramirez? That is what I came here to tell you! More than that—listen! The secret you have whispered to me just now, whether true or false, I shall take to him. I will help him to find his sister. I will make him love me yet if I sacrifice you, everybody, my own life, to do it! Do you hear that? Victor Ramirez, you dog! you Spanish mongrel! you half-breed bastard! Oh, grit your teeth there in the darkness; I know you. Grit your teeth as you did to-day when Gabriel held you squirming under his thumb! It was a fine sight, Victor, worthy of the manly secretary who stole a dying girl's papers! worthy of the valiant soldier who abandoned his garrison to a Yankee peddler and his mule. Oh, I know you, sir, and have known you from the first day I made you my tool—my dupe! Go on, sir, go on; draw your knife, do! I am not afraid, coward! I shall not scream, I promise you! Come on!"

With an insane, inarticulate gasp of rage and shame, he sprang toward her with an uplifted knife. But at the same instant she saw a hand reach from the darkness and fall swiftly upon his shoulder, saw him turn and with an oath struggle furiously in the arms



MISS ELIZABETH THOMPSON.—SEE MISCELLANEA.

of Devarges, and, without waiting to thank her deliverer, or learn the result of his interference, darted by the struggling pair and fled.

Possessed only by a single idea, she ran swiftly to her home. Here she penciled a few hurried lines, and called one of her Chinese servants to her side. "Take this, Ah Ri, and give it to Mr. Conroy. You will find him at Lawyer Maxwell's, or if not there he will tell where he has gone. But you must find him. If he has left town already you must follow him. Find him within an hour and I'll double that"—she placed a gold piece in his hand. "Go, at once."

However limited might have been Ah Ri's knowledge of the English language, there was an eloquence in the woman's manner that needed no translation. He nodded his head intelligently, said "Me shabbe you—muchee quick," caused the gold piece and the letter to instantly vanish up his sleeve, and started from the house in a brisk trot. Nor did he allow any incidental diversion to interfere with the business in hand. The noise of struggling in the underbrush on Conroy's Hill, and a cry for help, only extracted from Ah Ri the response, "You muchee go-to-hellee—no foollee me!" as he trotted unconcernedly by. In half an hour he had reached Lawyer Maxwell's office. But the news was not favourable. Gabriel had left an hour before, they knew not where. Ah Ri hesitated a moment, and then ran quickly down the hill to where a gang of his fellow-countrymen were working in a ditch at the roadside. Ah Ri paused, and uttered in a high recitative a series of the most extraordinary ejaculations, utterly unintelligible to the few Americans who chanced to be working near. But the effect was magical; in an instant pick and shovel were laid aside, and before the astonished miners could comprehend it, the entire gang of Chinamen had dispersed, and in another instant were scattered over the several trails leading out of One Horse Gulch, except one.

The one was luckily taken by Ah Ri. In half an hour he came upon the object of his search, seated on a boulder by the wayside, smoking his evening pipe. His pick, shovel, and pack lay by his side. Ah Ri did not waste time in preliminary speech or introduction. He simply handed the missive to his master, and instantly turned his back upon him and departed. In another half-hour every Chinaman was back in the ditch, working silently as if nothing had happened.

Gabriel laid aside his pipe and held the letter a moment hesitatingly between his finger and thumb. Then opening it, he at once recognized the small Italian hand with which his wife had kept his accounts and written from his dictation, and something like a faint

feeling of regret overcame him as he gazed at it, without taking the meaning of the text. And then with the hesitation, repetition, and audible utterance of an illiterate person, he slowly read the following:

"I was wrong. You have left something behind you—a secret that, as you value your happiness, you must take with you. If you come to Conroy's Hill within the next two hours you shall know it, for I shall not enter that house again, and leave here to-night forever. I do not ask you to come for the sake of your wife, but for the sake of the woman she once personated. You will come because you love Grace, not because you care for  
Julia."

There was but one fact that Gabriel clearly grasped in this letter. That was that it referred to some news of Grace. That was enough. He put away his pipe, rose, shouldered his pack and pick, and deliberately retraced his steps. When he reached the town, with the shamefacedness of a man who had just taken leave of it forever, he avoided the main thoroughfare, but did this so clumsily and incautiously, after his simple fashion, that two or three of the tunnelmen noticed him ascending the hill by an inconvenient and seldom used by-path. He did not stay long, however, for in a short time—some said ten, others said fifteen minutes—he was seen again, descending rapidly and recklessly, and, crossing the Gulch, disappeared in the bushes at the base of Bald Mountain.

With the going down of the sun that night, the temperature fell also, and the fierce, dry, desert heat that had filled the land for the past few days fled away before a strong wind which rose with the coldly rising moon, that during the rest of the night rode calmly over the twisting tops of writhing pines on Conroy's Hill, over the rattling windows of the town, and over the beaten dust of mountain roads. But even with the night the wind passed too, and the sun arose the next morning upon a hushed and silent landscape. It touched, according to its habit, first the tall top of the giant pine on Conroy's Hill, and then slid softly down its shaft until it reached the ground. And there it found Victor Ramirez, with a knife thrust through his heart, lying dead!

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### MR. HAMLIN'S RECREATION, CONTINUED.

WHEN Donna Dolores, after the departure of Mrs. Sepulvida, missed the figure of Mr. Jack Hamlin from the plain before her window, she presumed he had followed that lady, and would have been surprised to have known that he was at that moment within her castle, drinking *aguardiente* with no less a personage than the solemn Don Juan Salvatierra. In point of fact, with that easy audacity which distinguished him, Jack had penetrated the



court-yard, gained the hospitality of Don Juan without even revealing his name and profession to that usually ceremonious gentleman, and after holding him in delicious fascination for two hours, had actually left him lamentably intoxicated, and utterly oblivious of the character of his guest. Why Jack did not follow up his advantage by seeking an interview with the mysterious *Senora* who had touched him so deeply I cannot say, nor could he himself afterward determine. A sudden bashfulness and timidity which he had never before experienced in his relations with the sex, tied his own tongue while Don Juan, with the garrulity which inebriety gave to his, poured forth the gossip of the Mission and the household. It is possible also that a certain vague hopelessness, equally novel to Jack, sent him away in lower spirits than he came. It is remarkable that Donna Dolores knew nothing of the visit of this guest, until three days afterward, for during that time she was indisposed and did not leave her room, but it was remarkable that on learning it she flew into a paroxysm of indignation and rage that alarmed Don Juan and frightened her attendants.

"And why was I not told of the presence of this strange *Americano*? Am I a child, holy St. Anthony! that I am to be kept in ignorance of my duty as the hostess of the Blessed Trinity; or are you, Don Juan, my duenna? A brave *caballero*—who—I surmise from your description, is the same that protected me from insult at Mass last Sunday, and he is not to 'kiss my hand'? Mother of God! And his name you have forgotten?"

In vain Don Juan protested that the strange *caballero* had not requested an audience, and that a proper maidenly spirit would have prevented the Donna from appearing, unsought. "Better that I should have been thought forward—and *Americanos* are of a different habitude, my uncle—than that the Blessed Trinity should have been misrepresented by the guzzling of *aguardiente*!"

Howbeit, Mr. Hamlin had not found the climate of San Antonio conducive to that strict repose that his physician had recommended, and left it the next day with an accession of feverish energy that was new to him. He had idled away three days of excessive heat at Sacramento, and on the fourth had flown to the mountains, and found himself on the morning of the first cool day at Wingdam.

"Anybody here I know?" he demanded of his faithful henchman, as Pete brought in his clothes, freshly brushed for the morning toilette.

"No, sah!"

"Nor want to, eh?" continued the cynical Jack, leisurely getting out of bed.

Pete reflected. "Dere is two o' dese yar

Yeastern tourists—dem folks as is goin' round inspectin' de country—down in de parlour. Jess come over from de Big Trees. I reckon dey's some o' de same party—dem Frisco chaps—Mass Dumphy and de odders has bin onloadin' to. Dey's mighty green, and de boys along de road has been fillin' 'em-up. It's jess so much water on de dried apples dat Pete Dumphy's been shovin' into 'em." Jack smiled grimly.

"I reckon you needn't bring up my breakfast, Pete; I'll go down."

The party thus obscurely referred to by Pete were Mr. and Mrs. Raynor, who had been "doing" the Big Trees, under the intelligent guidance of a San Francisco editor who had been deputed by Mr. Dumphy to represent Californian hospitality. They were exceedingly surprised, during breakfast, by the entrance of a pale, handsome, languid gentleman, accurately dressed, whose infinite neatness shamed their own bedraggled appearance, and who, accompanied by his own servant, advanced, and quietly took a seat opposite the tourists and their guide. Mrs. Raynor at once became conscious of some negligence in her toilet, and after a moment's embarrassment excused herself and withdrew. Mr. Raynor, impressed with the appearance of the stranger, telegraphed his curiosity by elbowing the editor, who, however, for some reason best known to himself, failed to respond. Possibly he recognised the presence of the notorious Mr. Jack Hamlin in the dark-eyed stranger, and may have had ample reasons for refraining from voicing the popular reputation of that gentleman before his face, or possibly he may have been inattentive. Howbeit, after Mr. Hamlin's entrance he pretermitted the hymn of California praise, and became reticent and absorbed in his morning paper. Mr. Hamlin waited for the lady to retire, and then, calmly ignoring the presence of any other individual, languidly drew from his pocket a revolver and bowie-knife, and placing them in an easy, habitual manner on either side of his plate, glanced carelessly over the table, and then called Pete to his side.

"Tell them," said Jack, quietly, "that I want some *large* potatoes; ask them what they mean by putting those little things on the table. Tell them to be quick. Is your rifle loaded?"

"Yes, sah," said Pete promptly, without relaxing a muscle of his serious ebony face.

"Well—take it along with you."

But here the curiosity of Mr. Raynor, who had been just commenting on the really enormous size of the potatoes, got the best of his prudence. Failing to make his companion respond to his repeated elbowings, he leaned over the table toward the languid stranger.

"Excuse me, sir," he said politely, "but

"Ah, I see," returned Jack, gravely, "I was insulted by having a whole vegetable brought to me. I didn't know it was so poor. Perhaps in this part of the country the vegetables are poor. I'm a stranger in this section. I take it you are too. But because I am a stranger I don't see why I should be imposed upon."

"Ah, I see," said the mystified Raynor; "but if I might ask another question—you'll excuse me if I'm impertinent—I noticed that you just now advised your servant to take his gun into the kitchen with him,—surely—"

"Pete," interrupted Mr. Hamlin, languidly, "is a good nigger. I shouldn't like to lose him! Perhaps you're right—may be I am a little over-cautious. But when a man has lost two servants by gunshot wounds inside of three months, it makes him careful."

The perfect unconcern of the speaker, the reticence of his companion, and the dead silence of the room in which this extraordinary speech was uttered, filled the measure of Mr. Raynor's astonishment.

"Bless my soul! this is most extraordinary! I have seen nothing of this," he said, appealing in dumb show to his companion.

Mr. Hamlin followed the direction of his eyes.

"Your friend is a Californian, and knows what we think of any man who lies, and how most men resent such an imputation; and I reckon he'll indorse me!"

The editor muttered a hasty assent that seemed to cover Mr. Hamlin's various propositions, and then hurriedly withdrew, abandoning his charge to Mr. Hamlin. What advantage Jack took of his situation, what extravagant accounts he gravely offered of the vegetation in Lower California, of the resources of the country, of the reckless disregard of life and property, do not strictly belong to the record of this voracious chronicle. Notwithstanding all this, Mr. Raynor found Mr. Hamlin an exceedingly fascinating companion, and later, when the editor had rejoined them, and Mr. Hamlin proceeded to beg that gentleman to warn Mr. Raynor against gambling, as the one seductive, besetting sin of California, alleging that it had been the ruin of both the editor and himself, the tourist was so struck with the frankness and high moral principle of his new acquaintance, as to insist upon his making one of their party—an invitation that Mr. Hamlin might have accepted, but for the intervention of a singular occurrence.

During the conversation he had been cautiously impressed by the appearance of a stranger who had entered, and modestly and diffidently taken a seat near the door. To Mr. Hamlin

this modesty and diffidence appeared so curiously at variance with his superb physique, and the exceptional strength and power shown in every muscle of his body, that with his usual audacity he felt inclined to go forward and inquire, "What was his little game?" That he was lying in wait to be "picked up"—the reader must really excuse me if I continue to borrow Mr. Hamlin's expressive vernacular—that his diffidence and shyness were a deceit and intended to entrap the unwary, he felt satisfied, and was proportionably thrilled with a sense of admiration for him. That a rational human being who held such a hand should be content with a small *ante*, without "raising the other players"—but I beg the fastidious reader's forgiveness.

He was dressed in the ordinary miner's garb of the Southern mines, perhaps a little more cleanly than the average miner by reason of his taste, certainly more picturesque by reason of his statuesque shapeliness. He wore a pair of white duck trousers, a jumper or loose blouse of the same material, with a low-folded sailor's collar and sailor-knotted neckerchief, which displayed, with an unconsciousness quite characteristic of the man, the full muscular column of his sun-burned throat, except where it was hidden by a full, tawny beard. His long sandy curls fell naturally and equally on either side of the center of his low, broad forehead. His fair complexion, although greatly tanned by exposure, seemed to have faded lately as by sickness or great mental distress, a theory that had some confirmation in the fact that he ate but little. His eyes were downcast, or, when raised, were so shy as to avoid critical examination. Nevertheless, his mere superficial exterior was so striking as to attract the admiration of others besides Mr. Hamlin; to excite the enthusiastic attention of Mr. Raynor, and to enable the editor to offer him as a fair type of the mining population. Embarrassed at last by a scrutiny that asserted itself even through his habitual unconsciousness and pre-occupation, the subject of this criticism arose and returned to the hotel veranda, where his pack and mining implements were lying. Mr. Hamlin, who for the last few days had been in a rather exceptional mood, for some occult reason which he could not explain, felt like respecting the stranger's reserve, and quietly lounged into the billiard-room to wait for the coming of the stage-coach. As soon as his back was turned, the editor took occasion to offer Mr. Raynor his own estimate of Mr. Hamlin's character and reputation, to correct his misstatements regarding Californian resources and social habits, and to restore Mr. Raynor's possibly shaken faith in California as a country especially adapted to the secure investment of capital. "As to the insecurity of life," said the



editor, indignantly, "it is as safe here as in New York or Boston. We admit that in the early days the country was cursed by too many adventurers of the type of this very gambler Hamlin, but I will venture to say you will require no better refutation of these calumnies than this very miner whom you admired. He, sir, is a type of our mining population; strong, manly, honest, unassuming, and perfectly gentle and retiring. We are proud, sir, we admit, of such men—eh? Oh, that's nothing—only the arrival of the up stage!"

It certainly was something more. A momentarily increasing crowd of breathless men was gathered on the veranda before the window, and were peering anxiously over one another's heads toward a central group, among which towered the tall figure of the very miner of whom they had been speaking. More than that, there was a certain undefined restless terror in the air, as when the intense conscious passion or suffering of one or two men communicates itself vaguely without speech, sometimes even with visible sign, to others. And then Yuba Bill, the driver of the Wing-dam coach, strode out from the crowd into the bar-room, drawing from his hands with an evident effort his immense buckskin gloves.

"What's the row, Bill?" said half-a-dozen voices.

"Nothin'," said Bill, gruffly, "only the Sheriff of Calaveras ez kem down with us hes nabbed his man jest in his very tracks."

"Where, Bill?"

"Right here—on this very verandy—fust man he seed!"

"What for?" "Who?" "What hed he bin doin'?" "Who is it?" "What's up?" persisted the chorus.

"Killed a man up at One Horse Gulch, last night!" said Bill, grasping the decanter which the attentive bar-keeper had, without previous request, placed before him.

"Who did he kill, Bill?"

"A little Mexican from Frisco by the name o' Ramirez."

"What's the man's name that killed him—the man that you took?"

The voice was Jack Hamlin's. Yuba Bill instantly turned, put down his glass, wiped his mouth with his sleeve, and then deliberately held out his great hand with an exhaustive grin.

"Dern my skin, ole man, if it ain't you! And how's things, eh? Yer lookin' a little white in the gills, but peart and sassy ez usual. Heerd you was kinder off colour, down in Sacramento lass week. And it's you, ole fell, and jest in time! Bar-keep—hist that pizen over to Jack. Here to ye agin, ole man! H—ll! but I'm glad to see ye!"

The crowd hung breathless over the two men—awe-struck and respectful. It was a

meeting of the gods—Jack Hamlin and Yuba Bill. None dare speak. Hamlin broke the silence at last, and put down his glass.

"What," he asked, lazily, yet with a slight colour on his cheek, "did you say was the name of the chap that fetched that little Mexican?"

"Gabriel Conroy," said Bill.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### MR. HAMLIN TAKES A HAND.

THE capture had been effected quietly. To the evident astonishment of his captor, Gabriel had offered no resistance, but had yielded himself up with a certain composed willingness, as if it were only the preliminary step to the quicker solution of a problem that was sure to be solved. It was observed, however, that he showed a degree of caution that was new to him—asking to see the warrant, the particulars of the discovery of the body, and utterly withholding that voluble explanation or apology which all who knew his character confidently expected him to give, whether guilty or innocent—a caution which, accepted by them as simply the low cunning of the criminal, told against him. He submitted quietly to a search that, however, disclosed no concealed weapon, or anything of import. But when a pair of handcuffs were shown him he changed colour, and those that were nearest to him saw that he breathed hurriedly, and hesitated in the first words of some protest that rose to his lips. The Sheriff, a man of known intrepidity, who had the rapid and clear intuition that comes with courageous self-possession, noticed it also, and quietly put the handcuffs back in his pocket.

"I reckon there's no use for 'em here; ef you're willin' to take the risks, I am."

The eyes of the two men met, and Gabriel thanked him. In that look he recognized and accepted the fact that on a motion to escape he would be instantly killed.

They were to return with the next stage, and in the interval Gabriel was placed in an upper room, and securely guarded. Here, falling into his old apologetic manner, he asked permission to smoke a pipe, which was at once granted by his good-humoured guard, and then threw himself at full length upon the bed. The rising wind rattled the windows noisily, and entering, tossed the smoke-wreaths that rose from his pipe in fitful waves about the room. The guard, who was much more embarrassed than his charge, was relieved of his ineffectual attempt to carry on a conversation suitable to the occasion by Gabriel's simple directness.

"You needn't put yourself out to pass the

time o' day with me," he said, gently, "that bein' extry to your reg'lar work. Ef you hev any friends ez you'd like to talk to in your own line, invite 'em in, and don't mind me."

But here the guard's embarrassment was further relieved by the entrance of Joe Hall, the Sheriff.

"There's a gentleman here to speak with you," he said to Gabriel; "he can stay until we're ready to go." Turning to the guard, he added: "You can take a chair outside the door in the hall. It's all right—it's the prisoner's counsel."

At the word Gabriel looked up. Following the Sheriff, Lawyer Maxwell entered the room. He approached Gabriel, and extended with grave cordiality a hand that had apparently wiped from his mouth the last trace of mirthfulness at the door.

"I did not expect to see you again so soon, Gabriel, but as quickly as the news reached me, and I heard that our friend Hall had a warrant for you, I started after him. I would have got here before him, but my horse gave out."

He paused, and looked steadily at Gabriel. "Well!"

Gabriel looked at him in return, but did not speak.

"I supposed you would need professional aid," he went on, with a slight hesitation—"perhaps *mine*—knowing that I was aware of some of the circumstances that preceded this affair."

"Wot circumstances?" asked Gabriel, with the sudden look of cunning that had before prejudiced his captors.

"For Heaven's sake, Gabriel," said Maxwell, rising with a gesture of impatience, "don't let us repeat the blunder of our first interview. *This* is a serious matter; *may* be very serious to you. Think a moment. Yesterday you sought my professional aid to deed to your wife all your property, telling me that you were going away, never to return to One Horse Gulch. I do not ask you now *why* you did it. I only want you to reflect that I am just now the only man who knows that circumstance—a circumstance that I can tell you as a lawyer is somewhat important in the light of the crime that you are charged with."

Maxwell waited for Gabriel to speak, wiping away, as he waited, the usual smile that lingered around his lips. But Gabriel said nothing.

"Gabriel Conroy," said Lawyer Maxwell, suddenly dropping into the vernacular of One Horse Gulch, "are you a blasted fool?"

"Thet's so," said Gabriel, with the simplicity of a man admitting a self-evident proposition. "Thet's so; I reckon I are."

"I shouldn't wonder, blast me!" said Maxwell, again swiftly turning upon him, "if you were!"

He stopped, as if ashamed of his abruptness, and said more quietly and persuasively:

"Come, Gabriel, if you won't confess to *me*, I suppose that I must to *you*! Six months ago I thought you an impostor! Six months ago the woman who is now your wife charged you with being an impostor; with assuming a name and right that did not belong to you; in plain English, said that you had set yourself up as Gabriel Conroy, and that she, who was Grace Conroy, the sister of the real Gabriel, knew that you lied! She substantiated all this by proofs; blast it all!" continued Maxwell, appealing in dumb show to the walls. "There isn't a lawyer living as wouldn't have said it was a good case, and been ready to push it in any court. Under these circumstances I sought you, and you remember how! You know the result of that interview. I can tell you now, that if there ever was a man who palpably confessed to guilt when he was innocent, *you* were that man. Well! after your conduct then was explained by Olly, this woman, without, however, damaging the original evidence against you, or prejudicing her rights, came to me, and said that she had discovered that you were the man who had saved her life at the risk of your own, and that for the present she could not, in delicacy, push her claim. When afterward she told me that this gratitude had—well, ripened into something more serious—and that she had engaged herself to marry you, and so condoned your offense, why, blast it, it was womanlike and natural, and I suspected nothing! I believed her story, believed she had a case! Yes, sir, the last six months I have looked upon you as the creature of that woman's foolish magnanimity. I could see that she was soft on you, and believed that you had fooled her. I did, blast me! There! if you confess to being a blasted fool, I do to having been an infernal sight bigger one."

He stopped, erased the mirthful past with his hand, and went on:

"I began to suspect something when you came to me yesterday with this story of your going away, and this disposal of your property. When I heard of the murder of this stranger—one of your wife's witnesses to her claim near your house, your own flight, and the sudden disappearance of your wife, my suspicions were strengthened. And when I read this note from your wife, delivered to you last night by one of her servants and picked up early this morning near the body, my suspicions were confirmed."

As he finished, he took from his pocket a folded paper and handed it to Gabriel. He received it mechanically, and opened it. It was his wife's note of the preceding night. He took out his knife, still holding the letter, and with its blade began stirring the

bowl of his pipe. Then, after a pause, he asked cautiously:

"And how did *ye* come by this yer?"

"It was found by Sal Clark, brought to Mrs. Markle, and given to me. Its existence is known only to three people, and they are your friends."

There was another pause, in which Gabriel deliberately stirred the contents of his pipe. Mr. Maxwell examined him curiously.

"Well," he said at last, "what is your defense?"

Gabriel sat up on the bed and rapped the bowl of his pipe against the bed-post to loosen some refractory incrustation.

"Wot," he asked gravely, "would be *your* idee of a good de-fense? Axin' ye as a lawyer havin' experiense in them things, and reck'nin' to pay ez high ez enny man for the same, wot would *you* call a good de-fense?" and he gravely laid himself down again in an attitude of respectful attention.

"We hope to prove," said Maxwell, really smiling, "that when you left your house, and came to my office the murdered man was alive and at his hotel; that he went over to the hill long before you did; that *you* did not return until evening—*after* the murderer was committed, as the 'secret' mentioned in your wife's mysterious note evidently shows. That for some reason or other it was her design to place you in a suspicious attitude. That the note shows that she refers to some fact of which she was cognizant and not yourself."

"Suthin' thet she knowed, and I didn't get to hear," translated Gabriel quietly.

"Exactly! Now you see the importance of that note."

Gabriel did not immediately reply, but slowly lifted his huge frame from the bed, walked to the open window, still holding the paper in his hands, deliberately tore it into the minutest shreds before the lawyer could interfere, and then threw it from the window.

"Thet paper don't 'mount ter beans, no how!" he said quietly but explanatively, as he returned to the bed.

It was Lawyer Maxwell's turn to become dumb. In his astonished abstraction he forgot to wipe his mouth, and gazed at Gabriel with his nervous smile as if his client had just perpetrated a practical joke of the first magnitude.

"Ef it's the same to you, I'll just gin ye my idee of a de-fense," said Gabriel apologetically, relighting his pipe, "allowin' o' course thet you knows best, and askin' no deduck-shun from your charges for advice. Well, you jess stands up afore the jedge, and you slings 'em a yarn suthin' like this: 'Yer's me, for instans, you sez, sez you, 'ez gambols—gambols very deep—jess fights the tiger, wharever and whenever found, the same bein' unbeknownst

ter folks gin'rally, and spechil ter my wife, ez was, July. Yer's me bin gambolin' desprit with this yer man, Victyor Ramyirez, and gets lifted bad! and we hez, so to speak, a differculty about some pints in the game. I allows one thing, he allows another, and this yer man gives me the lie and I stabs him!' —Stop—hole your hosses!" interjected Gabriel suddenly, "thet looks bad, don't it? he bein' a small man, a little feller 'bout your size. No! Well, this yer's the way we puts it up: Seving men—*seving*—friends o' his comes at me, permiskis like, one down, and nex' comes on, and we hez it mighty lively thar fur an hour, until me, bein' in a tight place, hez to use a knife and cuts this yer man bad! Thar, that's 'bout the thing! Now ez to my runnin' away, you sez, sez you, ez how I disremembers owin' to the 'citement thet I hez a 'pintment in Sacramento the very nex' day, and waltzes down yer to keep it, in a hurry. Ef they want to know whar July ez, you sez she gits wild on my not comin' home, and starts thet very night arter me. Thar, thet's 'bout my idee—puttin' it o' course in your own shape, and slingin' in them bits o' po'try and garbage, and kinder sassin' the plaintiff's counsel, ez you know goes down afore a jedge and jury."

Maxwell rose hopelessly. "Then, if I understand you, you intend to admit—"

"Thet I done it? In course!" replied Gabriel, "but," he added with a cunning twinkle in his eye, "justifybly—justifiable homyside, ye mind! bein' in fear o' my life from seving men. In course," he added hurriedly, "I can't identify them seving strangers in the dark, so thar's no harm or suspishion goin' to be done enny o' the boys in the Gulch."

Maxwell walked gravely to the window, and stood looking out without speaking. Suddenly he turned upon Gabriel with a brighter face and more earnest manner.

"Where's Olly?"

Gabriel's face fell. He hesitated a moment, "I was on my way to the school in Sacramento whar she iz."

"You must send for her; I must see her at once!"

Gabriel laid his powerful hand on the lawyer's shoulder: "She izn't, that chile, to know anythin' o' this. You hear?" he said, in a voice that began in tones of deprecation, and ended in a note of stern warning.

"How are you to keep it from her?" said Maxwell, as determinedly. "In less than twenty-four hours every newspaper in the State will have it, with their own version and comments. No, you must see her—she must hear it first from your own lips."

"But—I—can't—see—her jest now," said Gabriel, with a voice that for the first time during their interview faltered in its accents.

"Nor need you," responded the lawyer quickly. "Trust that to me. I will see her, and you shall afterward. You need not fear I will prejudice your case. Give me the address! Quick!" he added, as the sound of footsteps and voices approaching the room came from the hall. Gabriel did as he requested. "Now one word," he continued hurriedly, as the footsteps halted at the door.

"Yes," said Gabriel.

"As you value your life and Olly's happiness, hold your tongue."

Gabriel nodded with cunning comprehension. The door opened to Mr. Jack Hamlin, diabolically mischievous, self-confident, and audacious! With a familiar nod to Maxwell he stepped quickly before Gabriel and extended his hand. Simply, yet conscious of obeying some vague magnetic influence, Gabriel reached out his own and took Jack's white, nervous fingers in his calm, massive grasp.

"Glad to see you, pard!" said that gentleman, showing his white teeth and reaching up to clap his disengaged hand on Gabriel's shoulder. "Glad to see you, old boy, even if you have cut in and taken a job out of my hands that I was rather lyin' by to do myself. Sooner or later I'd have fetched that Mexican, if you hadn't dropped into my seat and taken up my hand. Oh, it's all right, Mack!" he said, intercepting the quick look of caution that Maxwell darted at his client, "don't do that. We're all friends here. If you want me to testify I'll take my oath that there hasn't been a day this six months that that infernal hound, Ramirez, wasn't just pantin' to be planted in his tracks! Dern me, gentlemen, I can hardly believe I ain't done it myself." He stopped, partly to enjoy the palpable uneasiness of Maxwell, and perhaps in some admiration of Gabriel's physique. Maxwell quickly seized this point of vantage. "You can do your friend, here, a very great service," he said to Jack, lowering his voice as he spoke.

Jack laughed. "No, Mack, it won't do! They wouldn't believe me! There ain't judge or jury you could play that on!"

"You don't understand me," said Maxwell, laughing a little awkwardly. "I didn't mean that, Jack. This man was going to Sacramento to see his little sister—"

"Go on," said Jack with much gravity; "of course he was! I know that. 'Dear Brother, Dear Brother, come home with me now!' Certainly. So'm I, Goin' to see an innocent little thing 'bout seventeen years old, blue eyes and curly hair! Always go there once a week. Says he must come! Says he'll—" he stopped in the full tide of his irony, for, looking up, he caught a glimpse of Gabriel's simple, troubled face and his sadly reproachful eyes. "Look here," said Jack, turning savagely on Maxwell, "what are you talkin' about, anyway?"

"I mean what I say," returned Maxwell quickly. "He was going to see his sister, a mere child! Of course he can't go now. But he must see her, if she can be brought to him! Can you—will you do it?"

Jack cast another swift glance at Gabriel.

"Count me in!" he said promptly; "when shall I go?"

"Now—at once!"

"All right. Where shall I fetch her to?"

"One Horse Gulch."

"The game's made!" said Jack sententiously. "She'll be there by sun-down to-morrow."

He was off like a flash, but as swiftly returned, and called Maxwell to the door.

"Look here," he said in a whisper, "p'r'aps it would be as well if the Sheriff didn't know I was *his* friend," he went on, indicating Gabriel with a toss of his head and a wink of his black eye, "because you see, Joe Hall and I ain't friends! We had a little difficulty, and some shootin' and foolishness down at Marysville last year. Joe's a good square man, but he ain't above prejudice, and it might go against our man." Maxwell nodded, and Jack once more darted off.

But his colour was so high, and his exaltation so excessive, that when he reached his room his faithful Pete looked at him in undisguised alarm. "Bress de Lord God! it tain't no whisky, Mars Jack, arter all de doctors tole you?" he said, clasping his hands in dismay.

The bare suggestion was enough for Jack in his present hilarious humour. He instantly hiccoughed, lapsed wildly over against Pete with artfully simulated alcoholic weakness, tumbled him on the floor, and grasping his white woolly head waved over it a boot-jack, and frantically demanded "another bottle." Then he laughed; as suddenly got up with the greatest gravity and a complete change in his demeanour, and wanted to know, severely, what he, Pete, meant by lying there on the floor in a state of beastly intoxication.

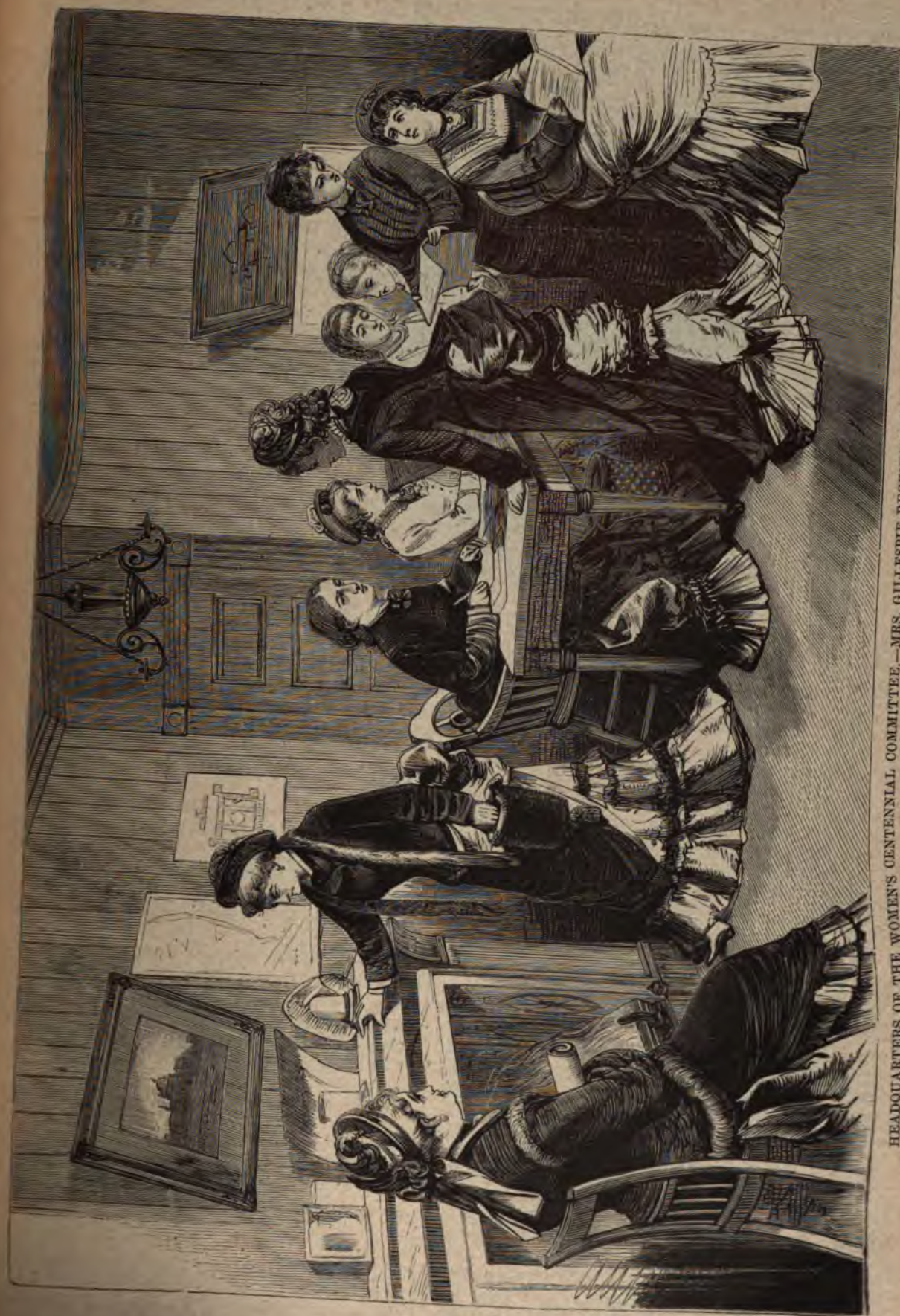
"Bress de Lord! Mars Jack, but ye *did* frighten me. I jiss allowed dem tourists downstairs had been gettin' ye tight."

"You did—you degraded old ruffian! If you'd been reading 'Volney's Ruins,' or reflectin' on some of those moral maxims that I'm just wastin' my time and health unloading to you, instead of making me the subject of your inebriated reveries, you wouldn't get picked up so often. Pack my valise, and chuck it into some horse and buggy, no matter whose. Be quick."

"Is we gwine to Sacramento, Mars Jack?"

"We? No, sir. I'm going—alone! What I'm doing now, sir, is only the result of calm reflection; of lying awake nights taking points and jest spottin' the whole situation. And I'm convinced, Peter, that I can stay with





HEADQUARTERS OF THE WOMEN'S CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE.—MRS. GILLESPIE RECEIVING REPORTS.—SEE MISCELLANEA.



you no longer. You've been hackin' the keen edge of my finer feelin's; playin' it very low down on my moral and religious nature, and generally ringin' in a cold deck on my spiritual condition for the last five years. You've jest cut up thet rough with my higher emotions thet there ain't enough left to chip in on a ten-cent ante. Five years ago," continued Jack, coolly, brushing his curls before the glass, "I fell into your hands, a guileless, simple youth, in the first flush of manhood, knowin' no points, easily picked up on my sensibilities, and trav'lin', so to speak, on my shape! And where am I now? Echo answers 'where?' and passes for an euchre! No, Peter, I leave you to-night. Wretched misleader of youth, gummy old man with the strawberry eyebrows, farewell!"

Evidently this style of exordium was no novelty to Pete, for without apparently paying the least attention to it, he went on, surlily packing his master's valise. When he had finished he looked up at Mr. Hamlin, who was humming, in a heart-broken way, "*Yes, we must part*," varied by occasional glances of exaggerated reproach at Pete, and said, as he shouldered the valise:

"Dis yer ain't no woman foolishness, Mars Jack, like down at dat yar Mission?"

"Your suggestion, Peter," returned Jack, with dignity, "emanates from a moral sentiment debased by love-feasts and camp meetings, and an intellect weakened by rum and gum and the contact of lager beer jerkers. It is worthy of a short-card sharp and a keno flopper, which I have, I regret to say, long suspected you to be. Farewell! You will stay here until I come back. If I don't come back by the day after to-morrow come to One Horse Gulch. Pay the bill and don't knock down for yourself more than seventy-five per cent. Remember I am getting old and feeble. You are yet young, with a brilliant future before you. Git!"

He tossed a handful of gold on the bed, adjusted his hat carefully over his curls, and stole from the room. In the lower hall he stopped long enough to take aside Mr. Raynor, and with an appearance of the greatest conscientiousness, to correct an error of two feet in the measurements he had given him that morning of an enormous pine tree, in whose postrate trunk he, Mr. Hamlin, had once found a peaceful, happy tribe of one hundred Indians living. Then lifting his hat with marked politeness to Mrs. Raynor, and totally ignoring the presence of Mr. Raynor's mentor and companion, he leaped lightly into the buggy and drove away.

"An entertaining fellow," said Mr. Raynor, glancing after the cloud of dust that flew from the untarrying wheels of Mr. Hamlin's chariot.

"And so gentlemanly," smiled Mr. Raynor.

But the journalistic conservator of the public morals of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, looked grave, and deprecated even that feeble praise of the departed.

"His class are a curse of the country. They hold the law in contempt; they retard by the example of their extravagance the virtues of economy and thrift; they are consumers and not producers; they bring the fair fame of this land into question by those who foolishly take them for a type of the people."

"But, dear me," said Mrs. Raynor, pouting, "where your gamblers and bad men are so fascinating, and your honest miners are so dreadfully murderous, and kill people, and then sit down to breakfast with you as if nothing had happened, what are you going to do?"

The journalist did not immediately reply. In the course of some eloquent remarks, as unexceptionable in morality as in diction, which I regret I have not space in reproduce here, he, however, intimated that there was still an Unfettered Press, which "scintillated" and "shone" and "lashed" and "stung" and "exposed" and "tore away the veil," and became at various times a Palladium and a Watchtower, and did and was a great many other remarkable things peculiar to an Unfettered Press in a pioneer community, when untrammelled by the enervating conditions of an effete civilization.

"And what have they done with the murderer?" asked Mr. Raynor, repressing a slight yawn.

"Taken him back to One Horse Gulch half an hour ago. I reckon he'd as lief stayed here," said a bystander. "From the way things are pintin', it looks as if it might be putty lively for him up thar!"

"What do you mean?" asked Raynor curiously.

"Well, two or three of them old Vigilantes from Angel's passed yer a minit ago with their rifles, goin' up that way," returned the man, lazily. "Mayn't be nothin' in it, but it looks mighty like—"

"Like what?" asked Mr. Raynor, a little nervously.

"Lynchin'!" said the man.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

IN WHICH MR. DUMPHY TAKES POINSETT INTO HIS CONFIDENCE.

THE cool weather of the morning following Mr. Dumphy's momentous interview with Col. Starbottle, contributed somewhat to restore the former gentleman's tranquillity, which had been

considerably disturbed. He had, moreover, a vague recollection of having invited Col. Starbottle to visit him socially, and a nervous dread of meeting this man, whose audacity was equal to his own, in the company of others. Braced, however, by the tonic of the clear exhilarating air, and sustained by the presence of his clerks and the respectful homage of his business associates, he dispatched a note to Arthur Poinsett, requesting an interview. Punctually at the hour named that gentleman presented himself, and was languidly surprised when Mr. Dumphy called his clerk and gave peremptory orders that their interview was not to be disturbed, and to refuse admittance to all other visitors. And then Mr. Dumphy, in a peremptory, practical statement which his business habits and temperament had brought to a perfection that Arthur could not help admiring, presented the details of his interview with Col. Starbottle.

"Now, I want you to help me. I've sent to you for that business purpose. You understand, this is not a matter for the Bank's regular counsel. Now, what do you propose?"

"First, let me ask you, do you believe your wife is living?"

"No," said Dumphy promptly, "but of course I don't know."

"Then let me relieve your mind at once, and tell you that she is not."

"You know this to be a fact?" asked Dumphy.

"I do. The body supposed to be Grace Conroy's, and so identified, was your wife's. I recognized it at once, knowing Grace Conroy to have been absent at the culmination of the tragedy."

"And why did you not correct the mistake?"

"That is *my* business," said Arthur, haughtily, "and I believe I have been invited here to attend to *yours*. Your wife is dead."

"Then," said Mr. Dumphy, rising with a brisk business air, "if you are willing to testify to that fact, I reckon there is nothing more to be done."

Arthur did not rise, but sat watching Mr. Dumphy with an unmoved face. After a moment Mr. Dumphy sat down again, and looked aggressively but nervously at Arthur.

"Well?" he said, at last.

"Is that all?" asked Arthur, quietly. "Are you willing to go on and establish the fact?"

"Don't know what you mean!" said Dumphy, with an attempted frankness which failed signally.

"One moment, Mr. Dumphy. You are a shrewd business man. Now do you suppose the person—whichever he or she may be—who has sent Col. Starbottle to you, relies alone upon your inability to legally prove your wife's death? May they not calculate somewhat on

your *indisposition* to prove it legally; on the theory that you'd rather not open the case, for instance?"

Mr. Dumphy hesitated a moment, and bit his lip.

"Of course," he said shortly, "there'd be some talk among my enemies about my deserting my wife—"

"And child," suggested Arthur.

"And child," repeated Dumphy, savagely, "and not coming back again—there'd be suthin' in them blasted papers about it, unless I paid 'em, but what's that!—deserting one's wife isn't such a new thing in California."

"That's so," said Arthur, with a sarcasm that was none the less sincere because he felt its applicability to himself.

"But we're not getting on," said Mr. Dumphy, impatiently. "What's to be done? That's what I've sent to you for."

"Now that we know it is not your *wife*, we must find out *who* it is that stands back of Col. Starbottle. It is evidently some one who knows at least as much as we do of the facts; we are lucky if they know no more. Can you think of anyone? Who are the survivors? Let's see; you, myself, possibly Grace!"

"It couldn't be that infernal Grace Conroy, really alive!" interrupted Dumphy, hastily.

"No," said Arthur, quietly; "you remember *she* was not present at the time."

"Gabriel?"

"I hardly think so. Besides, he is a friend of yours."

"It couldn't be—"

Dumphy stopped in his speech, with a certain savage alarm in his looks. Arthur noticed it, and quietly went on.

"Who 'couldn't it' be?"

"Nothing—nobody. I was only thinking if Gabriel or somebody could have told the story to some designing rascal."

"Hardly—in sufficient detail."

"Well," said Dumphy, with his coarse, bark-like laugh, "if I've got to pay to see Mrs. Dumphy decently buried, I suppose I can rely upon you to see that it's done without a chance of resurrection. Find out who Starbottle's friend is, and how much he or she expects. If I've got to pay for this thing, I'll do it now, and get the benefit of absolute silence. So I'll leave it in your hands;" and he again rose as if dismissing the subject and his visitor, after his habitual business manner.

"Dumphy," said Arthur, still keeping his own seat, and ignoring the significance of Dumphy's manner, "there are two professions that suffer from a want of frankness in the men who seek their services. Those professions are Medicine and the Law. I can understand why a man seeks to deceive his physician, because he is humbugging himself; but I can't see why he is not frank to his lawyer!

You are no exception to the rule. You are now concealing from *me*, whose aid you have sought, some very important reason why you wish to have this whole affair hidden beneath the snow of Starvation Camp."

"Don't know what you're driving at," said Dumphy.

But he sat down again.

"Well, listen to me, and perhaps I can make my meaning clearer. My acquaintance with the late Dr. Devarges began some months before we saw you. During our intimacy he often spoke to me of his scientific discoveries, in which I took some interest, and I remember seeing among his papers frequent records and descriptions of localities in the foot-hills, which he thought bore the indications of great mineral wealth. At that time the Doctor's theories and speculations appeared to me to be visionary, and the records of no value. Nevertheless when we were shut up in Starvation Camp, and it seemed doubtful if the Doctor would survive his discoveries, at his request I deposited his papers and specimens in a cairn at Monument Point. After the catastrophe, on my return with the relief party to camp, we found that the cairn had been opened by some one, and the papers and specimens scattered on the snow. We supposed this to have been the work of Mrs. Brackett, who, in search of food, had broken the cairn, taken out the specimens, and died from the effects of the poison with which they had been preserved."

He paused and looked at Dumphy, who did not speak.

"Now," continued Arthur, "like all Californians, I have followed your various successes with interest and wonder. I have noticed, with the gratification that all your friends experience, the singular good fortune which has distinguished your mining enterprises, and the claims you have located. But I have been cognizant of a fact, unknown, I think, to any other of your friends, that nearly all of the localities of your successful claims, by a singular coincidence, agree with the memorandums of Dr. Devarges!"

Dumphy sprang to his feet with a savage, brutal laugh.

"So," he shouted, coarsely, "that's the game, is it! So it seems I'm mighty lucky in coming to you—no trouble in finding this *woman* now, hey? Well, go on, this is getting interesting; let's hear the rest! What are your propositions—what if I refuse, hey?"

"My first proposition," said Arthur, rising to his feet with a cold, wicked light in his gray eyes, "is, that you shall instantly take that speech back, and beg my pardon! If you refuse, by the living God, I'll throttle you where you stand!"

For one wild moment all the savage animal

in Dumphy rose, and he instinctively made a step in the direction of Poinsett. Arthur did not move. Then Mr. Dumphy's practical caution asserted itself. A physical personal struggle with Arthur would bring in witnesses—witnesses, perhaps, of something more than that personal struggle. If he were victorious, Arthur, unless killed outright, would revenge himself by an exposure. He sank back in his chair again. Had Arthur known the low estimate placed upon his honour by Mr. Dumphy, he would have been less complacent in his victory.

"I didn't mean to suspect *you*," said Dumphy at last, with a forced smile. "I hope you'll excuse me. I know you're my friend. But you're all wrong about these papers; you are, Poinsett, I swear. I know if the fact were known to outsiders, it would look queer if not explained. But whose business is it, anyway—legally, I mean?"

"No one's, unless Devarges has friends or heirs."

"He hadn't any."

"There's that wife!"

"Bah!—she was divorced!"

"Indeed! You told me, on our last interview, that she really was the widow of Devarges."

"Never mind that now," said Dumphy, impatiently. "Look here! You know as well as I do that no matter how many discoveries Devarges made, they weren't worth a cent if he hadn't done some work on them—improved or opened them."

"But that is not the point at issue just now," said Arthur. "Nobody is going to contest your claim or sue you for damages. But they might try to convict you of a crime. They might say that breaking into the cairn was burglary, and the taking of the papers theft."

"But how are they going to prove that?"

"No matter. Listen to me, and don't let us drift away from the main point. The question that concerns you is this: An impostor sets up a claim to be your wife; you and I know she is an impostor, and can prove it. She knows that, but knows also that in attempting to prove it you lay yourself open to some grave charges which she doubtless stands ready to make."

"Well, then, the first thing to do is to find out *who* she is, what she knows, and what she wants, eh?" said Dumphy.

"No," said Arthur, quietly, "the first thing to do is to prove that your wife is really dead; and to do that, you must show that Grace Conroy was alive when the body purporting to be hers, but which was really your wife's, was discovered. Once establish *that* fact, and you destroy the credibility of the Spanish reports, and you need not fear any revelation from that source regarding the missing papers.

And that is the only source from which evidence against you can be procured. But when you destroy the validity of that report, you of course destroy the credibility of all concerned in making it. And as I was concerned in making it, of course it won't do for you to put *me* on the stand."

Notwithstanding Dumphy's disappointment, he could not help yielding to a sudden respect for the superior rascal who thus cleverly slipped out of responsibility.

"But," added Arthur, coolly, "you'll have no difficulty in establishing the fact of Grace's survival by others."

Dumphy thought at once of Ramirez. Here was a man who had seen and conversed with Grace when she had, in the face of the Spanish Commander, indignantly asserted her identity and the falsity of the report. No witness could be more satisfactory and convincing. But to make use of him, he must first take Arthur into his confidence; must first expose the conspiracy of Madame Devarges to personate Grace, and his own complicity with the transaction. He hesitated. Nevertheless, he had been lately tortured by a suspicion that the late Madame Devarges was in some way connected with the later conspiracy against himself, and he longed to avail himself of Arthur's superior sagacity, and after a second reflection he concluded to do it. With the same practical conciseness of statement that he had used in relating Col. Starbottle's interview with himself, he told the story of Madame Devarges's brief personation of Grace Conroy, and its speedy and felicitous ending in Mrs. Conroy. Arthur listened with unmistakable interest and slowly heightening colour. When Dumphy had concluded he sat for a moment apparently lost in thought.

"Well?" at last said Dumphy, interrogatively and impatiently.

Arthur started.

"Well," he said, rising and replacing his hat with the air of a man who had thoroughly exhausted his subject, "your frankness has saved me a world of trouble."

"How?" said Dumphy.

"There is no necessity for looking any further for your alleged wife. She exists at present as Mrs. Conroy, *alias* Madame Devarges, *alias* Grace Conroy. Ramirez is your witness. You couldn't have a more willing one."

"Then my suspicions are correct."

"I don't know on what you based them. But here is a woman who has unlimited power over men, particularly over one man, Gabriel!—who alone, of all men but ourselves, knows the facts regarding your desertion of your wife in Starvation Camp, her death, and the placing of Dr. Devarges's private papers by me in the cairn. He knows, too, of your knowledge of the existence of the cairn, its locality, and contents. He knows this, because he was

in the cabin that night when the Doctor gave me his dying injunctions regarding his property—the night that you—excuse me, Dumphy, but nothing but frankness will save us now—the night that you stood listening at the door and frightened Grace with your wolfish face. Don't speak! she told me all about it! Your presence there that night gained you the information that you have used so profitably; it was your presence that fixed her wavering resolves and sent her away with me."

Both men had become very pale and earnest. Arthur moved toward the door.

"I will see you to-morrow when I will have matured some plan of defense," he said abstractedly. "We have"—he used the plural of advocacy with a peculiar significance—"we have a clever woman to fight, who may be more than our match. Meantime, remember that Ramirez is our defense; he is our man, Dumphy, hold fast to him as you would your life. Good-day."

In another moment he was gone. As the door closed upon him, a clerk entered hastily from the outer office. "You said not to disturb you, sir, and here is an important dispatch waiting for you from Wingdam." Mr. Dumphy took it mechanically, opened it, read the first line, and then said hurriedly, "Run after that man, quick! Stop! Wait a moment. You needn't go. There, that will do!"

The clerk hurriedly withdrew into the outer office. Mr. Dumphy went back to his desk again, and once more devoured the following lines:

"WINGDAM, 7th, 5 A. M.—Victor Ramirez murdered last night on Conroy's Hill. Gabriel Conroy arrested. Mrs. Conroy missing. Great excitement here; strong feeling against Gabriel. Wait instructions.—FITCH."

At first Mr. Dumphy only heard as an echo beating in his brain the parting words of Arthur Poinsett, "Ramirez is our defense; hold fast to him as you would your life." And now he was dead—gone; their only witness; killed by Gabriel the plotter! What more was wanted to justify his worst suspicions? What should they do? He must send after Poinsett again; the plan of defence must be changed at once; to-morrow might be too late. Stop!

One of his accusers in prison charged with a capital crime! The other—the real murderer—for Dumphy had no doubt that Mrs. Conroy was responsible for the deed—a fugitive from justice! What need of any witness now? The blow that crippled these three conspirators had liberated him! For a moment Mr. Dumphy was actually conscious of a paroxysm of gratitude toward some indefinitely Supreme Being—a God of special providence—special to himself! More than this, there was that vague sentiment, common, I fear, to common humanity in such crises, that this Providence was a tacit indorsement of him—

self. It was the triumph of Virtue (Dumphy) over Vice (Conroy *et al.*)

But there would be a trial, publicity, and the possible exposure of certain things by a man whom danger might make reckless. And could he count upon Mrs. Conroy's absence or neutrality? He was conscious that her feeling for her husband was stronger than he had supposed, and she might dare everything to save him. What had a woman of that kind to do with such weakness? Why hadn't she managed it so as to kill Gabriel too? There was an evident want of practical completeness in this special providence, that as a business man Mr. Dumphy felt he could have regulated. And then he was seized with an idea—a damnable inspiration!—and set himself briskly to write. I regret to say that, despite the popular belief in the dramatic character of all villainy, Mr. Dumphy at this moment presented only the commonplace spectacle of an absorbed man of business; no lurid light gleamed from his pale blue eyes; no Satanic smile played around the corners of his smoothly shaven mouth; no feverish exclamation stirred his moist, cool lips. He wrote methodically and briskly without deliberation or undue haste. When he had written half a dozen letters he folded and sealed them, and, without summoning his clerk, took them himself into the outer office and thence into the large counting-room. The news of the murder had evidently got abroad; the clerks were congregated together, and the sound of eager, interested voices ceased as the great man entered and stood among them.

"James, you and Judson will take the quick-

est route to One Horse Gulch to-night. Don't waste any time on the road or spare any expense. When you get there deliver these letters, and take your orders from my correspondents. Pick up all the details you can about this affair, and let me know. What's your balance at the Gulch, Mr. Peebles?—never mind the exact figures!"

"Larger than usual, sir, some heavy deposits!"

"Increase your balance, then, if there should be any infernal fools who connect the Bank with this matter."

"I suppose," said Mr. Fitch, respectfully, "we're to look after your foreman, Mr. Conroy, sir?"

"You are to take your orders from my correspondents, Mr. Fitch, and not to interfere in any way with public sentiment. We have nothing to do with the private acts of anybody. Justice will probably be done to Conroy. It is time that these outrages upon the reputation of the California miner should be stopped. When the fame of a whole community is prejudiced and business injured by the rowdiness of a single ruffian," said Mr. Dumphy, raising his voice slightly as he discovered the interested and absorbed presence of some of his most respectable customers, "it is time that prompt action should be taken." In fact he would have left behind him a strong Roman flavour and a general suggestion of Brutus, had he not unfortunately effected an anti-climax by adding, "That's business, sir," as he retired to his private office.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

ONE morning as I was passing through Boston Common, which lies between my home and my office, I met a gentleman lounging along The Mall. I am generally preoccupied when walking, and often thrid my way through crowded streets without distinctly observing any one. But this man's face forced itself upon me, and a singular face it was. His eyes were faded, and his hair, which he wore long, was flecked with gray. His hair and eyes, if I may say so, were sixty years old, the rest of him not thirty. The youthfulness of his figure, the elasticity of his gait, and the venerable appearance of his head were incongruities that drew more than one pair of curious eyes towards him. He excited in me the painful suspicion that he had either got

somebody else's head or somebody else's body. He was evidently an American, at least so far as the upper part of him was concerned,—the New England cut of countenance is unmistakable,—evidently a man who had seen something of the world, but strangely young and old.

Before reaching the Park Street gate, I had taken up the thread of thought which he had unconsciously broken; yet throughout the day this old young man, with his unwrinkled brow and silvered locks, glided in like a phantom between me and my duties.

The next morning I again encountered him on The Mall. He was resting lazily on the green rails, watching two little sloops in distress, which two ragged ship-owners had con-



signed to the mimic perils of the Pond. The vessels lay becalmed in the middle of the ocean, displaying a tantalizing lack of sympathy with the frantic helplessness of the owners on shore. As the gentleman observed their dilemma, a light came into his faded eyes, then died out, leaving them drearier than before. I wondered if he, too, in his time, had sent out ships that drifted and drifted and never came to port; and if these poor toys were to him types of his own losses.

"That man has a story, and I should like to know it," I said, half aloud, halting in one of those winding paths which branch off from the pastoral quietness of the Pond, and end in the rush and tumult of Tremont Street.

"Would you?" exclaimed a voice at my side. I turned and faced Mr. H—, a neighbour of mine, who laughed heartily at finding me talking to myself. "Well," he added, reflectingly, "I can tell you this man's story; and if you will match the narrative with anything as curious, I shall be glad to hear it."

"You know him then?"

"Yes and no. That is to say, I do not know him personally; but I know a singular passage in his life. I happened to be in Paris when he was buried."

"Buried!"

"Well, strictly speaking, not buried; but something quite like it. If you've a spare half-hour," continued my friend H—, "we'll sit on this bench, and I will tell you all I know of an affair that made some noise in Paris a couple of years ago. The gentleman himself, standing yonder, will serve as a sort of frontispiece to the romance,—a full-page illustration, as it were."

The following pages contain the story which Mr. H— related to me. While he was telling it, a gentle wind arose; the miniature sloops drifted feebly about the ocean; the wretched owners flew from point to point, as the deceptive breeze promised to waft the barks to either shore; the early robins trilled now and then from the newly fringed elms; and the old young man leaned on the rail in the sunshine, little dreaming that two gossips were discussing his affairs within twenty yards of him.

Three persons were sitting in a chamber whose one large window overlooked the Place Vendôme. M. Dorine, with his back half turned on the other two occupants of the apartment, was reading the *Journal des Débats* in an alcove, pausing from time to time to wipe his glasses, and taking scrupulous pains not to glance towards the lounge at his right, on which were seated Mlle. Dorine and a young American gentleman, whose handsome face rather frankly told his position in the family. There was not a happier man in

Paris that afternoon than Philip Wentworth. Life had become so delicious to him that he shrunk from looking beyond to-day. What could the future add to his full heart? what might it not take away? The deepest joy has always something of melancholy in it,—a presentiment, a fleeting sadness, a feeling without a name. Wentworth was conscious of this subtle shadow that night, when he rose from the lounge and thoughtfully held Julie's hand to his lip for a moment before parting. A careless observer would not have thought him, as he was, the happiest man in Paris.

M. Dorine laid down his paper, and came forward. "If the house," he said, "is such as M. Cherbonneau describes it, I advise you to close with him at once. I would accompany you, Philip, but the truth is, I am too sad at losing this little bird to assist you in selecting a cage for her. Remember, the last train for town leaves at five. Be sure not to miss it; for we have seats for Sardou's new comedy to-morrow night. By to-morrow night," he added laughingly, "little Julie here will be an old lady,—'t is such an age from now until then."

The next morning the train bore Philip to one of the loveliest spots within thirty miles of Paris. An hour's walk through green lanes brought him to M. Cherbonneau's estate. In a kind of dream the young man wandered from room to room, inspected the conservatory, the stables, the lawns, the strip of woodland through which a merry brook sang to itself continually; and, after dining with M. Cherbonneau, completed the purchase, and turned his steps towards the station just in time to catch the express train.

As Paris stretched out before him, with its lights twinkling in the early dusk, and its spires and domes melting into the evening air, it seemed to Philip as if years had elapsed since he left the city. On reaching Paris he drove to his hôtel, where he found several letters lying on the table. He did not trouble himself even to glance at their superscriptions as he threw aside his travelling surtout for a more appropriate dress.

If, in his impatience to return to Mlle. Dorine, the cars had appeared to walk, the fiacre which he had secured at the station appeared to creep. At last it turned into the Place Vendôme, and drew up before M. Dorine's hôtel. The door opened as Philip's foot touched the first step. The servant silently took his cloak and hat, with a special deference, Philip thought; but was he not now one of the family?

"M. Dorine," said the servant slowly, "is unable to see Monsieur at present. He wishes Monsieur to be shown up to the salon."

"Is Mademoiselle—"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Alone?"

"Alone, Monsieur," repeated the man, looking curiously at Philip, who could scarcely repress an exclamation of pleasure.

It was the first time that such a privilege had been accorded him. His interviews with Julie had always taken place in the presence of M. Dorine, or some member of the household. A well-bred Parisian girl has but a formal acquaintance with her lover.

Philip did not linger on the staircase; with a light heart, he went up the steps, two at a time, hastened through the softly lighted hall, in which he detected the faint scent of her favorite flowers, and stealthily opened the door of the salon.

The room was darkened. Underneath the chandelier stood a slim black casket on trestles. A lighted candle, a crucifix, and some white flowers were on a table near by. Julie Dorine was dead.

When M. Dorine heard the sudden cry that rang through the silent house, he hurried from the library, and found Philip standing like a ghost in the middle of the chamber.

It was not until long afterwards that Wentworth learned the details of the calamity that had befallen him. On the previous night Mlle. Dorine had retired to her room in seemingly perfect health, and had dismissed her maid with a request to be awakened early the next morning. At the appointed hour the girl entered the chamber. Mlle. Dorine was sitting in an arm-chair, apparently asleep. The candle in the bougeoir had burnt down to the socket; a book lay half open on the carpet at her feet. The girl started when she saw that the bed had not been occupied, and that her mistress still wore an evening dress. She rushed to Mlle. Dorine's side. It was not slumber; it was death.

Two messages were at once despatched to Philip, one to the station at G——, the other to his hôtel. The first missed him on the road, the second he had neglected to open. On his arrival at M. Dorine's house, the valet, under the supposition that Wentworth had been advised of Mlle. Dorine's death, broke the intelligence with awkward cruelty, by showing him directly to the salon.

Mlle. Dorine's wealth, her beauty, the suddenness of her death, and the romance that had in some way attached itself to her love for the young American, drew crowds to witness the funeral ceremonies, which took place in the church in the rue d'Aguesseau. The body was to be laid in M. Dorine's tomb, in the cemetery of Montmartre.

This tomb requires a few words of description. First there was a grating of filigraled iron; through this you looked into a small vestibule or hall, at the end of which was a massive door of oak opening upon a short flight of stone steps descending into the tomb.

The vault was fifteen or twenty feet square, ingeniously ventilated from the ceiling, but unlighted. It contained two sarcophagi: the first held the remains of Madame Dorine, long since dead; the other was new, and bore on one side the letters J. D., in monogram, interwoven with fleurs-de-lis.

The funeral train stopped at the gate of the small garden that enclosed the place of burial, only the immediate relatives following the bearers into the tomb. A slender wax candle, such as is used in Catholic churches, burnt at the foot of the uncovered sarcophagus, casting a dim glow over the centre of the apartment, and deepening the shadows which seemed to huddle together in the corners. By this flickering light the coffin was placed in its granite shell, the heavy slab laid over it reverently, and the oaken door revolved on its rusty hinges, shutting out the uncertain ray of sunshine that had ventured to peep in on the darkness.

M. Dorine, muffled in his cloak, threw himself on the back seat of the landau, too abstracted in his grief to observe that he was the only occupant of the vehicle. There was a sound of wheels grating on the gravelled avenue, and then all was silence again in the cemetery of Montmartre. At the main entrance the carriages parted company, dashing off into various streets at a pace that seemed to express a sense of relief.

The rattle of wheels had died out of the air when Philip opened his eyes, bewildered, like a man abruptly roused from slumber. He raised himself on one arm and stared into the surrounding blackness. Where was he? In a second the truth flashed upon him. He had been left in the tomb! While kneeling on the farther side of the stone box, perhaps he had fainted, and during the last solemn rites his absence had been unnoticed.

His first emotion was one of natural terror. But this passed as quickly as it came. Life had ceased to be so very precious to him; and if it were his fate to die at Julie's side, was not that the fulfilment of the desire which he had expressed to himself a hundred times that morning? What did it matter, a few years sooner or later? He must lay down the burden at last. Why not then? A pang of self-reproach followed the thought. Could he so lightly throw aside the love that had bent over his cradle? The sacred name of mother rose involuntarily to his lips. Was it not cowardly to yield up without a struggle the life which he should guard for her sake? Was it not his duty to the living and the dead to face the difficulties of his position, and overcome them if it were within human power?

With an organization as delicate as a woman's, he had that spirit which, however slug-





AN OFFER.—SEE MISCELLANEA.

gish in repose, leaps with a kind of exultation to measure its strength with disaster. The vague fear of the supernatural, that would affect most men in a similar situation, found no room in his heart. He was simply shut in a chamber from which it was necessary that he should obtain release within a given period. That this chamber contained the body of the woman he loved, so far from adding to the terror of the case, was a circumstance from which he drew consolation. She was a beautiful white statue now. Her soul was far hence; and if that pure spirit could return, would it not be to shield him with her love? It was impossible that the place should not engender some thought of the kind. He did not put the thought entirely from him as he rose to his feet and stretched out his hands in the darkness; but his mind was too healthy and practical to indulge long in such speculations.

Philip, being a smoker, chanced to have in his pocket a box of allumettes. After several ineffectual essays, he succeeded in igniting one against the dank wall, and by its momentary glare perceived that the candle had been left in the tomb. This would serve him in examining the fastenings of the vault. If he could force the inner door by any means, and reach the grating, of which he had an indistinct recollection, he might hope to make himself heard. But the oaken door was immovable, as solid as the wall itself, into which it fitted air-tight. Even if he had had the requisite tools, there were no fastenings to be removed; the hinges were set on the outside.

Having ascertained this, Philip replaced the candle on the floor, and leaned against the wall thoughtfully, watching the blue fan of flame that wavered to and fro, threatening to detach itself from the wick. "At all events," he thought, "the place is ventilated." Suddenly he sprang forward and extinguished the light.

His existence depended on that candle!

He had read somewhere, in some account of shipwreck, how the survivors had lived for days upon a few candles which one of the passengers had insantly thrown into the long-boat. And here he had been burning away his very life!

By the transient illumination of one of the tapers, he looked at his watch. It had stopped at eleven,—but eleven that day, or the preceding night? The funeral, he knew, had left the church at ten. How many hours had passed since ten? Of what duration had been his swoon? Alas! it was no longer possible for him to measure those hours which crawl like snails by the wretched, and fly like swallows over the happy.

He picked up the candle, and seated himself on the stone steps. He was a sanguine

man, but, as he weighed the chances of escape, the prospect appalled him. Of course he would be missed. His disappearance under the circumstances would surely alarm his friends; they would instigate a search for him but who would think of searching for a live man in the cemetery of Montmartre? The préfet of police would set a hundred intelligences at work to find him; the Seine might be dragged, *les misérables* turned over at the Morgue; a minute description of him would be in every detective's pocket; and he—in M. Dorine's family tomb!

Yet, on the other hand, it was here he was last seen; from this point a keen detective would naturally work up the case. Then might not the undertaker return for the candlestick, probably not left by design? Or, again, might not M. Dorine send fresh wreaths of flowers, to take the place of those which now diffused a pungent, aromatic odour throughout the chamber? Ah! what unlikely chances! But if one of these things did not happen speedily, it had better never happen. How long could he keep life in himself?

With his pocket-knife Wentworth cut the half-burned candle into four equal parts. "To-night," he meditated, "I will eat the first of these pieces; to-morrow, the second; to-morrow evening, the third; the next day, the fourth; and then—then I'll wait!"

He had taken no breakfast that morning, unless a cup of coffee can be called a breakfast. He had never been very hungry before. He was ravenously hungry now. But he postponed the meal as long as practicable. It must have been near midnight, according to his calculation, when he determined to try the first of his four singular repasts. The bit of white-wax was tasteless; but it served its purpose.

His appetite for the time appeased, he found a new discomfort. The humidity of the walls, and the wind that crept through the unseen ventilator, chilled him to the bone. To keep walking was his only resource. A kind of drowsiness, too, occasionally came over him. It took all his will to fight it off. To sleep, he felt, was to die; and he had made up his mind to live.

The strangest fancies flitted through his head as he groped up and down the stone floor of the dungeon, feeling his way along the wall to avoid the sepulchres. Voices that had long been silent spoke words that had long been forgotten; faces he had known in childhood grew palpable against the dark. His whole life in detail was unrolled before him like a panorama; the changes of a year, with its burden of love and death, its sweets and its bitternesses, were epitomized in a single second. The desire to sleep had left him, but the keen hunger came again.



It must be near morning now, he mused; perhaps the sun is just gilding the pinnacles and domes of the city; or, may be, a dull, drizzling rain its beating on Paris, sobbing on these mounds above me. Paris! it seems like a dream. Did I ever walk in its gay boulevards in the golden air? O the delight and pain and passion of that sweet human life!

Philip became conscious that the gloom, the silence; and the cold were gradually conquering him. The feverish activity of his brain brought on a reaction. He grew lethargic, he sunk down on the steps, and thought of nothing. His hand fell by chance on one of the pieces of candle; he grasped it and devoured it mechanically. This revived him. "How strange," he thought, "that I am not thirsty. Is it possible that the dampness of the walls, which I must inhale with every breath, has supplied the need of water? Not a drop has passed my lips for two days, and still I experience no thirst. That drowsiness, thank Heaven, has gone. I think I was never wide awake until this hour. It would be an anodyne like poison that could weigh down my eyelids. No doubt the dread of sleep has something to do with this."

The minutes were like hours. Now he walked as briskly as he dared up and down the tomb; now he rested against the door. More than once he was tempted to throw himself upon the stone coffin that held Julie, and make no further struggle for his life.

Only one piece of candle remained. He had eaten the third portion, not to satisfy hunger, but from a precautionary motive. He had taken it as a man takes some disagreeable drug upon the result of which hangs safety. The time was rapidly approaching when even this poor substitute for nourishment would be exhausted. He delayed that moment. He gave himself a long fast this time. The half-inch of candle which he held in his hand was a sacred thing to him. It was his last defence against death.

At length, with such a sinking at heart as he had not known before, he raised it to his lips. Then he paused, then he hurled the fragment across the tomb, then the oaken door was flung open, and Philip, with dazzled eyes, saw M. Dorine's form sharply defined against the blue sky.

When they led him out, half blinded, into the broad daylight, M. Dorine noticed that Philip's hair, which a short time since was as black as a crow's wing, had actually turned gray in places. The man's eyes, too, had faded; the darkness had dimmed their lustre.

"And how long was he really confined in the tomb?" I asked, as Mr. H—— concluded the story.

"Just one hour and twenty minutes!" replied Mr. H——, smiling blandly.

As he spoke, the Lilliputian sloops, with their sails all blown out like white roses, came floating bravely into port, and Philip Wentworth lounged by us, wearily, in the pleasant April sunshine.

Mr. H——'s narrative haunted me. Here was a man who had undergone a strange ordeal. Here was a man whose sufferings were unique. His was no threadbare experience. Eighty minutes had seemed like two days to him! If he had really been immured two days in the tomb, the story, from my point of view, would have lost its tragic element.

After this it was but natural I should regard Mr. Wentworth with deepened curiosity. As I met him from day to day, passing through the Common with that same introspective air, there was something in his loneliness which touched me. I wondered that I had not read before in his pale, meditative face some such sad history as Mr. H—— had confided to me. I formed the resolution of speaking to him, though with no very lucid purpose. One morning we came face to face at the intersection of two paths. He halted courteously to allow me the precedence.

"Mr. Wentworth," I began, "I—"

He interrupted me.

"My name, sir," he said, in an off-hand manner, "is Jones."

"Jo-Jo-Jones!" I gasped.

"No, not Joseph Jones," he returned, with a glacial air, "Frederick."

A dim light, in which the perfidy of my friend H—— was becoming discernible, began to break upon my mind.

It will probably be a standing wonder to Mr. Frederick Jones why a strange man accosted him one morning on the Common as "Mr. Wentworth," and then dashed madly down the nearest foot-path and disappeared in the crowd.

The fact is, I had been duped by Mr. H——, who is a gentleman of literary proclivities, and has, it is whispered, become somewhat demented in brooding over the Great American Novel, —not yet hatched. He had actually tried the effect of one of his chapters on me!

My hero, as I subsequently learned, is a commonplace young person who had some connection, I do not know what, with the building of that graceful granite bridge which spans the crooked silver lake in the Public Garden.

When I think of the readiness with which Mr. H—— built up his airy fabric on my credulity, I feel half inclined to laugh, though I am deeply mortified at having been the unresisting victim of his Black Art.



## A NEW WORLD IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

IN TWO PARTS.

## PART I.

THE extraordinary journey and important discoveries made by Lieutenant Cameron have suddenly given a new interest to African exploration—that subject which, ever since the days of James Bruce and Mungo Park, has been so attractive to Englishmen. If Bruce had reached the true sources of the Nile, Park those of the Niger, and other travellers those of the Congo or Zaire and of the Zambesi—if this had been done sixty or eighty years ago, doubtless many valuable lives would have been saved; but we should on the other hand have lost those narratives of courage, endurance, pluck, inventive resource, scientific observation, energy tempered by caution, firmness tempered by kindness, which never fail in stirring one's blood. There is something captivating, also, in a little tinge of mystery; so long as the great African rivers had *not* been traced to their true sources, they formed a mighty geographical puzzle, on which the imagination could dwell at pleasure.

We most of us know that the exploration of Africa has generally commenced on the sea-coast, from some port or ports where European consuls are stationed; and has had its goal in the interior, where black tribes have to be encountered—amicably or belligerently as the case may be. Thus, at various dates during the first half of the present century, Lichtenstein penetrated north to the Bechuana country from the Cape of Good Hope; Mungo Park, having formed an opinion that the Niger and the Congo were outlets of the same river, made his second journey, which ended fatally; Burckhardt made many discoveries in the north-west regions of Africa; Clapperton and Denham penetrated from the Mediterranean coast to Soudan, across the whole breadth of the frightful Sahara; while Richard and John Lander traced the Niger to the Gulf of Benin.

What may, perhaps, be regarded at the modern series of African explorations, penetrating quite to the heart of the continent near the equator, commenced about thirty years ago. The heroic David Livingstone began his good work at that time. Tramping inland from the Cape of Good Hope, or from the mouth of the Zambesi in the Mozambique district, he discovered Lake Ngami; then a vast range of new country between the Zambesi and the west coast at Loando; and then reached the beautiful Lake Tanganyika. What he underwent during all these years of exhausting labour,

his published narratives tell full well. Even four years before his death, he spoke thus of his troubles when crossing the swollen streams that flow into Tanganyika: "Only four of my attendants have come here; the others on various pretences absconded. The fact is, they are all tired of this everlasting tramping; and so verily am I. Were it not for an inveterate dislike to give in to difficulties without doing my utmost to overcome them, I would abscond too." There spoke the man, in his true dauntless character. The readers of the *Magazine* will not need now to be told that this indefatigable traveller kept on his noble work until nature could hold out no longer, and at length breathed his last in May 1873, watched by two faithful native attendants. Before and since the date just named, explorers in remarkable number have penetrated Africa in all directions; sometimes to assist in searching for Livingstone (whose absence was prolonged for many years), sometimes for independent objects of discovery, sometime to assist the Khédive of Egypt in conquering tribes in the interior. The names of Speke, Grant, Burton, Baker, Stanley have become almost household words with us. We know how, among them, they have discovered the two magnificent equatorial lakes, Victoria Nyanza and Albert Nyanza; we know how clearly they have traced up the sources of the Nile to these lakes, and how much they desired to know whether Lake Tanganyika (extending eight or nine degrees south of the equator) is part of the same system, or whether it belongs to a different river-basin. Not the least remarkable of these expeditions were the two conducted by Mr. Stanley, supported entirely on funds liberally supplied by the proprietors of two newspapers, the *New York Herald* and the *Daily Telegraph*.

What those gallant men underwent, in combating heat, drought, swampy damps, ague, fever, dysentery, robbery, violence, fatigue, hunger, can only be fully known to themselves; but most readers have picked up some knowledge on the subject from the ample published narratives. Who, for instance, that has read the story, can forget the wonderful journey of Lady Baker to the central lakes? Rather than leave her husband to travel on without her succour and companionship, she went through perils and discomforts which women of delicate nurture can hardly conceive. Both stricken down with fever at one time, he on one pallet and she on another, husband and wife were left to the mercy of native blacks, with not a white

man within any attainable distance; and yet both lived to return to England in good health. We all recollect what tough work Mr. Stanley had to go through in his search for Livingstone, and in the conveyance of much-needed stores for that illustrious traveller. Many of us are familiar with his second journey in 1874-75, made when aid was no longer available for poor Livingstone, and for the express purpose of making a thorough examination of the noble Victoria Nyanza. We know that he started from the coast at Zanzibar with three hundred men; that while he was absent two months from camp, making the tour of the lake in his boat *Lady Alice*, most of his men were obliged to fight the natives; and that the number, by fighting and disease, was lessened nearly one half. Stanley, it seems now probable, has definitely settled that the affluents of the Victoria are the most remote sources of the mysterious Nile. He also found favour with one M'tesa, king or chief of Uganda, a fertile country on the north-east shore of the great lake. M'tesa is not a black potentate; he is a Muscat Arab with a little African blood in him; and Mr. Stanley thinks there may be a great future for commercial and civilising enterprise if he be approached in a proper spirit. One word concerning another explorer, Mr. Young, who is at this present time journeying towards Lake Nyassa, or around its shores. An Association has subscribed no less a sum than twelve thousand pounds for founding a missionary establishment to be called "Livingstonia," to perpetuate the name and fame of the great explorer. Mr. E. D. Young is manager of the expedition. In a letter recently received in England from him, he describes one of those mishaps which are so plentiful in Africa. While going up the Zambesi in August last, his boat was upset, and two of his native crew drowned. "In addition to this, the greater part of our personal luggage was lost; I myself lost everything in the shape of clothes; also many things I was taking out from friends to natives on the lake. I don't at present know how to get more; so I suppose I shall have to make a suit out of my blanket to serve me day and night. I shall feel the loss of my boots and socks most." We must remember that such losses are almost irreparable in such a region.

These preliminary remarks on the general character of African exploration, during a long course of years, are necessary to a due appreciation of the relation which the young officer who will be *our* hero at present bears to the rest of the noble band.

Lieutenant Verney Lovett Cameron, son of the vicar of a parish near Sevenoaks, in Kent, was born in 1844. He entered the royal navy as a boy cadet at the age of thirteen, and has seen an unusual amount of busy life as a young

man; for it will be noted that he is only now in his two-and-thirtieth year. He worked himself up from cadet to midshipman, from that to sub-lieutenant, and then to lieutenant. He applied himself so sedulously to his studies that he obtained first-class honours in nearly all—mathematics, science, surveying, navigation, seamanship, gunnery. These matters held him in good stead in his recent expedition, which was as noteworthy for scientific observations as for personal enterprise and judgment. He served successively, in one capacity or other, in the *Illustrious*, the *Victor Emanuel*, the *Defence*, the *Hector*, the *Terrible*, and the *Star*. As first lieutenant during the Abyssinian War, he was engaged in surveying, buoying, and beacon-lighting in the Red Sea; then in helping to save the crew of the United States corvette *Sacramento*, wrecked off the mouth of the Godavery; and then in boat-cruising on the east coast of Africa, searching out and hunting down the slave dhows.

It was the horror felt at the dreadful scenes witnessed that gave him a yearning to assist, if possible, in putting down the iniquitous slave-trade of the interior. The Royal Geographical Society, so honourably distinguished for lending a fostering hand to exploration all over the world, determined in 1872 to send out supplies to Livingstone, whose isolated position and scantiness of stores had become subjects of much anxiety in England. Lieutenant Cameron gladly undertook the command of the expedition; and it is a matter of congratulation to all that he accepted the responsibility. His outfit was large and well selected, comprising necessities for the large number of men who would constitute his party, presents to conciliate chieftains on the way, and stores to hand over to Livingstone, if happily met with. Sir Bartle Frère rendered most valuable aid in these preliminary operations, by his extensive knowledge of Arab and other nationalities.

Lieutenant Cameron was accompanied from England by Mr. Dillon; at Aden they were joined by Mr. Murphy, of the Royal Artillery; and at Zanzibar by Mr. Moffat, Livingstone's nephew, who eagerly threw up a post in Cape Town to join in the enterprise. After surmounting many difficulties on the coast, in hiring native porters, purchasing various supplies, &c., they started for the interior. Mr. Murphy, stricken down with fever at Zanzibar, was left under the kind care of French missionaries at that place. Cameron followed nearly the same route as had been taken by Stanley, and several years earlier by Burton. When they reached Unanyembe, in August 1873, Cameron and Dillon were for a time prostrated with fever; and Murphy, who had dragged himself after them, was ill also. It was while at this town, between Zanzibar and

Lake Tanganyika, that news reached them of the death of poor Livingstone, which sad event had taken place about three months before. Cameron at once sent on some stores to assist in the conveying of Livingstone's body to the coast. Here was a sudden check to the plans; Moffat, Dillon, and Murphy had now no Livingstone to aid; and they returned to the coast so shattered in health that two of them sank under their accumulated maladies. Not so their energetic commander; he resolved to attempt the exploration of the immense range of country lying between Lake Tanganyika and the Atlantic Ocean.

It is hard work for a reader of average intelligence, making no pretence to minute knowledge of geographical details, to remember the names of the rivers and lakes of Central Africa. The successive discoveries by Grant, Speke, Burton, Baker, Livingstone, Stanley, Cameron, &c., have made us pretty familiar with the four fine lakes Nyassa, Tanganyika, Victoria Nyanza, and Albert Nyanza; but until the maps become better filled than they can at present be with well-authenticated laying-down of places, the river-names, such as Zambesi, Lukuga, Lualaba, Luapula, Kirumbwe, &c., will be a puzzle to many of us. Nor will we be less puzzled with the names of the minor lakes, such as Kassali, Lohemba, Kattara, Bembè, Ziwambo, and the like. The letter U is very largely employed as an initial in the names of districts, towns, rivers, and lakes—especially districts and towns. It is possibly some pe-

culiar guttural pronunciation of the names by the natives that has led our explorers to adopt such spelling as Uvuma, Uziri, Ukafu, Unanyembe, &c.

Cameron, parting from his English companions, after well providing them with stores, pushed on to Ujiji, on the east shore of Lake Tanganyika. There he found some note-books and sketch-maps left by poor Livingstone; these, as may well be supposed, he religiously preserved. Commencing a two months' exploration of the lake, he applied to an admirable purpose the practical knowledge he had obtained of astronomical observing and land-surveying. His predecessors had found many rivers flowing into the lake; but Burton, Speke, and Livingstone had alike failed in finding one flowing out of it. Cameron was more fortunate; he entered an affluent (or rather effluent) on the west shore of the lake; and was thus led to his grand discovery, that Tanganyika sends its waters to the Atlantic, leaving to the Victoria Nyanza and Albert Nyanza the honour of being the headwaters of the Nile, flowing into the Mediterranean. His accurate observations told him clearly that Tanganyika is at a much lower level than the other two lakes, thereby precluding the possibility of its waters flowing into them.

How the young officer tramped on from Lake Tanganyika to the Atlantic, never flinching till he finished that great work in November last, we shall tell in our next article.

## MISCELLANEA.

**THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTERS**, by Lejeune (*see Frontispiece*), is one of a "Trio of Fine Pictures," highly extolled in a number of the *Aldine*. It is a story of childish bravery in peril, combined with naturally childish tremor. The two children, making a short-cut across the sands, have been caught by the advancing tide, on a coast where it rises with such celerity as sometimes to even overtake a horseman at speed, and to a height undreamed of by people of other latitudes. The peril is deadly; and a few moments may see covered the little rocky hillock which they have attained, and their fair young limbs beaten about by the hungry and cruel waters, unless there should come an almost miraculous deliverance.

**MISS ELIZABETH THOMPSON.**—(*Illustration, Page 457.*)—Miss Thompson is a young lady who has worked very steadily and conscientiously in her vocation as an artist. But a year ago her name was entirely unknown to the general public, although some clever sketches of hers, which had been published in *The Graphic* (viz. "An Artist's Model at Rome," and "Sketches of the Pilgrimage to Pary-le-Monial") had caused the conductors of that journal to regard her as a rising artist of no ordinary promise. But when at the ban-

quet which preceded the opening of the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1874 the Prince of Wales took occasion to bestow high praise on a picture by Miss Thompson entitled "The Roll Call," and when subsequently His Royal Highness's encomiums were fully endorsed by the professional critics and by the general world of *connoisseurs*, then Miss Thompson, if we may adopt the phrase attributed to Lord Byron, "awoke, and found herself famous." The picture of the "Roll Call," which represents an episode of the Crimean War, was in everyone's mouth, a hot newspaper controversy was waged as to whether the legs of a horse in the picture were drawn with anatomical correctness, and numbers of persons who went to the Academy Exhibition failed to get a proper view of the famous painting, because there was always such a crowd in front of it. Since then a quick-sighted firm, who purchased for a comparatively small sum the right of engraving the picture, have realised quite a fortune by exhibiting it in various parts of the country. Miss Thompson has also exhibited, at the Black and White Exhibition in Piccadilly, a spirited sketch taken from Aldershot, entitled "Halt." Her Academy picture of last year represents a charge of French Cuirassiers and Polish Lancers at the Battle of Waterloo.

**THE WOMEN'S COMMITTEE OF THE AMERICAN CENTENNIAL.**—(*Illustration, Page 465.*)—The part taken by the women of America in furthering that great national enterprise, the Centennial exposition, is characteristic of the country and its institutions. The Women's Centennial Committee was organized February 15th, 1873, with Mrs. Elizabeth Duane Gillespie at its head. Thirteen was the original number of the Committee. These ladies soon organized sub-committees in each ward in the city of Philadelphia, and called to their aid prominent ladies in other States, and an efficient organization was formed in nearly every State in the Union. The work was carried on systematically and energetically. By solicitation of subscriptions to the stock, by the proceeds of entertainments, concerts, lectures, etc., the Women's Committee have been enabled to turn into the Treasury of the Centennial Commission more than \$150,000. Our illustration presents a view of the room used as the headquarters of the Women's Centennial Committee, with a portrait of Mrs. E. D. Gillespie, the president, receiving reports from sub-committees. Mrs. Gillespie has been unwearied in her exertions, and has imparted her own enthusiasm to the ladies who have so nobly aided her.

**AN OFFER.**—(*Illustration, Page 473.*)—This illustration of a familiar event in every-day life is copied from the fine picture of Julian Ashton. The critical question, on whose decision a maiden's earthly destiny hangs, is contained in the letter which the young girl has given her mother to peruse. A serious outlook into the future is manifest in the faces of both. The mother reads by the light of experience what her child has read only by the light of hope and affection. What answer was returned to the anxious writer of the letter the picture does not inform us. Let us hope that it was an affirmative one, and that the sunny visions of early love have been realised.

**SUNDAY IN THE AMERICAN CENTENNIAL.**—The question of opening the grounds and buildings of the Centennial Exhibition on Sundays has excited a lively discussion in America, in which the press and the clergy have taken opposite sides. Thus far the moralists of the stricter sort have proved victors, and the closing of the exhibition is resolved upon by the authorities in charge. This will make a difference in the receipts of at least two million dollars, besides depriving thousands of the working classes of the opportunity of instruction and entertainment on the only day of the week which they can call their own.

**COMPARATIVE ATTENDANCE OF THE WORLD'S EXPOSITIONS.**—The greatest number of visitors attending previous Expositions on any single day is given below:—

|                      |         |                  |
|----------------------|---------|------------------|
| Philadelphia (total) | 250,000 | on May 10, 1876  |
| Paris                | 173,923 | on Oct. 27, 1867 |
| Vienna               | 135,674 | on Nov. 2, 1873  |
| Paris                | 123,107 | on Sept. 9, 1855 |
| London               | 109,915 | on Oct. 7, 1851  |
| Philadelphia (pay)   | 76,217  | on May 10, 1876  |
| London               | 67,891  | on Oct. 30, 1862 |

—N. Y. Times.

**ART VANDALISM IN THE CENTENNIAL.**—The art vandals have already made their *début* in the American Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, and several valuable paintings in the

Austrian department have been wantonly damaged by unknown hands. The outrage has been carried to such an extent that the Austrian Commissioners have ordered their department to be closed until an effectual protection of their works of art can be guaranteed. Only second in moral enormity to the ravishing of the temples of religious worship is the mutilation of works of art, and it is to be hoped that the American government will spare no pains to discover the perpetrators of this outrage and meet out to them the punishment which they deserve.

**FEILIGRATH.**—Freiligrath first sang himself into the heart of the German people more than forty years ago. With a master's touch he then opened, as if by magic, the weird realm of the ghastly Desert, the purple portals of the glowing land of the palm-grove; dazzling the eye with the wild grandeur of his richly-tinted pictures. His first youthful fancy had led him to dream of the icy, antarctic North, of the boundless prairies and the mysterious virgin forests of the Far West. There was something gigantic in his imagination even then. A mere boy of sixteen, he produced, when "faint and ill and sleepless on a couch of woe," a very remarkable poem called "Iceland-Moss Tea." The form, it need scarcely be said, is still somewhat crude, as might be expected from so young an aspirant. Yet a wonderful description is given by the suffering, fever-stricken boy of that saga-hallowed isle which has preserved for us the image of Eddic Gods and heroes; and thoughts are thrown out which now seem typical of the poet's later share in the strife for human freedom. In the green beverage that is administered to his sickness, he sees a likeness of the Chalice of his future life. He feels in himself, as in yon isle, the strife of snow and fire:—

Oh, be it thus! Oh, let me feel  
The lava-flood in every vein!  
Be mine the will that conquers Pain:  
The heart of rock—the nerves of steel!

Oh, let the flames that burn unfed  
Within me wax until they glow,  
Volcano-like, through even the snow  
That in few years shall strew my head!

And as the stones that Hecla sees  
Flung up to heaven through fiery rain,  
Descend like thunderbolts again  
Upon the distant Færöese:

So let the rude but burning rhymes  
Cast from the cauldron of my breast,  
Again fall flashing down, and rest  
On human hearts in farthest climes!

—Fraser's Magazine.

**A. T. STEWART'S BEQUESTS TO HIS EMPLOYEES.**—The bequests made by the late A. T. Stewart to persons who had been in his employ more than ten years have now been paid. The list of recipients contains about three hundred names of persons either in New York, Paris, Manchester, Lyons, Berlin, Chemnitz, Glasgow, Belfast or Nottingham. The total amount of money necessary to pay the legacies was \$205,750, exclusive of \$100,000 to persons specially mentioned in Mr. Stewart's will. The amount of each legacy varies from \$5000 paid in one instance, to \$500. Whenever a doubt existed as to whether any person had served the full term of ten years, and in cases where a few months only of the prescribed time were lacking, the benefit of the doubt was given, and the legacy paid. Judge Hilton has received hundreds of letters from all parts of the country from persons claiming relationship with the dead merchant.

**A GREAT PAINTING DESTROYED.**—A fire broke out on the night of May 26th, 1876, in Melodeon Hall at Cincinnati, Ohio, where Dubufe's great painting of the "Prodigal Son" was on exhibition. Beginning in the drapery that surrounded the painting, the flames soon communicated to this great masterpiece of art, and in a few moments it was totally consumed. It was insured in American companies for twenty-five thousand dollars, and cost originally about thirty thousand dollars. This is the latest of a long catalogue of world-famed masterpieces of art which have fallen a prey to the ravages of fire and flood, and whose loss is chronicled throughout the thousand-leaved volume of art-history from the earliest antiquity to the present time.

**THE LATE MR. FORSTER** possesses the MSS. of all of Dickens's novels with the exception of that of "Our Mutual Friend," which was presented by Mr. Dickens to Mr. Dallas, and is now in the possession of Mr. George W. Childs of Philadelphia. Mr. Bentley has the MSS. of the early stories written for *Bentley's Miscellany*, and a London gentleman has that of "A Christmas Carol."

**HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN's** books, manuscripts, and autographs of distinguished persons will be sold at auction soon for the benefit of the Andersen Children's Home.

### OUR HUMOROUS PORTFOLIO.



### AN UNREGENERATE YOUTH.

*The New Governess (impressively).* "O, TOMMY, WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL, AND MADE A BLOT ON MY COPY-BOOK, I USED TO CRY!"

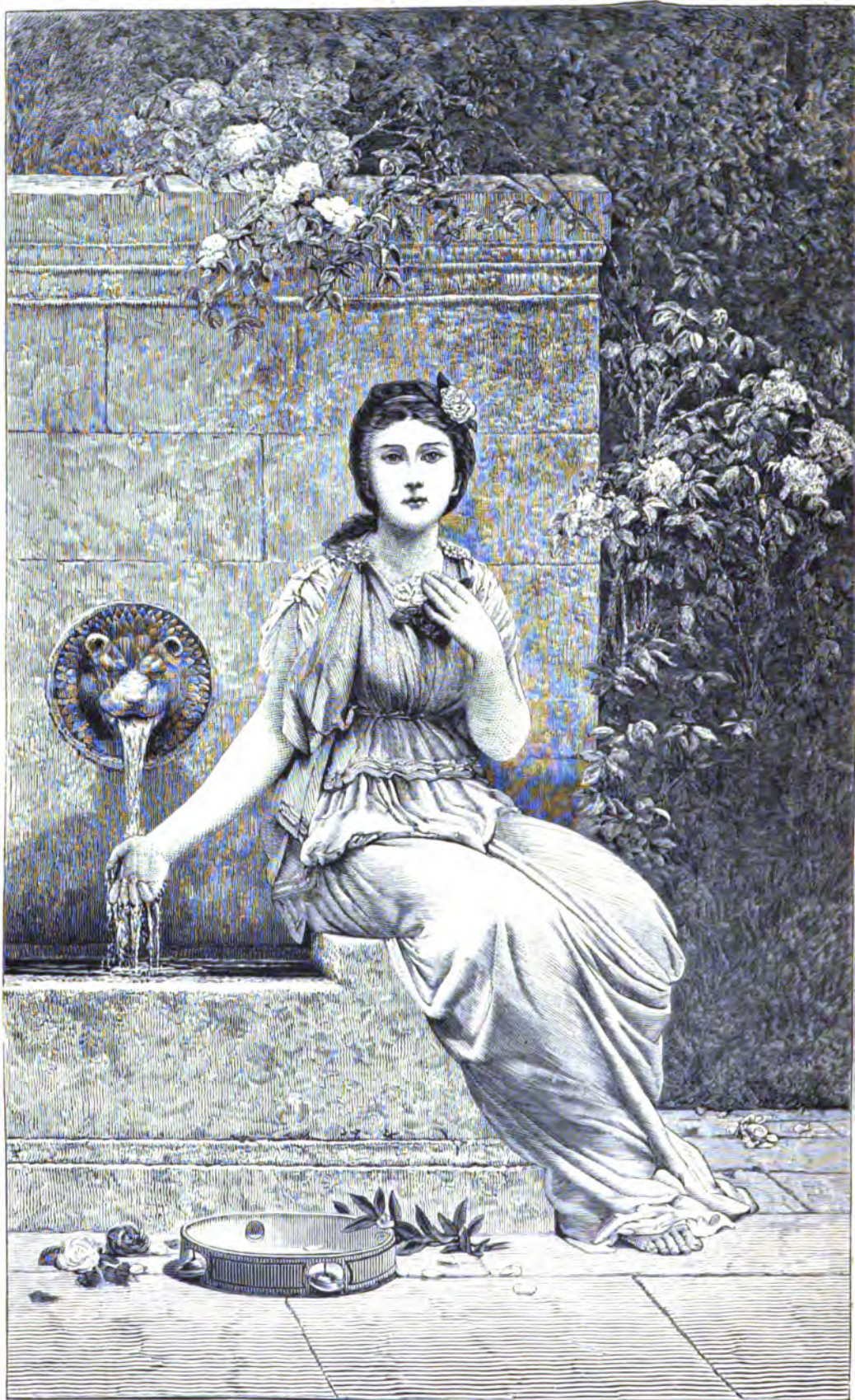
*Tommy (earnestly).* "WHAT! REALLY?"

*New Governess (still more impressively).* "YES—REALLY CRY!"

*Tommy (still more earnestly).* "WHAT AN AWFUL LITTLE DUFFER YOU MUST HAVE BEEN!"







AT THE FOUNTAIN.

(SEE MISCELLANEA.)

# HALLBERGER'S ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

## JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

BY

M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.



### CHAPTER XVII.

"E'EN AT TURNING O'  
THE TIDE."

CYNTHIA took her place at the Squire's bedside, and assumed the care of the sick room with as much calmness and self-possession as if she had been trained in a city hospital. That intense faith which made the two Wesleys so strong

to resist all earthly opposition, is the staff and anchor of all true followers in that wide school which they and Whitefield founded. Joshua's young wife had no fear that her strength would fail her in this ordeal. Whatever strength she needed would be given to her.

It was not a pleasing or an easy task either, this attendance upon an irritable old man who had served no apprenticeship to sickness, and to whom acute bodily pain was almost a new thing.

"Mrs. Haggard has been so good as to come to nurse you, father," said Oswald, when he brought Cynthia to the bedside.

The Squire looked at the small gray figure—"a shadow like an angel with bright hair"—doubtfully.

"I don't know that girl," he said. "Your mother was never so pretty."

"Will you let her nurse you, father?" enquired Oswald.

"I don't want nursing, I only want to be let alone. Give me something to drink," said the Squire, with some inconsistency.

Cynthia examined the table by the bed, upon which empty medicine bottles, discarded poultices, rags, and dirty tumblers were crowded in unseemly confusion. There was an uncorked bottle containing half a tumbler of claret.

"Does your father drink that wine?" asked Cynthia, as she washed a tumbler swiftly, while the Squire expressed a general sense of discomfort by feeble moanings.

"Yes, the doctor says he may have claret, but no other wine."

Cynthia put the tumbler in the wasted hand, which clutched it with a tremulous eagerness, and supported the old man while he drank. She seemed to have a natural capacity and handiness which made these offices of charity easy to her.

"Phœbe will get you anything you want," said Oswald, looking on helplessly.

Phœbe was standing on the other side of the bed, breathing hard and staring at Mrs. Haggard, open-mouthed and open-eyed, as at a supernatural appearance.

But on being thus referred to she made a curtsy, and said she should be pleased to wait upon the lady.

"And do you really think you shall be able to get on?" asked Oswald.

"I shall get on very nicely. You need not be anxious, Mr. Pentreath. It will be best for your father to be kept very quiet."

"Yes, I daresay. I'll go to my own room. It's on this floor, and I shall be at hand if my father should ask for me. You'll send for me if he does, won't you?"

"Yes, Phœbe shall come for you."

Oswald lingered by the bedside before going away, and bent over his father with that helpless feeling which robust youth has in the pres-



ence of suffering age. It can pity, but can hardly sympathise. If it could share the burthen in any way, take half the pain, or all, it would do so; but it cannot measure or understand that agony.

"How are you feeling now, father?" asked the son.

"I feel as if a wolf was gnawing me, that's all," gasped the old man. "Go away. You only keep the air from me."

Cynthia took a loose blanket from an arm-chair and spread it over the Squire's chest and shoulders, and then went quietly to the nearest window and opened it. The sweet cool night air blew in like a rush of refreshing waters upon a thirsty land.

"That's better," cried the old man.

"You didn't oughtter open the windows," said Phœbe; "the doctor said we was to keep 'un warm."

Cynthia found a screen in one corner of the room, and this she placed as a guard against the keen edge of the draught. She had a conviction that the sufferer needed air, but she was not going to do anything rash or reckless.

"Tell me what the doctor said about the leeches, and the poultices, and everything that is to be done, Phœbe," she said.

At midnight Oswald looked into the room again. His father was sleeping the fitful, painful slumber of disease. Phœbe was snoring by the fire. Cynthia was seated by the bedside, reading her pocket Bible by the dim candle-light. What a graceful figure it was in the neatly-fitting gray stuff gown, the Puritan muslin kerchief crossed over the delicately-moulded bust, the little white cap giving a matronly air to the bright young face!

The room seemed changed somehow since Cynthia's coming. The accumulated litter of the past week had been carried off. Everything was in its place, snowy linen on the bed, the hearth neatly swept, a small bright fire in the shining grate, a cheerful homelike air in the room which a few hours ago had looked so desolate. And all had been done quietly, with the least possible inconvenience to the invalid.

"Has he been long asleep?" asked Oswald.

"About half an hour. I read to him a little before he went off."

"Out of your Bible?"

"Yes."

"Did he like you're doing that?"

"I think it soothed him."

Oswald could hardly realise the idea of his father being instructed in the Scriptures by a Methodist preacher's wife. It seemed a general upheaving of things.

This went on for many days and nights. The Squire's life seemed to these patient watchers to tremble in the balance, though

the doctor had made up his mind which way the balance was to turn at last. For many days and nights, without weariness or murmuring, Cynthia performed the painful tasks of the sick room, and was full of love and care for this grim old man, who, in his weakness, seemed like a baby in her arms, and was fain to submit to be ministered to as a baby might have done. While caring for this poor mortal body of his, she was full of tender anxiety for his imperishable soul; and this disciple of Tom Paine was fain to listen to that ineffable story which even the most hardened unbeliever must hear with some touch of love and awe. Cynthia had not been taught to be doubtful of death-bed conversions; in her direct and positive creed this sinner—who perhaps, in all his life, had never done a good action or sacrificed a selfish desire—was as near the gates of Heaven as the man of spotless life and active benevolence, could be but be brought to acknowledge his unworthiness, to believe in the all-atoning Sacrifice which had been made for him, to accept in implicit faith the pardon that God was for ever holding out to sinners. A Shibboleth, perhaps, this parrot cry of instantaneous conversion, but this Shibboleth was to Cynthia a great reality.

Curious it must have seemed to the ear of the listener—had there been anyone by—to hear this child fighting Satan beside that dying-bed; arguing with the unbelieving mind, sharpened and hardened by fifty years' mature worldliness; pleading, praying, repeating divinest messages of compassion and love. The Squire heard her patiently, which was much. One night she sang one of Wesley's hymns, in a low sweet voice. The sound pleased and soothed the sick man, and after this he often bade her sing to him. Oswald paced the corridor softly sometimes of an evening, listening to those clear and pure tones, which had a soothing influence for him as well as for his father.

"I wish you would let my husband come and read to you, Mr. Pentreath," Cynthia ventured to say one afternoon when the Squire seemed a little better than usual, and quite free from pain.

"Your husband! Who is he?"

"Joshua Haggard."

"What, the Ranter? No; I'll have none of his preaching. He's a decent fellow, in his way, and has made money. My son is going to marry his daughter; but I'll have no ranting. I won't have fire and brimstone pelted at me on my death-bed. You may read what you like; it does no harm."

"I don't think you know what kind of man my husband is," remonstrated Cynthia, gently.

"Don't I! I know what field preachers are. You may hear 'em a mile off, raving about Sodom and Gomorrah and the worm that never

dies. Haggard preached in the fields before he built that chapel of his. I'll have none of his howling."

This was discouraging; but the Established Church, which, represented by a port-winey vicar of the good old school, had called politely, during the Squire's illness, to offer its ministrations, had also been kept at arm's-length by Mr. Pentreath, who swore that no tithe-pig parson should cross the threshold of his chamber while he had sense enough to forbid him.

Oswald showed considerable anxiety about Cynthia's comfort during this weary time of watching, and Joshua came to the Grange at least once a day to see for himself that his wife was not injuring her health by this work of charity. The acute attack of bronchitis had been conquered, chiefly by Cynthia's nursing, as the doctor frankly acknowledged; but the foe left the citadel in so dilapidated a state, that the cessation of active disease was by no means a warrant for the patient's recovery. The lamp flickered in the socket, and might at any moment be suddenly extinguished. The worn-out frame was not easily to be patched up by high feeding and stimulants, quinine or iron.

Once in every day Joshua Haggard came up to the long gallery, where the family portraits faced the searching north-west light, which showed every crack in the surface, for a brief interview with his young wife.

"I'm afraid you are not getting enough rest, dearest," he said, turning the small pale face towards the spring sunshine, and looking at it with anxious scrutiny.

"Yes, indeed, Joshua. I have some hours' sleep every day, while Phœbe watches for me. I let her sleep at night, poor girl; for it seems so painful to her to keep her eyes open after the clock has struck ten."

"I am pleased for you to do this good work, my love. I am proud of you; but, remember that you have my happiness in charge. You must not sacrifice health even to duty—for my sake."

He advanced this plea with a consciousness of its weakness, its selfishness.

"I walk in the garden every day when it is fine," said Cynthia, anxious to reassure him as to her well-being. "Naomi and Oswald take me for a little walk every afternoon. It is such a happiness to me to see her, dear girl."

"Yes, she has told me about your walks together. I am pleased to think of your being so united; I feared there was a want of sympathy on Naomi's part."

"No, Joshua. She has always been good to me; but I think we have been more drawn together since the Squire's illness. How glad I shall be when he gets well, and we can

have the wedding! I want to see Naomi in that lovely gray silk. Does Dr. Harrow say that he will soon be well?"

"Dr. Harrow does not seem very hopeful; he thinks his patient in a sadly weak state."

"But that racking cough is almost gone, and we shall soon make him strong."

"I hope so, dear; but there is a disease called old age. The Squire has lived a hard life. He did not spare himself in his youth, when he gave himself up to what the world calls pleasure, and he has not spared himself of late years, while he has been a slave to Mammon. The thread of life is worn very thin, my love."

This was a disappointment to Cynthia, who had begun to hope for the Squire's recovery. He was not an agreeable old man, but she had nursed him and cared for him, and she had grown in some wise attached to him. Oswald looked on wonderingly while she bent over the bed, soothing her charge with pretty tender speeches, supporting the grizzled head, holding the feverish hand, feeding the grim old sufferer as lovingly as if he had been a pet bird.

"How good you are!" he exclaimed one day. "Is it in the nature of all women to be so tender? I can just remember my mother nursing me in some small illness, and she was like you; but then I was her favourite son, the creature she loved best on earth, as they tell me. You come here to nurse a stranger, and yet your tenderness for him seems inexhaustible."

"I am so sorry for your poor father that I cannot help loving him," Cynthia answered, simply.

"Ah! I see; that is what the old saw means: 'Pity is akin to love.'"

Those walks with Naomi and her lover were a delight to Cynthia at this time; so keen a delight, that it sometimes occurred to her this pleasure might be sinful, a snare and a temptation which she ought in some wise to resist; for Joshua's teaching dwelt much upon snares, and the liability of weak human nature to be led astray by inclination.

After close confinement in the sick-room, the very air of heaven was a source of rapture. The bright spring afternoon, the windy sky with patches of deepest blue shining through white fleecy clouds, and just one dark cloud overhead, holding the promise of an April shower; the daffodils waving with every gust; the yellow chestnut buds just unfolding; the tender young ferns peeping up through the mossy ground in sheltered places, snake fern and adder fern—what could be more beautiful than the neglected old manor at such a season? Even the dark-red cattle had a friendly air, Cynthia thought, and looked at her with grave kindliness.



Never had Naomi been so kind or so loving to the poor little stepmother, and Oswald, who had seemed quite a remote unsympathetic personage a little while ago, came now so near as to be almost brotherly in his kindness—he was so grateful for Cynthia's devotion to his sick father.

For the space of an hour by Oswald's watch, these three perambulated the path on the skirts of the wood, making fresh discoveries of nature's progress every day, and admiring the wonder of this gradual yet swift awakening of old mother earth after the dreary winter sleep. How quickly the flower-buds opened, and the little curled-up leaflets widened into leaves; here, under last year's dead branches, are the ferns of next summer; the willows are yellow-green already; the mossy ground is enamelled with primroses and bluest violets.

"Please God poor old father picks up strength, we shall be married before the hawthorns are in flower," said Oswald to his betrothed.

Naomi's only answer was a sigh; for her father had told her how little hope the doctor entertained of his patient's recovery.

There was an appearance of improvement, however, at this time which deceived Oswald and Cynthia and the good-hearted drudge, Phœbe. The Squire's cough was almost gone, though his breathing was still troublesome, and his wits somewhat given to wander in the pauses of wakefulness between his brief slumbers: he was able to be moved from his bed to the great easy-chair, in which spacious piece of furniture he looked like a living mummy, propped up with pillows. This seemed a great advance upon his condition of ten days ago; and Oswald fancied him on the high-road to recovery—an opinion shared by the patient himself, though in querulous moments he declared that he shouldn't trouble anybody long, and that Oswald would soon have the handling of the estate.

"And a nice mess he will make of it, for he knows no more of business than a baby," grumbled the Squire.

Seeing her charge so far restored, and believing his recovery an assured thing, despite her husband's despondent view of the case, Cynthia was now anxious to return to her home duties. Those duties were not manifold, certainly, since Judith Haggard was the main-spring of the household machine; but Cynthia was at least her husband's companion, and she knew that she was sorely missed by him. She had carefully instructed Phœbe in all the offices of the sick-room, and felt that she might now leave the Squire to that damsel's care, with just a little supervision and assistance from Oswald, who was a light sleeper, and might look in upon the invalid now and then of a night to give him his lemonade or his medicine.

When, however, Mrs. Haggard ventured to hint at departure, the Squire's distress was piteous to behold. Could she be so cruel as to talk of leaving him when but for her he should be in his grave? If she left him, he should die. Phœbe nurse him, indeed! Phœbe would murder him, with her big rough hands and her clumsy ways. He might die in his bed at any hour, with not a soul to help him, while Phœbe was snoring like a pig by the fireside. That girl thought of nothing but sleeping and eating; she was a lump of selfishness, like all the rest of his servants.

The old man shed tears; and the tears of feeble age are sad to see. What could Cynthia do? The tender heart, in which love and pity were the ruling instincts, was moved to deepest compassion. She told her husband of the Squire's distress, and he said stay.

"Stay, my love, if you can bear the trial of witnessing the end. It will not be long."

"Does the doctor really think he will die?"

"Yes, dear; the doctor is quite hopeless. Nothing less than a miracle could save him, he says, and God has ceased to work miracles for our worthless mortal bodies. His supernatural dealings are with our souls."

"Then I would not leave him on any account."

"You have never seen death, Cynthia. You are not afraid to face the end?"

"No," she answered bravely; "I fear nothing since you have taught me where to put my trust."

So Cynthia stayed and ministered to the departing sinner, and made these last days of his life sweeter to him than all the arid years of his widowhood in which human affection had been as dead in him as if he had been one of those conical stones which antiquity chose for its gods. He had grown really attached to his fair young nurse, and submitted to her with a senile docility.

"If I had had a daughter like you, my dear, I should have been a better man," he said.

"You have had a good son, dear Mr. Pen-treath."

"Yes, Oswald has never given me any trouble; but there's not much in him—a young man to be drawn any way. I'm afraid he'll spend my money like water. It's a hard thing to know one must lie in one's grave, not able to move a finger, while one's property is being made ducks and drakes of. That's the sting of death."

"No, no, dear friend; the sting of death is sin."

"And isn't it sinful to fool away a fine estate?" cried the Squire, testily.

Wheeled close up to the glowing hearth in his big arm-chair, with a tumbler of warm negus, weak and harmless but soothing to the

spirits, on the little table at his elbow, the Squire listened with great complacency to Cynthia's Scripture reading. If the Bible had been something less than it is, the keen old man would hardly have tolerated it, for he started with a strong prejudice in its disfavour. But the mighty Book compelled his attention, and seemed to appeal to him individually with a force his mortal weakness could not withstand.

Oswald now began to spend his afternoons in the sick-room, save that one hour which he spent out-of-doors with Cynthia and Naomi. The Squire liked to have him there, and was fond of calling his attention to certain passages of Scripture which, in the father's mind, bore upon his son's deficiencies. Oswald was the most patient listener to that pious reading, to those touching Wesleyan hymns which Cynthia used to sing in the gathering twilight. Joshua, while following that sect of Primitive Methodists and field preachers, which the Rev. Hugh Bourne had founded early in the century, had adopted the Wesleyan hymn-book, and differed from the modern Wesleyans chiefly in his closer adherence to the principles of their pious founder.

Sad, yet not unpleasing, days gliding gently by in that quiet chamber; a spacious bedroom, oak-panelled, with three deep-set windows, a carved mantelpiece, six feet high, and a curious old basket grate set round with blue and white Dutch tiles, Scriptural illustrations, to which the Squire referred now and then when Cynthia was reading.

"David! ah! there he is, slaying Goliath—the third from the top. I remember when I was a boy I used to take him for Jack the Giant-killer. And David was a sinner, was he, though the Lord loved him? Ah! the Lord had need to be fond of me, for I've been a great sinner. I wonder if John Wilkes is in heaven?"

Sweet slow days, which hardly left a trace behind them, one being so like another, save a vague memory of a pleasing sadness. It seemed to Oswald, by-and-by, as if all his life were shut in this grave old room, and the outside world were something in which he had no part. Naomi noticed that his manner was dreamy and absent-minded at this time, a change which she ascribed to natural anxiety about his father.

It was about half-way between midnight and morning, just when the night is coldest, most silent, most dismal, that the Squire called Cynthia to his bedside. He had been a little more restless than usual, and had wandered more between his snatches of broken sleep; had talked of his wild youth, naming old friends, old loves, long dead and half-forgotten.

"What was the name of that fellow who supped with us at the 'Blue Posts?'" he asked, eagerly. "You know, don't you? a man with big whiskers and a belcher handkerchief—a fighting man."

Cynthia knelt down by the bed and took his cold hand, and chafed it gently. There was a sharp ring in his voice which she had never heard before.

"That's a good girl, Polly; yes, my hand's very cold. You always had a good heart, Polly; but too fond of spending money. Yes, Polly, better marry the cheesemonger. He means well."

Then the dull eyes turned suddenly on Cynthia, with slowly returning consciousness.

"Is it you, child? And you say God loves sinners?"

"God loves all things that He has made," answered Cynthia, earnestly; "and Christ died to save sinners. If you repent of all your sins, dear Mr. Pentreath, and believe in that atoning Sacrifice."

"I'm sorry I didn't live a better life, and that I hadn't a daughter like you," said the Squire, faintly; and, letting his head sink softly upon Cynthia's breast, he quietly loosened his feeble hold upon this mortal life, and passed into the unknown land beyond it.

Not at first did Cynthia know that this was death; and when the truth dawned upon her, she uttered no cry, gave way to neither terror nor agitation, but gently laid the lifeless head upon the pillow, and went quietly to tell Oswald Pentreath that he was fatherless.

She was surprised, even in this awful moment, to see that his door was ajar, and a light burning in his room. She knocked, and he answered at once, "Come in."

"Why has he been sitting up?" she wondered.

He was sitting at a table with an open book before him, the candles burned down to the sockets of the old plated candlesticks, his hair and dress disordered as if he had been lying down, his eyes hollow and weary-looking. He started at sight of Cynthia, but did not move from his seat or change his dejected attitude, his elbows on the table, his head leaning on his hands.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "Is my father worse?"

"All his pain is over, dear Oswald. God has taken him to His rest."

"And you were with him at the last—alone—he died in your arms?"

"Yes."

"You are a saint; an angel," cried Oswald, passionately, brushing the tears from his eyes. "You came into this house as an angel of mercy—you brought life to my poor old father's darkened mind. You made his last days

the sweetest he had ever known. How can I ever forget your goodness?"

"There is nothing for you to remember. I have only done my duty. How pale you look, Mr. Pentreath! this sudden loss has shocked you. He died so peacefully, and his last words were good. Is not that comforting?"

"How could his thoughts be evil with an angel at his side? Poor old man! And he is gone? Yes, it is very sudden."

"Why were you sitting up all night? Had you a presentiment that the end was so near?"

"No," with a bitter laugh. "I sat up because I have lost the knack of sleeping. My thoughts are too active, and I try to quiet them with philosophy; but I can no more read than I can sleep. My ideas travel in a circle, and always come back to the same point."

"You have been too anxious about your father," said Cynthia, with a look that was half pity, half wonder.

"Yes; I am too devoted a son—that is my strong point."

"Will you go and see him?"

"Yes; and there will be people to send for, I suppose, as soon as it is light?"

He opened a shutter. The stars were pale in a cold gray sky: daybreak was at hand, and in that chilly half-light, Oswald Pentreath's haggard face looked like a ghost's.

He followed Cynthia to the Squire's room. Phoebe had roused the small household. The housekeeper was there already, and had begun the last dismal offices which life can render to death.

"I laid out your sweet mother, Mr. Pentreath," faltered the crone. "She looked lovely in her coffin."

The old butler had gone to the village to awaken the sexton, in order that the passing bell might speedily inform Combhollow that its seigneur had departed. Phoebe stood at the bottom of the great fourpost-bed, with her apron over her face, weeping as in duty bound—not that she had loved Squire Pentreath, but because it was proper to cry at a death or a funeral. To weep for her deceased master was an obligation which, although not expressly set forth in the Catechism, was implied in the general idea of doing her duty in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call her. And if the Squire, although a hard man, should have happened to do the right thing in the way of legacies and mourning, it would be a comfort to remember having honoured him with these disinterested tears.

Oswald went round and kissed the cold brow of the dead, and then stood by the bedside, looking down at that unconscious clay, with a curious blank look in his own face, as if he knew not whether there were any further duty required of him. "He looked clean daft," the housekeeper said afterwards, when she and

the old man-servant discussed the dismal scene over a substantial breakfast.

The shutters had been opened, and the candles burned with a yellow glare in the cold gray light. Cynthia looked at her neat silver watch, Joshua's gift upon her wedding morning.

"Half-past five o'clock," she said. "I think I had better go home now, Mr. Pentreath. If Joshua should hear the passing bell, he would be coming to fetch me."

"Why not wait till he comes?" asked Oswald.

"I would rather save him the trouble. I can do no more good here."

"No, you can do no more good."

She took her black mantle from a drawer, and put on her bonnet, and then went up to Oswald, who was still standing by the bed, with that helpless absent look in his face.

"Good-bye, Mr. Pentreath; I hope you will take comfort to your heart in this loss."

"I am coming with you. You cannot go home alone at this hour."

"Do you think I am afraid of the birds or the opening flowers?" Cynthia asked.

"You must not go alone."

"Come with me, if you like. Joshua will be glad to see you. You can stop to breakfast with us and see Naomi."

Cynthia thought it a work of charity to take him away from that death-chamber. Joshua could comfort and advise him.

The morning air blew in coolly when Oswald softly opened the great hall door. That clear cool light of dawn had a soothing influence; the solemn stillness of park and wood, the hollow murmur of yonder steel gray sea, flecked with whitest foam, awed and yet comforted the heart, or so it seemed to Cynthia as she walked beside her silent companion. The bell began to toll as they came from the park into the wooded lane that led down to the bay and the open space at the beginning of the high street. Each slow and dismal stroke made Cynthia shiver, as if each repetition were a surprise.

She made no attempt to console her companion during this lonely walk, which might be supposed a fitting opportunity for the expression of sympathy. If he needed human consolation, Joshua's wisdom could better measure and administer to his necessity, she thought; and, next to Joshua, Naomi would be the best, the most natural consoler.

But to Cynthia's surprise, when they came to the little green gate, Oswald refused to go in. The parlour shutters had been opened, and the household was evidently astir. She urged him to stay to breakfast, or at least to see Joshua.

"No," he said, "it is very kind of you to wish it; but I am too much upset. I would

rather go back. I shall have many things to arrange. I may be wanted."

"Joshua shall come to you, then," replied Cynthia. "Good-bye."

She gave him her hand. He held it in both his own for a moment or two, looking at her with an expression full of sadness, half piteous, half pleading. He bent his head over the cold gloveless hand and kissed it. There were tears upon it when he let it go, and, with a scarcely audible blessing, he left Cynthia Haggard standing at the gate, and walked quickly back towards the Grange.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE SORROWS OF WERTHER.

OSWALD PENTREATH, having set his father's papers in order, and reduced the dusty chaos of the old Squire's private study into form, found himself, comparatively speaking, a rich man. Those long years of retirement in which Squire Pentreath had held himself aloof from all social intercourse had not been spent in vain. They left their fruit behind them in the shape of stock, and shares, and bonds, which all meant money; for Mr. Pentreath had not speculated his savings in wild ventures, but had cloven to safe investments, and had been content with a reasonable percentage. Not even for the chance of doubling his capital would he have risked it. His was not the genius of the stockjobber, but rather the plodding temper of the village miser, who puts coin to coin, and finds an all-sufficient joy in the growth of his hoard.

The estate was in excellent order—every mortgage paid off—and the rental was close to three thousand a year. The Squire's investments were worth another thousand, and brought Oswald's income to an amount which, to a young man who had seldom enjoyed the unfettered use of a five-pound note, seemed inordinate wealth.

The Squire had made a will, dated the year of his son Arnold's flight, bequeathing twenty pounds a year to each of his old servants, and all the rest of his property, real and personal, to Oswald. There was no mention of the younger son. In the letter which informed Arnold of his father's death, Oswald affectionately urged his brother to give up a seafaring life and return to Combhollow, where he should have one of the farms and a thousand a year. "My father's will was evidently made in a fit of anger against you," wrote Oswald; "you must not think that I could be so unjust as to take advantage of my father's injustice and keep all for myself. No, Arnold; I am sure you know me better than to suppose me capable of such iniquity. I

shall be a rich man in any case. You must have had enough of the sea by this time. Come back, my dear brother, for the sake of the good old days when we were boys together. I want you more than I can say. I love you as dearly as I did when we were children, and I was the big brother. Do you remember that summer day when we lost ourselves in Matherly Wood, and you were so tired I was obliged to carry you home? When we had got about half way you wanted to carry me, though I was twice your size. I never pass that corner of the wood without remembering what you said, and your clinging arms round my neck, and your warm cheek next mine."

The Squire being laid with his forefathers, and honoured with a handsome funeral—which was attended by many people who had detested him living, but revered him as a parochial institution dead—life at the Grange fell back into its old quiet round, save that the door was more frequently assailed by importunate tenants, who boldly asked favours of the new lord which they would not have dared to hint at to the old one. The old servants felt that the spirit of parsimony was gone from the household, and kept a better table; but they had been so long and severely trained in economy, that extravagance was an impossibility for them, and Oswald had nothing to apprehend upon that score. For his own part, the new master had a curious feeling of freedom as he paced the dull old rooms and rattled the money in his pockets absently, wondering how it had come there.

He looked very handsome and melancholy in his sable suit, and the young ladies who came to the parish church, where he worshipped alone in his big pew on Sunday mornings, thought it a hard thing that he should have engaged himself to a Methodist parson's daughter.

He attended Little Bethel of an evening, they were informed, which seemed an unmanly dallying with two creeds—to say nothing of chapel being so much less genteel than church, and a mode of salvation peculiarly adapted for the shopkeeping class, who did not mind perspiring together in a limited space, and inhaling one another's breath.

Naomi's wedding seemed a long way off in these days, when the Squire's funeral was still the newest topic in Combhollow, and when people had not yet left off disputing in a friendly way as to the number of the mourning coaches, or inveighing bitterly against those tenants who ought to have attended the funeral and had not done so. Shadowy and remote—the merest speck in a cloudy future—seemed that marriage-day which had once been so near, the fair to-morrow of life. Oswald was quite

broken down by his father's death—more grieved than even Naomi, who best knew the softness of his nature, had expected him to be. It was not likely that he could talk of marriage at such a time, and Naomi was neither surprised nor offended at his silence about the wedding that was to have been, and the far-off wedding which was to be.

She put away her wedding dress on the day of the Squire's funeral, while the sepulchral bell, which had rung out its solemn note for the passing of his soul, tolled again in the windy April weather, while, through changing lights and shadows, by fluttering young leaves, and under the blue sky where the lark was singing above the dark brown earth newly pierced by the green corn-spears—came the black funeral train—sable plumes, horses' manes, mourners' scarves tossing in the fresh April breeze—slowly winding down the hilly road into Combhollow.

The funeral bell was in Naomi's ears as she folded the pretty pearl-gray silk—the first silk dress she had ever possessed—shedding some quiet tears as she smoothed the folds, and laid the garment in a drawer, wrapped in fresh white linen, with a sprinkling of dried lavender, as beseeemed so precious a fabric. There was the serviceable brown cloth pelisse, too, which she was to have worn on her journey to Cheltenham, where she and Oswald were to have spent their honeymoon. That also must be put away for the days to come. Naomi's wear for the next six months was to be sombre black. She had put on mourning for her betrothed's father, as in duty bound. Cynthia also wore black, and Aunt Judith had produced a suit of ancient sable, rusty but whole, not sorry to have this opportunity of wearing out the surplus stock left from her mourning for her sister-in-law, when Joshua, in his character of grief-stricken widower, had been naturally liberal, and had allowed her to lay in large supplies of bombazine and crape.

Oswald said little about the postponed wedding, but he came to Mr. Haggard's as often as before his father's death; and even Judith, who was lying in wait for a deterioration in his character now that he had come into his fortune, could not yet put her finger on a flaw. He was changed, nevertheless; but the change was sweet and commendable in his nature, as it was in Hamlet, when that young prince gave way to moodiness and despondency after the loss of a parent. He was melancholy, and often absent-minded, his cheek paler than of old, his eye heavier.

Never had Naomi loved him so tenderly as now, when, for the first time since their betrothal, he needed sympathy and consolation. To her who so deeply loved her father, this grief for a parent seemed in no wise strained

or unnatural. True that the Squire had not been one's ideal of a father—not a gracious and dignified figure like that dead Hamlet who revisited the glimpses of the moon; but death has a sanctifying influence—nay, even a fantastical power, which lends new attributes to the image of the departed—and Oswald, whose youth had been made a time of restraint and deprivation by his father's meanness, was soft-hearted enough to regret his tyrant.

Never did a man seem less inclined to take advantage of a loosened rein and run into riot and extravagance. Day after day Oswald led the same calm, orderly life—riding or reading in the mornings, according to the weather; devoting his afternoons and evenings to his betrothed. He had thoughts of buying, or building, a yacht; but deferred even this indulgence in the hope of Arnold's return.

"We'll build our yacht here, in Combhollow," he said, "and Arnold shall superintend the work, and be skipper."

Oswald looked forward to his brother's coming with an almost feverish impatience. It seemed as if there were some innate weakness in his character which made him incapable of enjoying the privilege of independence. Now that his father was gone, he wanted his brother for a guide and adviser. Or it might be only the affection of the elder brother for the younger, made a barren love by long years of separation, which now yearned for the forgotten companion of boyhood. Whatever feeling it was that made him anxious, Oswald's anxiety was very evident; and Naomi sympathised with him in this longing, and loved to hear him talk of his brother.

"How fond I shall be of him!" she said, one evening, when they were sitting on the old stone bench in the wilderness, talking of Arnold. "He is like you, Oswald; I have heard my father say so. He remembers you both as boys."

"Yes, we were always considered very much alike. But Arnold is stouter and stronger built than I—a man of tougher fibre altogether. It seemed the most natural thing in the world for him to run away to sea. You might have prophesied it of him when he was two years old. Such a hardy, bold, uncompromising little vagabond, but brimming over with affection."

"And fond of you, Oswald?"

"Fond of me! Bless his loving little heart! He used to run after me like an affectionate puppy when he first began to toddle; such a round, fat little thing in those baby days, always ready for fisticuffs in my defence, though I was twice his size. There was a time when he would not go to sleep of a night unless I sat on the edge of his bed and told him stories. Yes, I have good reason to love him; dear





JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.—CYNTHIA'S SCRIPTURE READING.

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fellow, and the strongest claim he has upon my love is my latest memory of my mother, when I saw the sweet, pale face lying on the pillow, and Arnold's baby eyes looking up at it."

The tears came to his eyes as he spoke of that sad memory, almost dreamlike in its remoteness. Naomi put her hand in his without a word. Only by that gentle touch did she remind him that it was her mission to share all his griefs, even the old unforgotten sorrows of his earliest days.

It was a mild May evening—an evening on the edge of summer—with a perfect calmness in atmosphere and sky—an evening on which the soul broods on sad, sweet thoughts. The lovers had been sitting alone for an hour or more, talking by fits and starts, with lengthening intervals of silence.

"My father has been dead five weeks, hasn't he, Naomi?" Oswald asked, after a long pause, during which Naomi's needle had been methodically travelling along a fine linen wristband, leaving a line of pearly stitches behind it. The manufacture of a shirt for her father was a work of high art with Naomi.

"Yes, dear; five weeks yesterday."

"Then in seven weeks more we must be married, Naomi," said Oswald, as seriously as he had spoken of his mother's death.

This was his first word about the postponed marriage, and it startled Naomi as if it had been the most unlikely subject for a lover's discourse.

"So soon, dear?"

"Three months, Naomi. Surely that is long enough to wait out of respect to the dead. It is not as if we meant to have a grand wedding. We will just walk quietly into the old parish church some morning, with your father and his wife, and Aunt Judith and Jim, and there shall be a postchaise at the lych gate, ready to drive us to Cheltenham. Let me see, this is the twenty-fourth of May. We might be married early in July. Why should we wait any longer?"

"Dear Oswald, you must know I have hardly a wish that is not yours," Naomi began, earnestly.

"I know you are all goodness."

"But——"

"But what, love?"

"I have fancied—it may be nothing more than fancy perhaps, but you must not be angry with me for speaking of it—I have fancied lately that there was some change in your feeling for me; it is not that you have been less kind or affectionate, yet I have felt the change. You remember how my father wished that we should be very sure of each other's sincerity. That is why he wanted us to wait two years before we were even engaged. The two years are not gone yet; and if—if the

change has come—the change he thought likely, He who knows the human heart and its weakness—let us loosen the bond, dear Oswald. There shall be no word of complaint from me—I should neither blame you nor think ill of you, dear love—I should honour you for being frank and truthful with me—and keep the memory of our happy days as the most sacred past of my life—and be your affectionate friend to my death."

"Best, noblest, dearest, you are only too good for me!" cried Oswald, clasping his betrothed to his breast, moved to a rapture of reverence and regard by her generous kindness. "No, I have never changed to you—no, I could never change in my esteem, my admiration for all that is highest in woman. Do you remember those verses of Waller's, dear:

*Amoret! as sweet and good  
As the most delicious food,  
Which, but tasted, does impart  
Life and gladness to the heart.*

You are my Amoret, dearest. What do I want with Sacharissa's beauty, 'which to madness doth incline?'"

"But you ought to go to London now that you are free and rich; you ought to see the world, Oswald, and in London you may meet your Sacharissa," suggested Naomi, radiant with happiness.

She had said what had long been in her mind to say. She had made her offer of self-sacrifice, in all good faith, and it had been rejected. She had no further fear nor hesitation.

"I don't care about London, love. It is nothing but a den of thieves, according to my poor father's description. When I see it we will see it together, and go to the Tower, and St. Paul's, and the waxworks, and Westminster Abbey, like regular country cousins. Come, Naomi, let us be serious and talk about the future. There is the old house to be brightened and smartened a little before I take my wife home to it. I should have had much ado to screw a new carpet and a coat of whitewash out of my father; but I am a master now, and I can pull down the Grange and build an Italian villa after Palladio, if you like."

"Dear Oswald, you must know that I would not have you disturb a stone of the old house."

"In good faith, dear, I shouldn't care to do it. It is the house my mother lived and died in, the first house my eyes saw, the house where my brother was born, the only house that has ever been home to me, though, Heaven knows, it has been but a cheerless home at times. No, we won't alter, Naomi, we will only beautify. I have been too idle all this time. I'll send to Exeter for an architect and put the business in hand at once."

The architect arrived on the scene about a week later, and made a somewhat supercilious inspection of the good old house, which had seemed to its occupiers solid enough to last for another three hundred years; but which, according to the architect, was in a very perilous condition. He tapped the oak panels contemptuously, pronounced the flooring of the upper stories too worm-eaten for anything save entire reinstatement, feared that the whole fabric required under-pinning, and took an altogether despondent view of the matter.

"You want the thing done thoroughly, I suppose, Mr. Pentreath," he said.

"I should like the drawing-room painted, and the sitting-room upstairs; and if you could build a greenhouse anywhere——"

"Of course, of course—you must have a conservatory opening out of the drawing-room. If we were to glaze that western end, now, and throw out a rotunda at the end for tropical plants, palms and so on, you know. I did the same thing for Sir Brydges Baldry's place on the other side of Exeter, and it had a charming effect. I'll make you a sketch if you like!"

"You are very good," said Oswald, dubiously; "but I don't think my father would have liked——"

He had conscientious scruples about spending so much money—squandering hundreds of pounds upon fanciful improvements—not that he set undue value upon the money himself, but from the thought of what an agony of indignation such an outlay would have caused his father. Rotundas, forsooth! Could that lean old miser lie quiet in his grave while his beloved guineas were being wasted on such trumpery?

"Really, now, Mr. Pentreath," said the architect, with the easy assurance of a professional man employed by the best families, "I should imagine the question was not so much what your father would have liked, were he living to enjoy his opinion, but what will please your wife when you bring her home here. Rather a dismal house for a young lady, I should think. A circular conservatory, now, at the end of this drawing-room, would have an enlivening effect. As it is, there is a meanness about the room; long and narrow, no variety, no relief. But you must please yourself. Shall we go to the boudoir?"

The room which the architect insisted on calling a boudoir, was the pretty parlour on the first floor which Mrs. Pentreath had used. Here the professional adviser suggested so many improvements—a marble mantelpiece and a more civilised stove, French windows and a balcony, an alcove built out at the end for a statue, with a painted glass window behind it—that Oswald felt as if the Grange were going to be improved off the face of the earth

unless he made a bold stand against the improver.

"This was my mother's room," he said. "I wouldn't alter it for the world."

The architect shrugged his shoulders and felt inclined to ask, "Then what do you want me for, sir, if you have made up your mind to keep your money in your pockets?" But there were certain things about which the architect was arbitrary—flooring which must be taken up, warped and shrunk oaken panels which must be replaced by new ones, passages and servants' offices which must be altered and improved to adapt them to the requirements of a more civilised form of life.

"Think of the change which has taken place in our habits," exclaimed the architect, conclusively.

Oswald submitted, and a voluminous specification was the result of this interview. This in due course was submitted to a builder of Barnstaple and a builder of Exeter; whereupon the Exeter builder, as the man of more advanced views and larger capital, or credit, won the day; and about a fortnight afterwards sent a small army of white-jacketed men to Pentreath Grange, who took the place in hand, and made haste to render it utterly odious and uninhabitable. Oswald contrived to sleep in the old house, shifting his quarters as the men followed him from room to room, now taking out his windows, anon cutting a rotten patch out of his ceiling, and descending upon him, like Jove, in a shower of plaster.

Having no home of his own at this period of disruption, he spent his days in the house of his betrothed, sharing the minister's homely fare, hearing all Aunt Judith's complaints against the general incapacity of her subordinates, and spending long and quiet hours talking or reading aloud in the neat parlour where Naomi and her stepmother sat at work.

"What women you are for plain needle-work!" he exclaimed one warm afternoon in a sudden burst of impatience, wearied by the rhythmical movement of the two needles methodically stitching on, no matter how passionate the subject of his reading—whether Rebecca was standing on the verge of the castle parapet, or Constance de Beverley left to perish in her living grave. "I never saw anything like your perpetual industry. One would suppose it were a kind of feminine treadmill, by which you do penance for your sins."

"We have nothing else to do," said Cynthia, with a faint sigh. "Naomi is teaching me to make her father's shirts; if I could not do that, I could do nothing for him. But I'm afraid my stitching will never be so good as Naomi's."

Oswald looked out of the window listlessly across the row of stocks and carnations in



red flower-pots. It was a midsummer afternoon, warm to oppressiveness. There was a perfume of newly-cut hay from the meadows behind the First and Last, a faint breath from distant beanfields in flower, the warm air heavy as with the incense Earth offers to her goddess Summer. The bricklayers were hard at work up at the Grange, and there was a run upon that thin and sour cider which had been the old Squire's household beverage, and which nothing less than very warm weather and honest toil could render acceptable to the human palate.

Oswald had an air of being tired of life this afternoon, as he threw himself back in his chair, and sighed, and stifled a yawn, and looked far away across the haycocks yonder. Naomi glanced up at him now and then from her work, with grave, observant eyes. It seemed to her that there was a jarring chord somewhere. He was not happy. And how was it, and why was it? Not grief for his father's death, surely; that cloud had passed. Impatience for his brother Arnold's return, perhaps. That seemed more likely.

There was no idea now of the marriage being early, or late, in July. The improvements and reparations at the Grange would not be finished till October at the earliest, and Oswald must have his house ready before he could take to himself a wife. Naomi felt that the wedding was still far off.

"I shall bring you a new book to-morrow afternoon," said Oswald, rousing himself from his reverie.

"By the author of 'Waverley'?"

"No, you cannot have a new novel by the author of 'Waverley' every day, though he writes two, and sometimes three, a year. This is quite a different kind of book—a study of the human heart—a man's great sorrow described by himself. He was coward enough to let the sorrow make an end of him, instead of making an end of his sorrow—strangling it as Hercules strangled the snakes in his cradle—as a brave man would have done, no doubt," with a short laugh, half scorn, half bitterness.

"Is it a book that a Christian may read?" asked Naomi. "But I am sure you would not bring us any book in which there were evil thoughts."

"There are no evil thoughts in this—only an irresistible fate governing a weak soul. There is no sin in the book—only foolishness and an overmastering sorrow."

"What is it called?"

"The 'Sorrows of Werther,' a translation from the German of Goethe, a book that set Germany in a blaze many years ago, but which I never saw till the other day. I bought the volume at a bookstall in Exeter, when I went over to settle with the builders."

The reading of "Werther" began on the following afternoon, in the wilderness. Naomi and her lover were alone, Cynthia having gone to sit with an old woman of the flock, whose frame was a kind of museum for the exhibition of interesting varieties in the rheumatic line.

Oswald looked disappointed at losing one of his auditors.

"I thought Mrs. Haggard would have liked 'Werther,'" he said.

"She always reads to old Mrs. Pincote on Wednesday afternoons. She said you were to begin the book all the same—she would enjoy hearing any part of it. But if you would rather not begin to-day——"

"My unselfish Naomi! No, dear, I shall read to you. It is of your pleasure I think at all times, you know, Naomi."

"You are too good to me."

Oswald began rather lazily, and dawdled so much over the pages—stopping to talk now and then, and stopping to yawn very often—that he got no farther than the threshold of the story when five o'clock struck from the old gray tower, and it was time to go back to the house for tea.

"I'm afraid you don't find it very interesting so far," said Oswald.

"It is not like 'Ivanhoe,' or the 'Antiquary,'" replied Naomi; "but it is very pretty. The young man seems kind and amiable—fond of children—warmly attached to his friend—fond of picturesque scenery."

"Yes, he is all that. It is a picture painted in delicate half tints at the beginning—the strong colouring comes afterwards."

They went into the woods next day for their afternoon ramble, Cynthia accompanying them, and Oswald carrying "Werther" in his pocket. They peeped in at the Grange on their way. It looked a chaos of raw plaster and new deal, and did not invite a long inspection. Oswald had consented to the rotunda for tropical plants, and one end of the long drawing-room was open to the daylight.

"You are going to be mistress of quite a handsome mansion, Naomi, and will have to play the great lady," said Oswald, laughing at the look of consternation with which his betrothed contemplated the improvements.

"That I shall never be able to do, Oswald."

"There I can't agree with you. Nature intended you for a person of importance. There are only a few details to be learnt—how to issue invitations, the precedence of your guests, to drive a pair of ponies, to play the Lady Bountiful with discretion, and so on. I have more to learn as country squire than you as the squire's wife."

"I wish Providence had not made you so rich, Oswald. It seems ungrateful to repine

at blessings, but if you had been my equal in birth and fortune I should have been the happiest of women."

"It will be very ungrateful of you if you are not the happiest of women with that rotunda," said Oswald, gaily; and then they went across the park—it was to be really a park in future, and Oswald was eager to introduce a herd of deer—and from the park into the tangle of greenery, amid the ever-shifting lights and shadows of the wood.

Here they found a ferny bank, more luxurious than any sofa, on which the two girls sat down to work, while Oswald lay on the grass at their feet, and resumed the story of Werther. He read long, and read well, losing his own identity in that of the melancholy hero. He came to the pretty house on the skirts of the forest, and the picture of Charlotte cutting hunches of black bread for the eager little brothers and sisters before setting out for the ball. That innocent image of youth and beauty was something new to the listeners. Not even in the pages of Scott had they met with so pure and perfect a picture of womanhood.

Then came the rustic dance, and the thrill of rapture that moved Werther's breast when his hand touched the maiden's for the first time, and floated in the waltz with her, and felt a lightness he had never known before, as if he no more belonged to grovelling humanity; the consciousness of sorrow and loss when he heard that she was pledged to another—the thunderstorm—the simple, childish games by which Charlotte beguiled the terrors of her companions—the whole description as artless as Goldsmith's pictures of the Primrose family, but with a ground-swell of passion below the placid surface which Goldsmith knew not.

"And since that time sun, moon, and stars may go their ways; I know not day from night: the world around me has vanished."

Cynthia's work dropped on her lap. She sat with her large blue eyes fixed on the reader, her lips slightly parted; all her soul in that listening look. For the first time she heard the story of a love that was fatal—not like Rebecca's unrequited passion, elevating and strengthening the soul by the ordeal of a silent sorrow—but an over-mastering love taking possession of a weak nature, and holding it as the seven devils held their fated prey.

And this was what love meant sometimes in the world; not a reverential affection, not gratitude, esteem, respect, such as she had given to Joshua, and which had made marriage with him seem the highest honour that Providence could bestow—but blind, unreasoning passion—a fire kindled in a moment, and consuming the soul. She knew that Werther

would never be happy again. She longed intensely to follow that devious path of his; to know if he struggled and conquered, or yielded and fell. She found herself wishing some evil fate—at least a convenient fever or merciful consumption—for Charlotte's excellent betrothed.

"No. I do not deceive myself! I read in her eyes a deep interest in me and my fate. Yes, I feel, and in this I will trust my own heart, that she—oh! dare I, can I, breathe the Heaven in those words? I feel that she loves me!"

At these words Oswald closed the book suddenly, with a sigh.

"Will you read to us again after tea?" she asked, eagerly, when the inexorable church clock warned them that they had but just time to be punctual in their attendance at the tea-table.

"I thought you would like the book," said Oswald.

"It is beautiful," she sighed.

He looked up at her, and their eyes met. Dangerous for such eyes so to meet, such thoughts in the minds of each, such disquiet in either heart. Cynthia's delicate colour had faded to ivory pale before that lingering look had ended. Fatal book, which told them what was amiss in their lives!

They walked home for the most part in silence, though Oswald tried to be merry about the rotunda, and the tremendous things that the Exeter architect was doing with the Grange, half against its owner's will. His gaiety had a forced sound, and Naomi looked at him wonderingly. Why was it that since his father's death he had been so unlike his old self—so fitful and variable?

After tea they went to the wilderness, and sat there while the soft summer light faded gently into gray evening, and the bats skimmed to and fro above their heads, and distant nightingales called to each other in the woods. Oswald read into the heart of the book—read until Werther's passion had grown from dawn to mid-day—from a rose-coloured dream of innocence and beauty, pure as morning, to the lurid gloom of a thunder-charged sky.

The earliest stars were up, silver pale, when he shut the book without a word. Joshua Haggard came through the little orchard and looked at the group with a grave smile.

"Reading all this time, Oswald!" he exclaimed, "and some foolish fiction, I'll be bound. How much of your life you waste upon fancies!"

"Fancy is sometimes sweeter than reality," answered Oswald, "and real life has given me very little to do."

"A pity," said the minister.

"We cannot all have our mission. One man is born a preacher, like you; another a



soldier, like Wellington; or a lawyer and defender of the oppressed, like Brougham. I was born nothing; born to enjoy the hunting in winter, and the sunshine in summer; to lie in Pentreath woods and read Byron; to do no harm, I hope, and any good that I can."

The minister sighed.

"The blessings Providence gives us are charges," he said. "We shall have to account for them."

They went back to the house together, and Oswald took his place at the usual assembling of the household for evening prayer. To-night the preacher chose the parable of the Talents for his reading and exposition. Oswald felt that the moral drawn therefrom was intended for his admonition. His house, his gardens, park, farms, woods, shares, and stocks, were the ten talents for which he was at present in no wise able to give a satisfactory account. So far he had done nothing to improve the condition of the labourer upon his land; to let in the light of Gospel truth, or the free air of heaven to those stone cabins in which

the hind and his family pigged in the company of their pigs. He had thought of improving his own house, but not of draining those stifling dens. He had been too easy a landlord, ready to grant any favour his tenants asked; but had taken no trouble to discover the state of the toil-bowed tiller of the soil and his half-starved wife and children, the husbandman who was compelled to receive two shillings of the nine that made his weekly wage, in the shape of sour cider.

The time had been when Oswald Pentreath's mind was full of plans for doing good to his fellow men, and when he had looked upon the day of his independence as the dawning of a new era for the labourers on his land, but since his father's death he had been the victim of a distraction which had put all philanthropic intentions out of his mind.

"When Arnold comes back I shall be able to set things going in a good way. Arnold has more energy than I have," he thought, expecting every good thing as a consequence of his brother's return.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## POEM

READ BY

BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD,

AT THE CENTENNIAL BANQUET OF THE AMERICAN RESIDENTS AT STUTTGART, JULY 4TH, 1876.



NE hundred years ago to-day—  
But why repeat the story  
Inscribed on History's page for aye  
In characters of glory?—  
The record of an age sublime,  
Of god-like consummations  
That brighter yet shall grow with time  
Through countless generations.

Our Country! Not with boastful pride,  
But lovingest devotion,  
Thy children, who have wandered wide,  
Flash greetings through the ocean.  
We hail with banquet, song, and mirth  
The century's worth and ending.  
Live long!—O youngest of the earth,  
God and thy sons defending.

Men live,—bent, hoary-headed sires  
Were born before the day  
That Freedom lit her altar-fires  
By Massachusetts Bay.  
But, ah! keep shut the dreadful book;  
What dangers has she known!  
No greater e'er an empire shook,  
Or thundered round a throne.

Though darkest clouds, by lightning torn,  
Have poured their drenching rain;

Behold, on this Centennial morn  
The sun shines bright again.  
And flowers and verdure clothe the fields  
Where late the tempest past;  
The land her bounteous increase yields.  
Oh, be that storm the last!

And now let Happiness abound,  
From all sad memories cease,  
Nor mar with one discordant sound  
The harmonies of Peace.

From the Sierra's rugged slopes,  
By broad Pacific's shores,  
Where wide the golden portal opens  
To nature's glittering stores;  
From where,—by mighty Northern lakes,  
—Earth has no grander chain—  
The wealth the sturdy settler takes  
Of forest, mine, and plain;—

From old New England's lofty hills,  
Whose rushing rivers whirl  
The spindles of a thousand mills,  
As to the sea they curl;—  
From vast States, rich with coal and ores,  
Where Alleghanies rise,  
From where the Mississippi pours  
A Southern Paradise;—

We gather;—borne by prosperous gale—  
A little patriot-band,  
Here, in the Neckar's fertile vale,  
The pleasant Suabian land,  
'Mid vineclad banks and wooded peaks,  
Where every peaceful scene  
A people blessed of Heaven bespeaks,  
A gracious King and Queen.

O Land, by noble virtues warmed!  
Of Learning,—Art,—untold;  
Out of whose mighty forests swarmed  
The mailed chiefs of old,  
Whence came the bold and hardy race  
Most terrible in wars,  
From whom our lineage we trace,  
Our freedom and our laws.

What progress designates their deeds  
Since fourteen hundred years!  
—For ages may be hidden seeds  
Before the fruit appears.—  
And evermore will nations free  
Revere the Saxon's sod,  
Who left the germs of liberty  
Where'er their proud feet trod!

A hundred thoughts of kindred ties  
Spring from the heart like flowers,  
Not strangers we, beneath their skies,  
Who find a home 'neath ours.  
And while our banner waves above  
With glad anticipations,  
We pledge this day, with hearts of love,  
*The Brotherhood of Nations!*

For thus, beside this storied stream,  
We hear our country's teaching,  
And muse upon her grandest theme,  
Far-coming and far-reaching,  
And bless the Sovereign of the Free  
For what the time presages,  
Whose throne rests on Eternity,  
Whose footsteps are the ages.

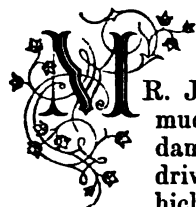
## GABRIEL CONROY.

BY

BRET HARTE.

### CHAPTER XXXIX.

MR. HAMLIN IS OFF WITH AN  
OLD LOVE.



MR. JACK HAMLIN did not lose much time on the road from Wingdam to Sacramento. His rapid driving, his dust-bespattered vehicle, and the exhausted condition of his horse on arrival, excited but little comment from those who knew his habits, and for other criticism he had a supreme indifference. He was prudent enough, however, to leave his horse at a stable on the outskirts, and having reconstructed his toilet at a neighbouring hotel, he walked briskly toward the address given him by Maxwell. When he reached the corner of the street and was within a few paces of the massive shining door-plate of Mme. Eclair's *Pensionnat*, he stopped with a sudden ejaculation, and after a moment's hesitation, turned on his heel deliberately and began to retrace his steps.

To explain Mr. Hamlin's singular conduct, I shall be obliged to disclose a secret of his, which I would fain keep from the fair reader. On receiving Olly's address from Maxwell, Mr.

Hamlin had only cursorily glanced at it, and it was only on arriving before the house that he recognized to his horror that it was a boarding-school, with one of whose impulsive inmates he had whiled away his idleness a few months before in a heart-breaking but innocent flirtation, and a soul-subduing but clandestine correspondence, much to the distaste of the correct Principal. To have presented himself there in his proper person would to have been refused admittance or subjected to a suspicion that would have kept Olly from his hands. For once, Mr. Hamlin severely regretted his infelix reputation among the sex. But he did not turn his back on his enterprise. He retraced his steps only to the main street, visited a barber's shop and a jeweler's, and re-appeared on the street again with a pair of enormous green goggles and all traces of his long distinguishing silken black mustache shaven from his lip. 'When it is remembered that this rascal was somewhat vain of his personal appearance, the reader will appreciate his earnestness and the extent of his sacrifice.

Nevertheless, he was a little nervous as he was ushered into the formal reception room of the *Pensionnat*, and waited until his cre-

dentials, countersigned by Maxwell, were submitted to Mme. Eclair. Mr. Hamlin had no fear of being detected by his real name; in the brief halcyon days of his romance he had been known as Clarence Spiffington,—an ingenious combination of the sentimental and humorous which suited his fancy, and to some extent he felt expressed the character of his affection. Fate was propitious; the servant returned saying that Miss Conroy would be down in a moment, and Mr. Hamlin looked at his watch. Every moment was precious; he was beginning to get impatient when the door opened again and Olly slipped into the room.

She was a pretty child, with a peculiar boyish frankness of glance and manner, and a refinement of feature that fascinated Mr. Hamlin, who, fond as he was of all childhood, had certain masculine preferences for good looks. She seemed to be struggling with a desire to laugh when she entered, and when Jack turned toward her with extended hands she held up her own warningly, and closing the door behind her cautiously, said, in a demure whisper:

"She'll come down as soon as she can slip past Madam's door."

"Who?" asked Jack.

"Sophy."

"Who's Sophy?" asked Jack seriously. He had never known the name of his Dulcinea. In the dim epistolatory region of sentiment she had existed only as "The Blue Moselle," so called from the cerulean hue of her favourite raiment, and occasionally in moments of familiar endearment, as "Mosey."

"Come, now, pretend you don't know, will you," said Olly, evading the kiss which Jack always had ready for childhood. "If I was her, I wouldn't have anything to say to you after that!" she added, with that ostentatious chivalry of her sex toward each other, in the presence of their common enemy. "Why, she saw you from the window when you first came this morning, when you went back again and shaved off your mustache; she knew you. And you don't know her! It's mean, ain't it?—they'll grow again, won't they?" Miss Olly referred to the mustaches and not the affections!

Jack was astonished and alarmed. In his anxiety to evade or placate the duenna, he had never thought of her charge—his sweet-heart. Here was a dilemma!

"Oh yes!" said Jack hastily, with a well simulated expression of arch affection, "Sophy, of course, that's my little game! But I've got a note for you too, my dear," and he handed Olly the few lines that Gabriel had hastily scrawled. He watched her keenly, almost breathlessly, as she read them. To his utter bewilderment she laid the note down indifferently and said, "That's like Gabe, the old simpleton!"

"But you're goin' to do what he says," asked Mr. Hamlin, "ain't you?"

"No," said Olly, promptly, "I ain't! Why, Lord! Mr. Hamlin, you don't know that man; why, he does this sort o' thing every week!" Perceiving Jack stare, she went on, "Why, only last week, didn't he send to me to meet him out on the corner of the street, and he my own brother, instead o' comin' here, ez he hez a right to do. Go to him at Wingdam? No! ketch me!"

"But suppose he can't come," continued Mr. Hamlin.

"Why can't he come? I tell you, it's just foolishness and the meanest kind o' bashfulness. Jes' because they happened to be a young lady here from San Francisco, Rosey Ringround, who was a little took with the ole fool. If he could come to Wingdam, why couldn't he come here,—that's what I want to know?"

"Will you let me see that note?" asked Hamlin.

Olly handed him the note, with the remark, "He don't spell well—and he won't let me teach him—the old Muggins!"

Hamlin took it and read as follows:

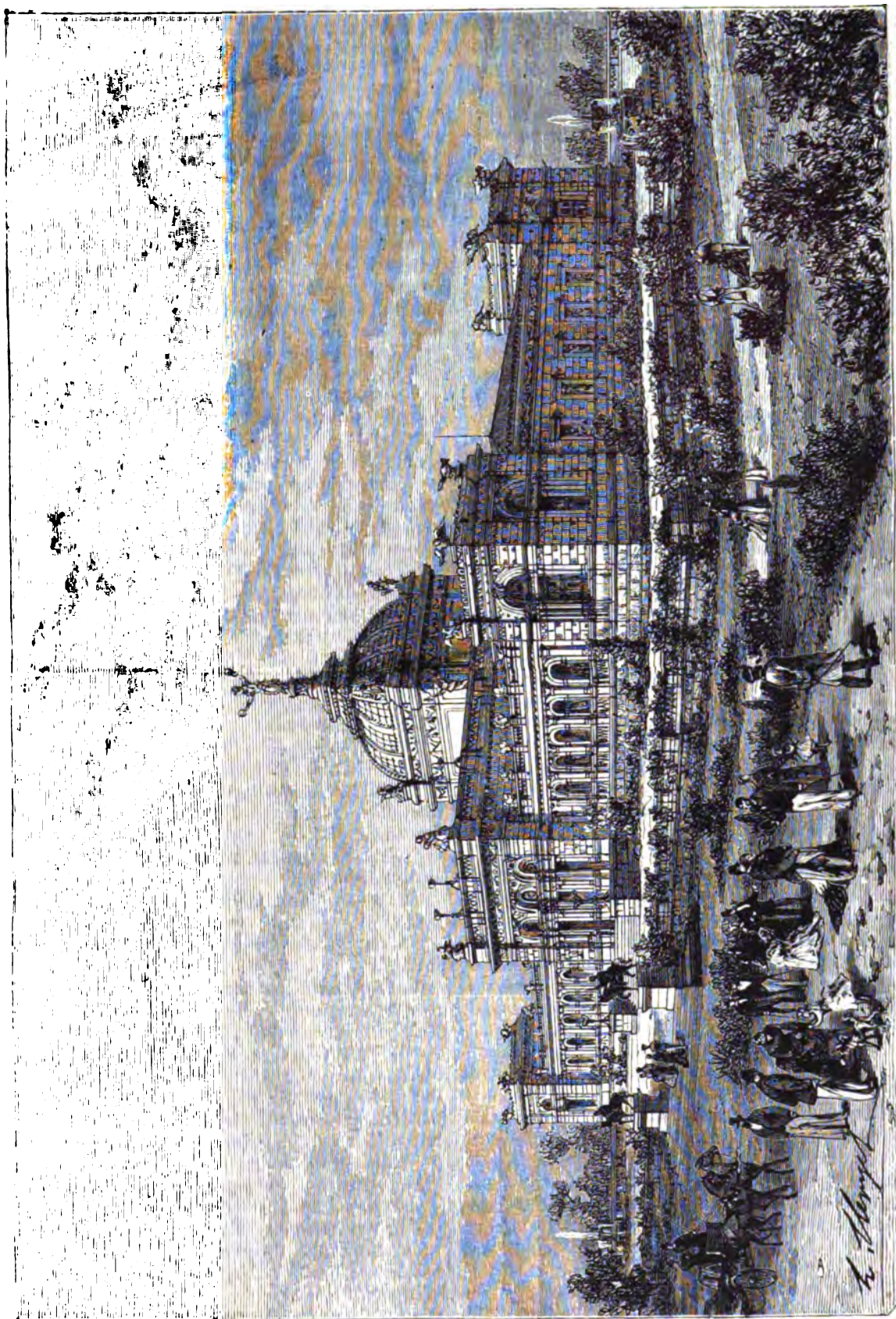
DEAR OLLY—If it don't run a fowl uv yer lossings and the Maddam's willin' and the young laddies, Brother Gab's waitin' fer ye at Wingdam, so no more from your affeshunate brother, GAB.

Mr. Hamlin was in a quandary. It never had been a part of his plan to let Olly know the importance of her journey. Mr. Maxwell's injunctions to bring her "quietly," his own fears of an outburst that might bring a questioning and sympathetic school about his ears, and lastly and not the least potently, his own desire to enjoy Olly's company in the long ride to One Horse Gulch without the pre-occupation of grief, with his own comfortable conviction that he could eventually bring Gabriel out of this "fix" without Olly knowing anything about it, all this forbade his telling her the truth. But here was a coil he had not thought of. Howbeit, Mr. Hamlin was quick at expedients. "Then you think Sophy can see me," he added, with a sudden interest.

"Of course she will!" said Olly, archly. "It was right smart in you to get acquainted with Gabe and set him up to writing that; though it's just like him. He's that soft that anybody could get round him. But there she is now, Mr. Hamlin; that's her step on the stairs. And I don't suppose you two hez any need o' me now." And she slipped out of the room, as demurely as she had entered, at the same moment that a tall, slim and somewhat sensational young lady in blue came flying in.

I can, in justice to Mr. Hamlin, whose secrets have been perhaps needlessly violated in the progress of this story, do no less than pass over a sacred, and perhaps wholly irrel-





PHILADELPHIA CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.—THE ART PALACE.—SEE MISCELLANEA.

evant to the issue, the interview that took place between himself and Miss Sophy. That he succeeded in convincing that young woman of his unaltered loyalty, that he explained his long silence as the result of a torturing doubt of the permanence of her own affection, that his presence at that moment was the successful culmination of a long-matured and desperate plan to see her once more and learn the truth from her own lips, I am sure that no member of my own disgraceful sex will question, and I trust no member of a too fond and confiding sex will doubt. That some bitterness was felt by Mr. Hamlin, who was conscious of certain irregularities during this long interval, and some tears shed by Miss Sophy, who was equally conscious of more or less aberration of her own magnetic instincts during his absence, I think will be self-evident to the largely comprehending reader. However, at the end of ten tender yet tranquillizing minutes Mr. Hamlin remarked in low, thrilling tones: "By the aid of a few confiding friends and playin' it rather low on them I got that note to the Conroy girl, but the game's up and we might as well pass in our checks now, if she goes back on us, and passes out, which I reckon's her little game. If what you say is true, Sophy, and you do sometimes look back to the past, and things is generally on the square, you'll go for that Olly and fetch her. For if I go back without that child and throw up my hand it's just tampering with the holiest affections and playing it mighty rough on as white a man as ever you saw, Sophy, to say nothing of your reputation, and everybody ready to buck agin us who has ten cents to chip in on. You must make her go back with me and put things on a specie basis!"

In spite of the mixed character of Mr. Hamlin's metaphor, his eloquence was so convincing and effective that Miss Sophy at once proceeded with considerable indignation to insist upon Olly's withdrawing her refusal. "If this is the way you're going to act, you horrid little thing! after all that me and him's trusted you, I'd like to see the girl in school that will ever tell *you* anything again, that's all!" a threat so appalling that Olly, who did not stop to consider that this confidence was very recent and had been forced upon her, assented without further delay, exhibited Gabriel's note to Madam Eclair, and having received that lady's gracious permission to visit her brother, was in half an hour in company with Mr. Hamlin on the road.

#### CHAPTER XL.

##### THE THREE VOICES.

ONCE free from the trammeling fascinations of Sophy and the more dangerous *espionage*

of Madam Eclair, and with the object of his mission accomplished, Mr. Hamlin recovered his natural spirits, and became so hilarious that Olly, who attributed this exaltation to his interview with Sophy, felt constrained to make some disparaging remark about that young lady, partly by way of getting even with her for her recent interference, and partly in obedience to some well-known but unexplained law of the sex. To her great surprise, however, Mr. Hamlin's spirits were in no way dampened, nor did he make any attempt to defend his Lalage. Nevertheless, he listened attentively, and when she had concluded, he looked suddenly down upon her chip hat and thick yellow tresses, and said:

"Ever been in the Southern country, Olly?"

"No," returned the child.

"Never down about San Antonio, visiting friends or relations?"

"No," said Olly, decidedly.

Mr. Hamlin was silent for some time, giving his exclusive attention to his horse, who was evincing a disposition to "break" into a gallop. When he had brought the animal back into a trot again, he continued:

"*There's a woman!* Olly."

"Down in San Antonio?" asked Olly.

Mr. Hamlin nodded.

"Purty?" continued the child.

"It ain't the word," responded Mr. Hamlin seriously. "Purty ain't the word."

"As purty as Sophy?" continued Olly, a little mischievously.

"Sophy be——."

Mr. Hamlin here quickly pulled up himself and horse, both being inclined to an exuberance startling to the youth and sex of the third party.

"That is—I mean something in a different suit, entirely."

Here he again hesitated, doubtful of his slang.

"I see," quoth Olly; "diamonds—Sophy's is spades."

The gambler (in sudden and awful admiration): "Diamonds—you've just struck it! but what do you know 'bout cards?"

Olly (*pomposamente*): "Everything! Tell our fortunes by 'em, we girls! I'm in hearts; Sophy's in spades; you're in clubs! Do you know (in a thrilling whisper), only last night I had a letter, a journey, a death, and a gentleman in clubs—dark complected—that's you."

Mr. Hamlin (a good deal more at ease through this revelation of the universal power of the four suits): "Speakin' of women, I suppose down there [indicating the school] you occasionally hear of angels. What's their general complexion?"

Olly (dubiously): "In the pictures?"

Hamlin: "Yes" (with a leading question)—"sorter dark complected sometimes, hey?"



Olly (positively): "Never!—always white!"

Jack: "Always white?"

Olly: "Yes—and flabby!"

They rode along for some time silently. Presently Mr. Hamlin broke into song—a popular song—one verse of which Olly supplied with such deftness of execution and melodiousness of pipe, that Mr. Hamlin instantly suggested a duet. And so over the dead and barren wastes of the Sacramento plains they fell to singing, often barbarously, sometimes melodiously, but never self-consciously, wherein, I take it, they approximated to the birds and better class of poets, so that rough teamsters, rude packers, and weary wayfarers were often touched, as with the birds and poets aforesaid, to admiration and tenderness. And when they stopped for supper at a wayside station, and Jack Hamlin displayed that readiness of resource, audacity of manner and address, and perfect and natural obliviousness to the criticism of propriety or the limitations of precedent, and when, moreover, the results of all this was a much better supper than perhaps a more reputable companion could have procured, she thought she had never known a more engaging person than this Knave of Clubs.

When they were fairly on the road again Olly began to exhibit some curiosity regarding her brother, and asked some few questions about Gabriel's family, which disclosed the fact that Jack's acquaintance with Gabriel was comparatively recent.

"Then you never saw July at all?" asked Olly.

"July?" queried Jack, reflectively, "what's she like?"

"I don't know whether she's a heart or spade," said Olly, as thoughtfully.

Jack was silent for some moments, and then after a pause, to Olly's intense astonishment, proceeded to sketch, in a few vigorous phrases, the external characteristics of Mrs. Conroy.

"Why, you said you never saw her!" ejaculated Olly.

"No more I did," responded the gambler, with a quick laugh; "this is only a little bluff!"

It had grown cold with the brief twilight and the coming on of night. For some time the black, unchanging outlines of the distant Coast Range were sharply *silhouetted* against a pale, ashen sky, that at last faded utterly, leaving a few stars behind as emblems of the burnt-out sunset. The red road presently lost its calm and even outline in the swiftly gathering shadows, or, to Olly's fancy, was stopped by shapeless masses of rock or giant-like trunks of trees that in turn seemed to give way before the skillful hand and persistent will of her driver. At times a chill

exhalation from a road-side ditch came to Olly like the damp breath of an open grave, and the child shivered even beneath the thick travelling shawl of Mr. Hamlin, with which she was inwrapped. Whereat Jack at once produced a flask, and prevailed upon Olly to drink something that set her to coughing, but which that astute and experienced child at once recognized as whisky. Mr. Hamlin, to her surprise, however, did not himself partake, a fact which she at once pointed out to him.

"At an early age, Olly," said Mr. Hamlin, with infinite gravity, "I promised an infirm and aged relative never to indulge in spirituous liquours, except on a physician's prescription. I carry this flask subject to the doctor's orders. Never having ordered me to drink any, I don't."

As it was too dark for the child to observe Mr. Hamlin's eyes, which, after the fashion of her sex, she consulted much oftener than his speech for his real meaning, and was as often deceived, she said nothing, and Mr. Hamlin relapsed into silence. At the end of five minutes he said:

"She was a woman, Olly, you bet!"

Olly, with great tact and discernment, instantly referring back to Mr. Hamlin's discourse of an hour before, queried:

"That girl in the Southern country?"

"Yes," said Mr. Hamlin.

"Tell me all about her," said Olly; "all you know."

"That ain't much," mused Hamlin, with a slight sigh. "Ah, Olly, *she* could sing!"

"With the piano?" said Olly, a little superciliously.

"With the organ," said Hamlin.

Olly, whose sole idea of this instrument was of the itinerant barrel variety, yawned slightly, and with a very perceptible lack of interest said that she hoped she would see her some time when she came up that way and was "going 'round."

Mr. Hamlin did not laugh, but after a few minutes' rapid driving, began to explain to Olly with great earnestness the character of a church organ. "I used to play one once, Olly, in a church. They did say that I used sometimes to fetch that congregation, jest snatch 'em bald-headed, Olly, but it's a long time ago! There was one hymn in particular that I used to run on consid'rible—one o' them masses o' Mozart's—one that I heard *her* sing, Olly; it went something like this," and Jack proceeded to lift his voice in the praise of Our Lady of Sorrows, with a serene unconsciousness to his surroundings, and utter absorption in his theme that would have become the most enthusiastic acolyte. The springs creaked, the wheels rattled, the mare broke, plunged, and recovered herself, the slight vehicle swayed from side to side, Olly's hat bruised and flat-

tened itself against his shoulder, and still Mr. Hamlin sang. When he had finished, he looked down at Olly. She was asleep!

Jack was an artist and an enthusiast, but not unreasonable nor unforgiving. "It's the whisky," he murmured to himself, in an apologetic recitation to the air he had just been singing. He changed the reins to his other hand with infinite caution and gentleness, slowly passed his disengaged arm around the swaying little figure, until he had drawn the chip hat and the golden tresses down upon his breast and shoulder. In this attitude, scarcely moving a muscle lest he should waken the sleeping child, at midnight he came upon the twinkling lights of Fiddletown. Here he procured a fresh horse, dispensing with an hostler and harnessing the animal himself, with such noiseless skill and quickness that Olly, propped up in the buggy with pillows and blankets borrowed from the Fiddletown hostelry, slept through it all, nor wakened even after they were again upon the road, and had begun the long ascent of the Wingdam turnpike.

It wanted but an hour of daybreak when he reached the summit, and even then he only slackened his pace when his wheels sank to their hubs in the beaten dust of the stage road. The darkness of that early hour was intensified by the gloom of the heavy pine woods through which the red road threaded its difficult and devious way. It was very still. Hamlin could hardly hear the dead, muffled plunge of his own horse in the dusty track before him, and yet once or twice he stopped to listen. His quick ear detected the sound of voices and the jingle of Mexican spurs, apparently approaching behind him. Mr. Hamlin knew that he had not passed any horseman and was for a moment puzzled. But then he recalled the fact that a few hundred yards beyond, the road was intersected by the "cut-off" to One Horse Gulch, which, after running parallel with the Wingdam turnpike for half a mile, crossed it in the forest. The voices were on that road going the same way. Mr. Hamlin pushed on his horse to the crossing, and, hidden by the darkness and the trunks of the giant pines, pulled up to let the strangers precede him. In a few moments the voices were abreast of him and stationary. The horsemen had apparently halted.

"Here seems to be a road," said a voice, quite audibly.

"All right, then," returned another; "it's the 'cut-off.' We'll save an hour, sure."

A third voice here struck in potentially, "Keep the stage road. If Joe Hall gets wind of what's up, he'll run his man down to Sacramento for safe keeping. If he does he'll take this road—it's the only one, sabe? we can't miss him!"

Jack Hamlin leaned forward breathlessly in his seat. "But it's an hour longer this way," growled the second voice. "The boys will wait," responded the previous speaker; there was a laugh, a jingling of spurs, and the invisible procession moved slowly forward in the darkness.

Mr. Hamlin did not stir a muscle until the voices failed before him in the distance. Then he cast a quick glance at the child; she still slept quietly, undisturbed by the halt or those ominous voices which had brought so sudden a colour into her companion's cheek and so baleful a light in his dark eyes. Yet for a moment Mr. Hamlin hesitated. To go forward to Wingdam now would necessitate his following cautiously in the rear of the Lynchers, and so prevent his giving a timely alarm. The strike across to One Horse Gulch by the "cut-off" would lose him the chance of meeting the Sheriff and his prisoner, had they been forewarned, and were escaping in time. But for the impediment of the unconscious little figure beside him, he would have risked a dash through the party ahead of him. But that was not to be thought of now. He must follow them to Wingdam, leave the child, and trust to luck to reach One Horse Gulch before them. If they delayed a moment at Wingdam it could be done. A feeling of yearning tenderness and pity succeeded the slight impatience with which he had a moment before regarded his encumbering charge. He held her in his arms, scarcely daring to breathe lest he should waken her, hoping that she might sleep until they reached Wingdam, and that leaving her with his faithful henchman "Pete," he might get away before she was aroused to embarrassing inquiry. Mr. Hamlin had a man's dread of scenes with even so small a specimen of the sex, and for once in his life, he felt doubtful of his own readiness, and feared lest in his excitement he might reveal the imminent danger of her brother. Perhaps he was never before so conscious of that danger; perhaps he was never before so interested in the life of anyone. He began to see things with Olly's eyes—to look upon events with reference to *her* feelings rather than his own; if she had sobbed and cried this sympathetic rascal really believed that he would have cried too. Such was the unconscious and sincere flattery of admiration. He was relieved when, with the first streaks of dawn, his mare wearily clattered over the scattered river pebbles and "tailings" that paved the outskirts of Wingdam. He was still more relieved when the three Voices of the Night, now faintly visible as three armed horsemen, drew up before the veranda of the Wingdam Hotel, dismounted, and passed into the bar-room. And he was perfectly content, when a moment later he lifted the still sleeping Olly in his arms

and bore her swiftly, yet cautiously, to his room. To awaken the sleeping Pete on the floor above, and drag him half-dressed and bewildered into the presence of the unconscious child, as she lay on Jack Hamlin's own bed, half buried in a heap of shawls and rugs, was only the work of another moment.

"Why, Mars Jack! Bress de Lord!—it's a chile!" said Pete, recoiling in sacred awe and astonishment.

"Hold your blasted jaw!" said Jack, in a fierce whisper, "you'll waken her! Listen to me, you chattering idiot. Don't waken her, if you want to keep the bones in your creaking old skeleton whole enough for the doctors to buy. Let her sleep as long as she can. If she wakes up and asks after me, tell her I'm gone for her brother. Do you hear? Give her anything she asks for—except—the Truth! What are you doing, you old fool?"

Pete was carefully removing the mountain of shawls and blankets that Jack had piled upon Olly. "For God, Mars Jack, you's smuddering dat chile!" was his only response. Nevertheless, Jack was satisfied with a certain vague tenderness in his manipulation, and said curtly, "Get me a horse!"

"It ain't to be did, Mars Jack; de stables is all gone—cleaned! Dey's a rush over to One Horse Gulch, all day!"

"There are three horses at the door," said Jack, with wicked significance.

"For the love of God, Mars Jack, don't ye do dat!" ejaculated Pete, in unfeigned and tremulous alarm. "Dey don't take dem kind o' jokes yer worth a cent—dey'd be doin' somefin awful to ye, sah—shuah's yer born!"

But Jack, with the child lying there peacefully in his own bed, and the Three Voices growing husky in the bar-room below, regained all his old audacity. "I haven't made up my mind," continued Jack, coolly, "which of the three I'll take, but you'll find out from the owner when I do! Tell him that Mr. Jack Hamlin left his compliments and a mare and buggy for him. You can say that if he keeps the mare from breaking and gives her her head down hill, she can do her mile inside of 2:45. Hush! Bye-bye!" He turned, lifted the shawl from the fresh cheek of the sleeping Olly, kissed her, and shaking his fist at Pete, vanished.

For a few moments the negro listened breathlessly. And then there came the sharp, quick clatter of hoofs from the rocky road below, and he sank dejectedly at the foot of the bed. "He's gone done it! Lord save us! but it's a hangin' matter yer!" And even as he spoke Mr. Jack Hamlin, mounted on the fleet mustang that had been ridden by the Potential Voice, with his audacious face against the red sunrise, and his right shoulder squarely advanced, was butting away the morning mists

that rolled slowly along the river road to One Horse Gulch.

## CHAPTER XLI.

### MR. DUMPHY IS PERPLEXED BY A MOVEMENT IN REAL ESTATE.

MR. DUMPHY'S confidence in himself was so greatly restored, that several business enterprises of great pith and moment, whose currents for the past few days had been turned awry, and so "lost the name of action," were taken up by him with great vigour and corresponding joy to the humbler business associates who had asked him just to lend his name to that project, and make a "big thing of it." He had just given his royal sanction and a check to an association for the encouragement of immigration, by the distribution through the sister States of one million seductive pamphlets setting forth the various resources and advantages of California for the farmer, and proving that \$150 spent for a passage thither was equal to the price of a farm; he had also assisted in sending the eloquent Mr. Blowhard and the persuasive Mr. Windygust to present these facts orally to the benighted dwellers of the East and had secured the services of two eminent Californian statisticians to demonstrate the tact that more people were killed by lightning and frozen to death in the streets of New York in a single year, than were ever killed by railroad accidents or human violence in California during the past three centuries; he had that day conceived the "truly magnificent plan" of bringing the waters of Lake Tahoe to San Francisco by ditches, thereby enabling the citizens to keep the turf in their door-yards green through the summer. He had started two banks, a stage line, and a watering-place, whose climate and springs were declared healthful by edict and were aggressively advertised, and he had just projected a small suburban town that should bear his name. He had returned from this place in high spirits with a company of friends in the morning, after his interview with Poinsett. There was certainly no trace of the depression of that day in his manner.

It was a foggy morning, following a clear, still night, an atmospheric condition not unusual at that season of the year to attract Mr. Dumphy's attention, yet he was conscious on reaching his office, of an undue oppressiveness in the air that indisposed him to exertion, and caused him to remove his coat and cravat. Then he fell to work upon his morning's mail, and speedily forgot the weather. There was a letter from Mrs. Sepulvida disclosing the fact that, owing to the sudden and unaccountable drying up of the springs on the lower plains, large numbers of her cattle had

died of thirst and were still perishing. This was of serious import to Mr. Dumphy, who had advanced money on this perishable stock, and he instantly made a memorandum to check this sudden freak of nature, which he at once attributed to feminine carelessness of management. Further on, Mrs. Sepulvida inquired particularly as to the condition of the Conroy mine, and displayed a disposition characteristic of her sex, to realize at once on her investment. Her letter ended thus: "But I shall probably see you in San Francisco. Pepe says that this morning the markings on the beach showed the rise of a tide or wave during the night higher than any ever known since 1800. I do not feel safe so near the beach, and shall rebuild in the spring." Mr. Dumphy smiled grimly to himself. He had at one time envied Poinsett. But here was the woman he was engaged to marry, careless, improvident, with a vast estate, and on the eve of financial disaster through her carelessness, and yet actually about to take a journey of two hundred miles because of some foolish, womanish whim or superstition. It would be a fine thing if this man, to whom good fortune fell without any effort on his part—this easy, elegant, supercilious Arthur Poinsett, who was even indifferent to that good fortune, should find himself tricked and deceived—should have to apply to him, Dumphy, for advice and assistance! And this, too, after his own advice and assistance regarding the claims of Colonel Starbottle's client had been futile. The revenge would be complete. Mr. Dumphy rubbed his hands in prospective satisfaction.

When, a few moments later, Colonel Starbottle's card was put into his hand, Mr. Dumphy's satisfaction was complete. This was the day that the gallant Colonel was to call for an answer; it was evident that Arthur had not seen him, nor had he made the discovery of Starbottle's unknown client. The opportunity of vanquishing this man without the aid or even the knowledge of Poinsett was now before him. By way of preparing himself for the encounter, as well as punishing the Colonel, he purposely delayed the interview, and for full five minutes kept his visitor cooling his heels in the outer office.

He was seated at his desk, ostentatiously preoccupied, when Colonel Starbottle was at last admitted. He did not raise his head when the door opened, nor in fact until the Colonel, stepping lightly forward, walked to Dumphy's side, and deliberately unhooking his cane from its accustomed rest on his arm, laid it, pronouncedly, on the desk before him. The Colonel's face was empurpled, the Colonel's chest was efflorescent and bursting, the Colonel had the general effect of being about to boil over the top button of his coat, but

the Colonel's manner was jauntily and daintily precise.

"One moment! a single moment, sir!" he said, with husky politeness. "Before proceeding to business—er—we will devote a single moment to the necessary explanations of—er—er—a gentleman. The kyard now lying before you, sir, was handed ten minutes ago to one of your subordinates. I wish to inquire, sir, if it was then delivered to you?"

"Yes," said Mr. Dumphy, impatiently.

Colonel Starbottle leaned over Mr. Dumphy's desk and coolly rung his bell. Mr. Dumphy's clerk instantly appeared at the door.

"I wish," said the Colonel, addressing himself to the astounded employé as he stood loftily over Mr. Dumphy's chair; "I have—er—in fact sent for you, to withdraw the offensive epithets I addressed to you, and the threats—of er—of er—personal violence! The offence is not yours—but—er—rests with your employer, for whose apology I am—er—now waiting. Nevertheless, I am ready, sir, to hold myself at your service—that is—er—of course—after my responsibility—er—with your master—er—ceases!"

Mr. Dumphy, who, in the presence of Colonel Starbottle, felt his former awkwardness return, signed with a forced smile to his embarrassed clerk to withdraw, and said hastily, but with an assumption of easy familiarity:

"Sorry, Colonel, sorry, but I was very busy, and am now. No offence. All a mistake, you know! business man and business hours," and Mr. Dumphy leaned back in his chair, and emitted his rare cachinnatory bark.

"Glad to hear it, sir, I accept your apology," said the Colonel, recovering his good humour and his profanity together; "blank me, if I didn't think it was another blank affair like that I had with old Maje Tolliver, of Georgia. Called on him in Washington in '48 during session. Boy took up my kyard. Waited ten minutes, no reply! Then sent friend, poor Jeff Boomerang—dead now, killed in New Orleans by Ben Pastor—with challenge. Blank me, sir, after the second shot, Maje sends for me, lying thar with hole in both lungs, gasping for breath. 'It's all a blank blunder, Star,' he says, 'boy never brought kyard. Horsewhip the blank nigger for me, Star, for I reckon I won't live to do it,' and died like a gentleman, blank me!"

"What have you got to propose?" said Mr. Dumphy, hastily, seeing an opportunity to stop the flow of the Colonel's recollections.

"According to my memory, at our last interview over the social glass in your own house, I think something was said of a proposition coming from you. That is—er," continued the Colonel, loftily, "I hold myself responsible for the mistake, if any."

It had been Mr. Dumphy's first intention



to assume the roughly offensive; to curtly inform Colonel Starbottle of the flight of his confederate, and dare him to do his worst. But, for certain vague reasons, he changed his plan of tactics. He drew his chair closer to the Colonel, and clapping his hand familiarly on his shoulder, began:

"You're a man of the world, Starbottle, so am I? *Sabe?* You're a gentleman—so am I," he continued, hastily. "But I'm a business man, and you're not. *Sabe?* Let's understand each other. No offence, you know, but in the way of business. This woman, claiming to be my wife, don't exist—it's all right, you know, I understand. I don't blame *you*, but you've been deceived, and all that sort of thing. I've got the proofs. Now as a man of the world and a gentleman and a business man, when I say the game's up! you understand me. Dern it all! look at that—there!" He thrust into Starbottle's hand the telegram of the preceding day. "There! the man's hung by this time—lynched! The woman's gone!"

Col. Starbottle read the telegram without any perceptible dismay or astonishment.

"Conroy! Conroy!—don't know the man. There was a McConroy, of St. Jo, but I don't think it's the same. No, sir! This ain't like him, sir! Don't seem to be a duel, unless he'd posted the man to kill on sight: murder's an ugly word to use to gentlemen. Blank me, sir, I don't know but he could hold the man responsible who sent that dispatch. It's offensive, sir—blank me!"

"And you don't know Mrs. Conroy?" continued Mr. Dumphy, fixing his eyes on Col. Starbottle's face.

"Mrs. Conroy! The wife of the superintendent—one of the blankest, most beautiful women! Good Ged, sir, I do! And I'm dev'lish sorry for her. But what's this got to do with our affair? O! I see, Ged!"—the Colonel suddenly chuckled, drew out his handkerchief, and waved it in the air with deprecatory gallantry. "gossip, sir, all gossip! People will talk! A fine woman! Blank me, if she was inclined to show some attention to Col. Starbottle—Ged, sir, it was no more than other women have. You comprehend, Dumphy, Ged, sir, so the story's got round, eh?—husband's jealous!—killed wrong man! Folks think she's run off with Col. Starbottle, ha! ha! No, sir," he continued, suddenly dropping into an attitude of dignified severity. "You can say that Col. Starbottle branded the story as a blank lie, sir! That whatever might have been the foolish indiscretion of a susceptible sex, Col. Starbottle will defend the reputation of that lady, sir, with his life—with his life!"

Absurd and ridiculous as this sudden diversion of Col. Starbottle from the point at issue had become, Dumphy could not doubt his sin-

cerity nor the now self-evident fact that Mrs. Conroy was *not* his visitor's mysterious client! Mr. Dumphy felt that his suddenly built-up theory was demolished, and his hope with it. He was still at the mercy of this conceited braggart and the invisible power behind him, whoever or whatever it might be. Mr. Dumphy was not inclined to superstition, but he began to experience a strange awe of his unknown persecutor, and resolved at any risk to discover who it was. Could it be really his wife?—had not the supercilious Poinsett been himself tricked, or was he not now trying to trick him, Dumphy? Couldn't Starbottle be bribed to expose at least the name of his client? He would try it.

"I said just now you had been deceived in this woman who represents herself to be my wife. I find I have been mistaken in the person who I believed imposed upon you, and it is possible that I may be otherwise wrong. My wife may be alive. I am willing to admit it. Bring her here to-morrow and I will accept it as a fact."

"You forget that she refuses to see you again," said Col. Starbottle, "until she has established her claim by process of law."

"That's so! that's all right, old fellow; *we* understand each other. Now, suppose that we business men—as a business maxim you know—always prefer to deal with principals. Now suppose we even go so far as to do that and yet pay an agent's commissions, perhaps, you understand me, even a *bonus*. Good! That's business! You understand that as a gentleman and a man of the world. Now, I say, bring me your principal—fetch along that woman, and I'll make it all right with *you*. Stop! I know what you're going to say; you're bound by honour and all that—I understand your position as a gentleman, and respect it. Then let me know where I can find her. Understand, you sha'n't be compromised as bringing about the interview in any way. I'll see that you're protected in your commission from your client; and for my part, if a check for five thousand dollars will satisfy you of my desire to do the right thing in this matter, it's at your service."

The Colonel rose to his feet and applied himself apparently to the single and silent inflation of his chest, for the space of a minute. When the upper buttons of his coat seemed to be on the point of flying off with a report, he suddenly extended his hand and grasped Dumphy's with fervour.

"Permit me," he said, in a voice husky with emotion, "to congratulate myself on dealing with a gentleman and a man of honour. Your sentiments, sir, blank me, I don't care if I do say it, do you credit! I am proud, sir," continued the Colonel, warmly, "to have made your acquaintance! But I regret to say, sir,

that I cannot give you the information you require. I do not myself know the name or address of my client."

The look of half-contemptuous satisfaction which had irradiated Dumphy's face at the beginning of this speech, changed to one of angry suspicion at its close. "That's a queer oversight of yours," he ejaculated, with an expression as nearly insulting as he dared to make it. Col. Starbottle did not apparently notice the manner of his speech, but, drawing his chair close beside Dumphy, he laid his hand upon his arm.

"Your confidence as a man of honour and a gentleman," he began, "demands equal confidence and frankness on my part, and, blank me! Culp. Starbottle of Virginia is not the man to withhold it! When I state that I do *not* know the name or address of my client, I believe, sir, there is no one now living—blank me, who will—er—er—require or—er—deem it necessary for me to repeat the assertion! Certainly not, sir," added the Colonel, lightly waving his hand, "the gentleman who has just honoured me with his confidence and invited mine, blank me. I thank you, sir," he continued, as Mr. Dumphy made a hasty motion of assent, "and will go on.

"It is not necessary for me to name the party who first put me in possession of the facts. You will take my word as a gentleman—er—that it is some one unknown to you, of unimportant position, though of strict respectability, and one who acted only as the agent of my real client. When the case was handed over to me, there was also put into my possession a sealed envelope containing the name of my client and principal witness. My injunctions were not to open it until all negotiations had failed and it was necessary to institute legal proceedings. That envelope I have here. You perceive it is unopened!"

Mr. Dumphy unconsciously reached out his hand. With a gesture of polite deprecation Col. Starbottle evaded it, and placing the letter on the table before him, continued:

"It is unnecessary to say that—er—there being in my judgment no immediate necessity for the beginning of a suit—the injunctions still restrain me, and I shall not open the letter. If, however, I accidentally mislay it on this table and it is returned to me tomorrow, sealed as before, I believe, sir, as a gentleman and a man of honour I violate no pledge."

"I see," said Mr. Dumphy, with a short laugh.

"Excuse me, if I venture to require another condition, merely as a form among men of honour. Write as I dictate."

Mr. Dumphy took up a pen. Col. Starbottle placed one hand in his honourable breast and began slowly and meditatively to

pace the length of the room with the air of a second measuring the distance for his principal.

"Are you ready?"

"Go on," said Dumphy, impatiently.

"I hereby pledge myself—er—er—that in the event of any disclosure by me—er—of confidential communications from Col. Starbottle to me, I shall hold myself ready to afford him the usual honourable satisfaction—er—common among gentlemen, at such times or places and with such weapons as he may choose, without further formality of challenge, and that—er—er—failing in that I do thereby proclaim myself, without posting, a liar, poltroon and dastard."

In the full preoccupation of his dignified composition, and possibly from an inability to look down over the increased exaggeration of his swelling breast, Col. Starbottle did not observe the contemptuous smile which curled the lip of his amanuensis. Howbeit, Mr. Dumphy signed the document and handed it to him. Colonel Starbottle put it in his pocket. Nevertheless, he lingered by Mr. Dumphy's side.

"The er—er—check," said the Colonel with a slight cough, "had better be to your order, indorsed by you, to spare any criticism, hereafter."

Mr. Dumphy hesitated a moment. He would have preferred as a matter of business to have first known the contents of the envelope, but with a slight smile he dashed off the check and handed it to the Colonel.

"If er—it would not be too much trouble," said the Colonel jauntily, "for the same reason just mentioned would you give that er—piece of paper to one of your clerks to draw the money for me?"

Mr. Dumphy impatiently, with his eyes on the envelope, rang his bell and handed the check to the clerk, while Colonel Starbottle, with an air of abstraction, walked discreetly to the window.

For the rest of Colonel Starbottle's life he never ceased to deplore this last act of caution, and to regret that he had not put the check in his pocket. For as he walked to the window the floor suddenly appeared to rise beneath his feet and as suddenly sink again, and he was thrown violently against the mantelpiece. He felt sick and giddy. With a terrible apprehension of apoplexy in his whirling brain he turned toward his companion, who had risen from his seat and was supporting himself by his swinging desk with a panic-stricken face and a pallour equal to his own. In another moment a book-case toppled with a crash to the floor, a loud outcry arose from the outer offices, and amidst the sounds of rushing feet, the breaking of glass, and the creaking of timber, the two men dashed with a common instinct to the

door. It opened two inches and remained fixed. With the howl of a caged wild beast, Dumphy threw himself against the rattling glass of the window that opened on the level of the street. In another instant Colonel Star-

bottle was beside him on the side-walk, and the next they were separated, unconsciously, uncaringly, as if they had been the merest strangers in contact in a crowd. The business that had brought them together, the un-



THE BIRD'S NEST.—SEE MISCELLANEA.

finished, incomplete, absorbing interests of a moment ago were forgotten—were buried in the oblivion of another existence, which had no sympathy with this, whose only instinct was to fly—where, they knew not!

The middle of the broad street was filled

with a crowd of breathless, pallid, death-stricken men, who had lost all sense but the common instinct of animals. There were hysterical men, who laughed loudly without a cause, and talked incessantly of what they knew not. There were dumb, paralysed men,



who stood helplessly and hopelessly beneath cornices and chimneys that toppled over and crushed them. There were automatic men, who, flying, carried with them the work on which they were engaged—one whose hands were full of bills and papers, another who held his ledger under his arm. There were men who had forgotten the ordinary instincts of decency—some half dressed, one who had flown from a neighbouring bath-room with only the towel in his hand that afterward hid his nakedness. There were men who rushed from the fear of death into his presence; two were picked up, one who had jumped through a skylight, another who had blindly leaped from a fourth-story window. There were brave men who trembled like children; there was one whose life had been spent in scenes of daring and danger, who cowered paralysed in the corner of the room from which a few inches of plastering had fallen. There were hopeful men who believed that the danger was over, and, having passed, would, by some mysterious law, never recur; there were others who shook their heads and said that the next shock would be fatal. There were crowds around the dust that arose from fallen chimneys and cornices, around run-a-way horses that had dashed as madly as their drivers against lamp-posts, around telegraph and newspaper offices, eager to know the extent of the disaster. Along the remoter avenues and cross streets dwellings were deserted, people sat upon their doorsteps or in chairs upon the side-walks, fearful of the houses they had built with their own hands, and doubtful even of this blue arch above them that smiled so deceitfully; of those far-reaching fields beyond, which they had cut into lots and bartered and sold, and which now seemed to suddenly rise against them, or slip and wither away from their very feet. It seemed so outrageous that this dull, patient earth, whose homeliness they had adorned and improved, and which, whatever their other fortune or vicissitudes, at least had been their sure inheritance, should have become so faithless. Small wonder that the owner of a little house, which had sunk on the reclaimed water-front, stooped in the speechless and solemn absurdity of his wrath to shake his clenched fist in the face of the Great Mother.

The real damage to life and property had been so slight, and in such pronounced contrast to the prevailing terror, that half an hour later only a sense of the ludicrous remained with the greater masses of the people. Mr. Dumphy, like all practical, unimaginative men, was among the first to recover his presence of mind with the passing of the immediate danger. People took confidence when this great man, who had so much to lose, after sharply remanding his clerks and everybody else back

to business, re-entered his office. He strode at once to his desk. But the envelope was gone! He looked hurriedly among his papers, on the floor, by the broken window, but in vain.

Mr. Dumphy instantly rang his bell. The clerk appeared.

"Was that draft paid?"

"No, sir, we were counting the money when——"

"Stop it!—return the draft to me."

The young man was confiding to his confrères his suspicious of a probable "run" on the bank, as indicated by Mr. Dumphy's caution, when he was again summoned by Mr. Dumphy.

"Go to Mr. Poinsett's office and ask him to come here at once."

In a few moments the clerk returned out of breath.

"Mr. Poinsett left quarter of an hour ago, sir, for San Antonio."

"San Antonio!"

"Yes, sir; they say there's bad news from the Mission."

## CHAPTER XLII.

### IN WHICH BOTH JUSTICE AND THE HEAVENS FALL.

THE day following the discovery of the murder of Victor Ramirez was one of the intensest excitement in One Horse Gulch. It was not that killing was rare in that pastoral community—foul murder had been done there upon the bodies of various citizens of more or less respectability, and the victim, in the present instance, was a stranger, and a man who awakened no personal sympathy; but the suspicion that swiftly and instantly attached to two such important people as Mr. and Mrs. Conroy—already objects of severe criticism—was sufficient to exalt this peculiar crime above all others in thrilling interest. For two days business was practically suspended.

The discovery of the murder was made by Sal, who stumbled upon the body of the unfortunate Victor early the next morning during a walk on Conroy's Hill, manifestly in search of the missing man, who had not returned to the hotel that night. A few flip-pant souls, misunderstanding Miss Clark's interest in the stranger, asserted that he had committed suicide to escape her attentions; but all jocular hypotheses had ceased when it became known that Gabriel and his wife had fled. Then came the report that Gabriel had been seen by a passing miner early in the day "shoving" the stranger along the trail with his hand on his collar, and exchanging severe words. Then the willing testimony of Miss Clark that she had seen Mrs. Conroy in secret converse with Victor before the mur-

der; then the unwilling evidence of the Chinaman who had overtaken Gabriel with the letter, but who heard the sounds of quarrelling and cries for help in the bushes after his departure; but this evidence was excluded from the inquest, by virtue of the famous Californian law that a Pagan was of necessity a liar, and that truth resided only in the breast of the Christian Caucasian, and was excluded from the general public for its incompatibility with Gabriel's subsequent flight, and the fact that the Chinaman, being a fool, was probably mistaken in the hour. Then there was the testimony of the tunnel-men to Gabriel's appearance on the hill that night. There was only one important proof not submitted to the public or the authorities—Mrs. Conroy's note—picked up by Sal, handed to Mrs. Markle, and given by her to Lawyer Maxwell. The knowledge of this document was restricted to the few already known to the reader.

A dozen or more theories of the motive of the deed, at different hours of the day, occupied and disturbed the public mind. That Gabriel had come upon a lover of his wife in the act of eloping with her, and had slain him out of hand, was the first. That Gabriel had decoyed the man to an interview by simulating his wife's handwriting, and then worked his revenge on his body, was accepted later as showing the necessary deliberation to constitute murder. That Gabriel and his wife had conjointly taken this method to rid themselves of a former lover who threatened exposure, was a still later theory. Toward evening when One Horse Gulch had really leisure to put its heads together, it was generally understood that Gabriel and Mrs. Conroy had put out of their way a dangerous and necessarily rightful claimant to that mine which Gabriel had pretended to discover. This opinion was for some time—say two hours—the favourite one, agreeing as it did with the popular opinion of Gabriel's inability to discover a mine himself, and was only modified by another theory that Victor was not the real claimant, but a dangerous witness that the Conroys had found it necessary to dispose of. And when, possibly from some unguarded expression of Lawyer Maxwell, it was reported that Gabriel Conroy was an impostor under an assumed name, all further speculation was deemed unnecessary. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict against "John Doe *alias* Gabriel Conroy," and One Horse Gulch added this injury of false pretence to other grievances complained of. One or two cases of horse-stealing and sluice-robbing in the neighbourhood were indefinitely but strongly connected with this discovery. If I am thus particular in citing these evidences of the various gradations of belief in the guilt of the accused, it is because they were peculiar to One Horse

Gulch, and, of course, never obtained in more civilised communities.

It is scarcely necessary to say that one person in One Horse Gulch never wavered in her opinion of Gabriel's innocence, nor that that person was Mrs. Markle! That he was the victim of a vile conspiracy—that Mrs. Conroy was the real culprit, and had diabolically contrived to fasten the guilt upon her husband, Mrs. Markle not only believed herself, but absolutely contrived to make Lawyer Maxwell and Sal believe also. More than that, it had undoubtedly great power in restraining Sal's evidence before the inquest, which that impulsive and sympathetic young woman persisted in delivering behind a black veil and in a suit of the deepest mourning that could be hastily improvised in One Horse Gulch. "Miss Clark's evidence," said the "Silveropolis Messenger," although broken by sobs and occasional expressions of indignation against the murderer, strongly impressed the jury as the natural eloquence of one connected by the tenderest ties with the unfortunate victim. It is said that she was an old acquaintance of Ramirez, who was visiting her in the hope of inducing her to consent to a happy termination of a life-long courtship, when the dastard hand of the murderer changed the bridal wreath to the veil of mourning. From expressions that dropped from the witness's lips, although restrained by natural modesty, it would not be strange if jealousy were shown to be one of the impelling causes. It is said that previous to his marriage the alleged Gabriel Conroy was a frequent visitor at the house of Miss Clark."

I venture to quote this extract, not so much for its suggestion of a still later theory in the last sentence, as for its poetical elegance, and as an offset to the ruder record of the "One Horse Gulch Banner," which I grieve to say was as follows:

"Sal was no slouch of a witness. Rigged out in ten yards of Briggs's best black glazed muslin, and with a lot of black mosquito netting round her head, she pranced round the stand like a skittish hearse horse in fly-time. If Sal calculates to go into the mourning for every man she has to sling hash to, we'd recommend her to buy up Briggs's stock and take one of Pat Hoolan's carriages for the season. There is a strong feeling among men whose heads are level that this Minstrel Variety Performance is a bluff of the 'Messenger' to keep from the public the real motives of the murder, which it is pretty generally believed concerns some folks a little higher-toned than Sal. We mention no names, but we would like to know what the editor of the 'Messenger' was doing in the counting-room of one of Pete Dumphy's emissaries, at 10 o'clock last evening. Looking up his bank account, eh? What's the size of the figures to-day? You hear us!"



At one o'clock that morning the editor of the "Messenger" fired at the editor of the "Banner," and missed him. At half-past one, two men were wounded by pistol shots in a difficulty at Briggs's warehouse—cause not stated. At nine o'clock, half a dozen men lounged down the main street and ascended the upper loft of Briggs's warehouse. In ten or fifteen minutes, a dozen or more from different saloons in the town, lounged as indifferently in the direction of Briggs's, until, at half-past nine, the assemblage in the loft numbered fifty men. During this interval a smaller party had gathered, apparently as accidentally and indefinitely as to purpose, on the steps of the little two-story brick court-house in which the prisoner was confined. At ten o'clock, a horse was furiously ridden into town, and dropped exhausted at the outskirts. A few moments later a man hurriedly crossed the plaza toward the court-house. It was Mr. Jack Hamlin. But the Three Voices had preceded him, and, from the steps of the court-house, were already uttering the popular mandate.

It was addressed to a single man. A man who, deserted by his *posse*, and abandoned by his friends, had for the last twelve hours sat beside his charge, tireless, watchful, defiant and resolute—Joe Hall, the Sheriff of Calaveras! He had been waiting for this summons, behind barricaded doors, with pistols in his belt, and no hope in his heart; a man of limited ideas and restricted resources, constant only to one intent—that of dying behind those bars in defence of that legal trust which his office, and an extra fifty votes at the election only two months before, had put in his hands. It had perplexed him for a moment that he heard the voices of some of these voters below him clamouring against him, but above their feeble pipe always rose another mandatory sentence, "We command you to take and safely keep the body of Gabriel Conroy;" and, being a simple man, the recollection of the quaint phraseology strengthened him and cleared his mind. Ah me, I fear he had none of the external marks of a hero; as I remember him, he was small, indistinctive, and fidgety, without the repose of strength; a man who at that extreme moment chewed tobacco and spat vigorously on the floor; who tweaked the ends of his scanty beard, paced the floor and tried the locks of his pistols.

Presently he stopped before Gabriel and said, almost fiercely, "You hear that? they're coming."

Gabriel nodded.

Two hours before, when the contemplated attack of the Vigilance Committee had been revealed to him, he had written a few lines to Lawyer Maxwell, which he intrusted to the sheriff. He had then relapsed into his usual tranquillity—serious, simple, and when

he had occasion to speak, diffident and apologetic.

"Are you going to help me?" continued Hall.

"In course," said Gabriel, in quiet surprise, "ef *you* say so. But dōn't ye do now't ez would be gettin' yourself into troubil along o' me. I ain't worth it. May be it 'ud be jest as square ef ye handed me over to them chaps out yer—allowin' I was a heap o' troubil to you—and reckonin' you'd about hed *your sheer* o' the keer o' me, and kinder passin' me round. But ef you *do* feel obligated to take keer o' me, ez hevin' promised the jedges and jury" (it is almost impossible to convey the gentle deprecatoriness of Gabriel's voice and accent at this juncture), "why," he added, "I am with ye. I'm thar! You understand me!"

He rose slowly, and with quiet but powerfully significant deliberation placed the chair he had been sitting on back against the wall. The tone and act satisfied the sheriff. The seventy-four-gun ship, Gabriel Conroy, was clearing the deck for action.

There was an ominous lull in the outcries below, and then the solitary lifting up of a single voice, the Potential Voice of the night before! The sheriff walked to a window in the hall and opened it. The besieger and besieged measured each other with a look. Then came the Homeric chaff:

"Git out o' that, Joe Hall, and run home to your mother. She's getting oneasy about ye!"

"The h—ll you say!" responded Hall, promptly, "and the old woman in such a hurry she had to borry Al Barker's hat and breeches to come here! Run home, old gal, and don't parse yourself off for a man agin!"

"This ain't no bluff, Joe Hall! Why don't ye call? Yer's fifty men; the returns are agin ye, and two precincts yet to hear from." (This was a double thrust: at Hall's former career as a gambler, and the closeness of his late election vote.)

"All right, send 'em up by express—mark 'em C. O. D." (The previous speaker was the expressman.)

"Blank you! Git!"

"Blank you! Come on!"

Here there was a rush at the door, the accidental discharge of a pistol, and the window was slammed down. Words ceased, deeds began.

A few hours before, Hall had removed his prisoner from the uncertain tenure and accessible position of the cells below to the open court-room of the second floor, inaccessible by windows, and lit by a skylight in the roof, above the reach of the crowd, whose massive doors were barricaded by benches and desks. A smaller door at the side, easily secured, was left open for reconnoitering. The approach to the court-room was by a narrow

stairway, half-way down whose length Gabriel had thrust the long court-room table as a barricade to the besiegers. The lower outer door, secured by the sheriff, after the desertion of his underlings, soon began to show signs of weakening under the vigorous battery from without. From the landing the two men watched it eagerly. As it slowly yielded, the sheriff drew back toward the side door and beckoned Gabriel to follow; but with a hasty sign Gabriel suddenly sprang forward, and dropped beneath the table as the door with a crash fell inward, beaten from its hinges. There was a rush of trampling feet to the stairway, a cry of baffled rage over the impeding table, a sudden scramble up and upon it, and then, as if on its own volition, the long table suddenly reared itself on end, and, staggering a moment, toppled backward with its clinging human burden, on the heads of the thronging mass below. There was a cry, a sudden stampede of the Philistines to the street, and Samson, rising to his feet, slowly walked to the side door, and re-entered the court-room. But at the same instant an agile besieger, who, unnoticed, had crossed the Rubicon, darted from his concealment, and dashed by Gabriel into the room. There was a shout from the sheriff, the door was closed hastily, a shot and the intruder fell. But the next moment he staggered to his knees, with outstretched hands, "Hold up! I'm yer to help ye!"

It was Jack Hamlin! haggard, dusty, grimly; his gay feathers bedraggled, his tall hat battered, his spotless shirt torn open at the throat, his eyes and cheeks burning with fever, the blood dripping from the bullet wound in his leg, but still Jack Hamlin, strong and audacious. By a common instinct both men dropped their weapons, ran and lifted him in their arms.

"There, shove that chair under me! that'll do," said Hamlin, coolly. "We're even now, Joe Hall; that shot wiped out old scores, even if it has crippled me, and lost ye my valuable aid! Dry up! and listen to me, and then leave me here! There's but one way of escape. It's up there!" (he pointed to the skylight); "the rear wall hangs over the Wingdam ditch and gully. Once on the roof, you can drop over with this rope, which you must unwind from my body, for I'm blanked if I can do it myself. Can you reach the skylight?"

"There's a step-ladder from the gallery," said the sheriff, joyously; "but won't they see us, and be prepared?"

"Before they can reach the gully by going round, you'll be half a mile away in the woods. But what in blank are you waitin' for? Go! You can hold on here for ten minutes more if they attack the same point; but if they think of the skylight and fetch ladders, you're gone in! Go!"

There was another rush on the staircase

without; the surging of an immense wave against the heavy folding doors, the blows of pick and crowbar, the gradual yielding of the barricade a few inches, and the splintering of benches by a few pistol-shots fired through the springing crevices of the doors. And yet the sheriff hesitated. Suddenly Gabriel stooped down, lifted the wounded man to his shoulder as if he had been an infant, and, beckoning to the sheriff, started for the gallery. But he had not taken two steps before he staggered and lapsed heavily against Hall, who, in his turn, stopped and clutched the railing. At the same moment the thunder of the besiegers seemed to increase; not only the door, but the windows rattled, the heavy chandelier fell with a crash, carrying a part of the plaster and the elaborate cornice with it; a shower of bricks fell through the skylight, and a cry, quite distinct from anything heard before, rose from without. There was a pause in the hall, and then the sudden rush of feet down the staircase, and all was still again. The three men gazed in each other's whitened faces.

"An earthquake," said the sheriff.

"So much the better," said Jack. "It gives us time. Forward!"

They reached the gallery and the little step-ladder that led to a door that opened upon the roof, Gabriel preceding with his burden. There was another rush up the staircase without the court-room, but this time there was no yielding in the door; the earthquake that had shaken the foundations and settled the walls, had sealed it firmly.

Gabriel was first to step out on the roof, carrying Jack Hamlin. But, as he did so, another thrill ran through the building, and he dropped on his knees to save himself from falling, while the door closed smartly behind him. In another moment the shock had passed, and Gabriel, putting down his burden, turned to open the door for the sheriff. But, to his alarm, it did not yield to his pressure; the earthquake had sealed it as it had the door below, and Joe Hall was left a prisoner.

It was Gabriel's turn to hesitate and look at his companion. But Jack was gazing into the street below.

Then he looked up and said, "We must go on now, Gabriel,—for—for *they've got a ladder!*"

Gabriel rose again to his feet and lifted the wounded man. The curve of the domed roof was slight; in the center, on a rough cupola or base, the figure of Justice, fifteen feet high, rudely carved in wood, towered above them with drawn sword and dangling scales. Gabriel reached the cupola and crouched behind it, as a shout arose from the street below that told he was discovered. A few shots were fired; one bullet imbedded itself in the naked blade of the goddess, and another with

cruel irony shattered the equanimity of her Balance.

"Unwind the cord from me," said Hamlin.

Gabriel did so.

"Fasten one end to the chimney or the statue."

But the chimney was leveled by the earthquake, and even the statue was trembling on its pedestal. Gabriel secured the rope on an iron girder of the skylight, and, crawling on the roof, dropped it cautiously over the gable. But it was several feet too short—too far for a cripple to drop. Gabriel crawled back to Hamlin.

"You must go first," he said quietly. "I will hold the rope over the gable. You can trust me."

Without waiting for Hamlin's reply, he fastened the rope under his arms and half-lifted, half-dragged him to the gable. Then, pressing his hand silently, he laid himself down and lowered the wounded man safely to the


ground. He had recovered the rope again, and, crawling to the cupola, was about to fasten the line to the iron girder, when something slowly rose above the level of the roof beyond him. The uprights of a ladder!

The Three Voices had got tired of waiting a reply to their oft reiterated question, and had mounted the ladder by way of forcing an answer at the muzzles of their revolvers. They reached the level of the roof, one after another, and again propounded their inquiry. And then, as it seemed to their awe-stricken fancy, the only figure there—the statue of Justice—awoke to their appeal. Awoke! leaned toward them; advanced its awful sword and shook its broken balance, and then, toppling forward, with one mighty impulse came down upon them, swept them from the ladder and silenced the Voices forever! And from behind its pedestal Gabriel arose, panting, pale, but triumphant.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## THE FALL OF KING AMADEO.

BY J. HEPWORTH DIXON.

 **T**HER causes helped, no doubt, but the more immediate cause of the King's fall was want of money: a perennial evil in the Calle de Alcala and in the Palace at Madrid.

My first object in going to Madrid in 1872 was to see Don Ruy Gomez, Minister of Finance, chief member of Zorilla's Government, and to learn by trial whether that gentleman could be induced, for the honour of his country, to put an end to the old system of swindling the foreign creditors of Spain.

Every one knows that Spain is a great borrower of money; everyone knows that London is a place where money is borrowed by emperors, kings, presidents, and ministers. In the last days of King Amadeo Spain owed about a hundred and sixty millions sterling to her foreign creditors: a very large portion of which she owed to her English bondholders. For several years that country has been using her creditors shabbily; failing to pay the interest on their debt, and laughing in their faces when they hinted that coupons were falling due. It is not to be expected that a man will love his creditor as himself, especially if he comes of proud and ancient stock, and his creditor is nothing more than a butcher, or baker, or candle-stick maker. Now, your Spanish hidalgo is a man of proud and ancient race, with a back as stiff as a column, and a pedigree as long as that of

Charles the Fifth. "Our obligations," he exclaims—your true hidalgo never speaks of debts—"are guaranteed by the honour of Spain." What more can money-lender want? Surely his savings must be safe with a hidalgo who can pledge the honour of such a land as Spain! He hands them over, and receives his dividends with a thankful heart—so long as they arrive. At length they fail. "What now?" he asks. "Ah, di me," replies the great hidalgo, "there has been a fire—a flood—a mutiny—a bad harvest—a cattle-plague; cash payments are deferred, but you can have your dividend paid in bonds." The lender gets annoyed. "Why don't you pay your debts in cash?" Hidalgo smiles in an unpleasant way. "Why, so I would, if I only knew where to borrow the money." But the lender has some weapons left. He forms a committee; he sends out a commissioner; he opens fire on the unpunctual Minister. Ministers are men, especially Ministers of Finance. Men may be baited as well as badgers. You can make his hole too hot. If his case is very bad, you may drive him into Ministerial suicide.

What happens when a Spanish Minister resigns? The Funds go down. There is a crisis in Madrid. Usually there is a rising in some sergeant's guard-room. Confidence in the ruling power is shaken; not unfrequently the edifice of cards comes rattling down. A

Ministry may be upset; a dynasty may be overthrown.

A knowledge of such facts is something of a weapon in your hand.

Alighting at the Fonda de Paris, you glance at the opposite balconies of the Minister of Finance with something like the feeling of a man who stands at the end of a train of powder, the firing of which will blow up a great fortress and decide the fate of a great empire.

My credentials began:—

October, 9th, 1872.

..... You have rendered such valuable aid by your counsel and co-operation on many matters of importance to public interests . . . that on learning that you are going to Madrid it is natural to ask your intervention with the Spanish Government. The moment is one that is critical with the Liberal party in Spain, to the progress of which you have been a well-wisher, and with the leaders of which you have great influence.

After this flourish came a long paragraph on the part which certain parties had taken before a committee of the Stock Exchange, and then followed a statement of the situation in Madrid as things were seen from the bondholder's point of view.

The Spanish Government has prepared certain measures for obtaining accommodation and assistance from the holders of the foreign debt, which are based on the convention entered into with the late Ministry. It is much to be regretted that the Ministers have not earlier put themselves in consultation with . . . because their propositions bear the appearance of too great assertion of the demands of Spain, and too little consideration for the concessions to be made by the national creditors, while the details have been adjusted with the financial establishment concerned in the new loan, which has naturally a greater disposition to regard its own exigencies than the wishes of the bondholders.

It is under these circumstances that your influence may be usefully exerted. . .

My main purpose was to serve the bondholders; but my clients were convinced that no other way remained of saving the dynasty.

On reaching Madrid I found the reign of King Amadeo drawing to a close. The King still rode in the Prado, smoked in the bull-ring, dined and slept in the Palace; but his friends seemed few in number, timid in expression, and of no great weight in the political scale. The Queen, a striking figure, with a lovely face, attended mass and gave her soul to acts of charity. She was admired, not loved. Her taste was fine, her life was pure. No one could say of her, as every one had said of Isabel, that she was "every inch a Spaniard." In the position of those royal personages there was something romantic and something grotesque. A young and gallant soldier, Amadeo had left the luxury and repose of Italy in answer to a call from General Prim. He had been told that an Italian prince, of gallant spirit and popular manners, might give a Catholic and yet a Liberal Government to Spain. On coming to Madrid he found the mangled body of his chief supporter at the gate. Without a pause he entered, putting

his life in the assassin's hands. His queen soon joined him in his lonely state. He dared the worst, riding about the streets without a guard—the aim of every bravo's knife and every fanatic's slug. Some people pitied him; still more admired him; but whether they pitied or admired him, they watched him only as a stranger, with the curiosity that might have been inspired by any other royal guest. "A nice young fellow—sits his horse well," you heard men mutter with approving nods. "When does he mean to leave?" All persons seemed to wish him well—and out of their way.

In the Puerto del Sol, in the Café Suiso, in the smoking-room of the Cortes, every one was talking of a change in public affairs. A mutiny had broken out in the fleet at Ferrol, and the royal troops had been repulsed in an attempt to storm the arsenal. Cadiz was expected to follow in the wake of Ferrol, and repeat the movement which had driven out Queen Isabel and carried Prim, Topete, and Serrano into power. Navarre was much disturbed. Don Carlos was supposed to be in Spain, though he had not yet announced his presence by a formal act. Catalonia was unsafe. A party of pious pilgrims, going from Manresa to the Virgin's shrine on Monserrat, were captured by a gang of ruffians and held to ransom, with no more sentiment than if the party had been a company of rich heretical Americans. Seville, Malaga, and Barcelona were excited. Clerical meetings were called in Burgos, and Republican assemblies in Valladolid. Worse sign of all, the capital was in a sullen and contemptuous mood. Persons who knew the revolutionary quarters of Madrid assured me that the smallest accident—the explosion of a pistol, the arrest of a cabman—might suffice at any hour to send up barricades. If barricades ran up, the King might be taken prisoner—and the ghost of Emperor Maximilian stood before our eyes!

The first necessity of King Amadeo was a loan. In trying to negotiate that loan with foreign bankers and contractors, Don Ruy Gomez, Minister of Finance, was fighting for his place as well as for his King.

No Minister of Finance has ever yet been able to satisfy Spain, for she demands a service at his hands which is hardly to be achieved by human wit. She asks her Minister to rob her creditor and yet preserve her credit! She requires a man who, while she stops the payment of her dividends in either whole or part, will keep intact the power of making further loans! It is a trick, she thinks, this matter of procuring loans and squaring dividends—and from her semi-oriental nature she believes in wizards, medicine-men, and other charlatans who profess the art of doing tricks.

A minister presents a budget highly favour-



able to the State. Hurrah! Up go all caps—for him. The foreigner is done!—the Minister is a man. A loan will set things right, and give that medicine-man a lease of power! Then comes the rub. No one will lend a cent. Why not? The Spaniards, on attempting to borrow money, find they have forfeited the confidence of every one who owns a dollar, and instead of getting money they are maddened by abuse and persecuted by duns. Once more they see the trick has failed; but their belief in tricks remains. The trick, they say, was not well done, and so they fail to get the cash. Then, in their anger, they kick the unsuccessful humbug out of office, and engage some other charlatan to make and deal the cards afresh.

When Amadeo entered Spain the foreign debt was placed, on the honour of Spain, under the solemn guarantee of the new monarchical constitution. What more could man—and money-lender—want? Honour of Spain, and guarantee of the new monarchical constitution! Some Governments, such as Turkey and Russia, had pledged special revenues, and Governments in general pledge the national credit, as security for the national debt; but what King before Amadeo had ever thought of pledging the "honour" and the "constitution" of his country for the payment of her dividends?

Don Ruy Gomez reigned in a great palace in the Calle de Alcala. Ministers in Spain are nobly lodged; soft carpets, gilded chambers, select chairs, obsequious servitors on every side. In an ante-room to the Minister's cabinet sat an aged clerk, serenely smoking a cigarette. He raised his eyes, and nodded at my companion, a deputy, who had more than once held a portfolio. "You know that person?" asked the deputy. "No; he is a secretary perhaps?" "Hush!" the deputy whispered in my ear, "he is the Minister of Finance. For many years he has framed the budgets. Isabel or Amadeo is the same to him. Moderato or Progressisto is the same to him. Every Minister employs him, for nobody else understands the public accounts." We turned to look at him as a messenger passed into the cabinet with our cards. In answer to some hints of mine the deputy added: "In three days that person will make you a budget to order—well arranged, neatly written, fit to present, and above the reach of criticism. You merely say, according to your party needs, Make me a budget showing a deficit; make me a budget showing a balance: in a few hours you have his labour on your desk."

As I stepped into the Ministerial sanctum I thought of some accounts I had once seen in Cairo, and whispered to myself that the old saw is true—Africa begins at the Pyrenees. Don Ruy was bland and sweet, with the air of Ismail Pasha when the astute Egyptian wants to negotiate a loan.

Don Ruy's budget had been laid before the Cortes and well received, for he had taken care to cut out his predecessor, Comacho, by giving to his treatment of the outer debt an appearance of his having thoroughly spoiled the foreigner. A new loan had been arranged with the Banque de Paris and the Banque des Pays-Bas; but the success of this new loan was likely to turn very much on the fact of his getting the assent of my clients, the foreign creditors, to the proposal in his budget. Here I held some of his cards and was a factor in his game.

My mission had two parts: first to prevent, if possible, the Minister from taxing the foreign debt; second, to obtain an equitable payment of the dividends on that debt.

Taxing foreign creditors for the benefit of Spain was and is a favourite idea with Financial Ministers in Madrid. They look on their debt as so much property, and want to tax a deficit as though it were an asset. That is the oriental way. My introduction said on this point:—"You will see on perusal of the budget that it fails in many essentials. Thus the controversy, which so seriously affected confidence in Spain, having regard to an attempt to tax external bonds, the exemption is only expressed by an incidental reference to the liability of internal bonds. There must be a clear and unequivocal expression and acceptance of the public financial law of the world as to the non-liability to taxation of external bonds."

On this point I had no great trouble with his excellency. What I had to press for was a promise, not an act, and promises are easily made in oriental Spain. After ten minutes' debate Don Ruy gave me a clear and strong assurance that no attempt should ever again be made to tax the foreign bondholders. Don Ruy is a bold man; since he answered, not only for himself, but for his successors in office. Like Mr. Lowe at the Exchequer, he was then quite confident of being his "own successor." The new monarchical constitution had placed the foreign debt under the protection of the honour of Spain. "I will maintain that principle," said his excellency, with fervour; "nay, I will proclaim it in the Cortes!" Well, his promise, as I felt, was something gained. Don Ruy might, or might not, be his own successor. Spanish Ministers of Finance, like Turkish Ministers of Finance, rarely stay in office more than five or six months. His words would hardly bind himself, much less another man. Yet, seeing that the world goes on by yea and nay, it was something to have got from him a plain declaration of principle. (Let me add, as something to the good account, that this promise has been kept. Since that day Spain has had to pass through many fires, but she has never threatened to



renew her tax on the foreign debt. Perhaps her self-denial springs from the fact of her being unable to pay her dividends in cash!)

Amadeo had pledged the constitution, so that the security for his foreign debt was now as solid as his throne!

While I was staying at the Fonda de Paris, in daily intercourse with Don Ruy, an incident occurred which made most men merry, and a few men grave. Those who were nearest to the King, I noticed, laughed with a peculiar dropping of the chin. They hardly



THE FIRST STITCH.—SEE MISCELLANEA.

seemed to like the joke. On the doorsteps of the new palace of the new Constitutional Cortes crouched two new lions. They were meant as symbols; from the royal mane down to the pert and defiant tail. Cast in solid

and enduring metal, these royal beasts, the representatives of kingly power, were placed at the entrance of the chamber as guardians of the new constitutional monarchy. One morning every passer by observed that one



of these bronze royalties had lost his tail. Some wags had come upon him in the night, had taken him at a disadvantage, and had shorn him of his hinder part. What food for party sarcasm! What is the Cortes without its lion? What is the lion without its tail? Courtiers were in despair. An officer of the household ran to sculptors and metalcasters. Let the royal symbol be repaired, the purloined tail restored. Madrid, a grave and sober town, was ringing with merriment. But how was courtier to repair his loss? A lion's tail is part of the lion. To cast a tail, you must cast the whole animal; but in a city like Madrid the casting of a big bronze lion is a work of time. The Cortes could not wait for a new lion to be cast. A tail must be got at once, and soldered to the mutilated beast. The sculptor laughed, the courtier winced; the situation being too comic, and the application of the whole parable to King Amadeo too plain. But the true irony lay in the facts, and could not be put out of sight. A tail was made and soldered on; but the effect was far from happy in a political sense. If you cannot unfire a gun, neither can you smooth away the ripple of a jest. When people have begun to laugh, a lion with a soldered tail is just as funny in their eyes as a lion without a tail. Let the royal beast attempt to whisk a fly from his nose! For days you could not name the Constitutional Cortes in society without provoking shouts of mirth—that cynical laughter that consumes like fire.

On every hand the constitutional monarchy of Amadeo was said to be that lion with a soldered tail.

My second object was to induce Don Ruy to adopt an honest method of paying the foreign dividends. The proposal of his budget was to pay these dividends in full: partly in cash and partly by fresh bonds. He was to pay—

Two-thirds of the amount in cash,

One-third of the amount in Spanish stock.

This proposal had been accepted in principle by the English bondholders, but there was a detail in the Spanish budget to resist. Don Ruy meant to pay his "third" in stock at fifty, when the market price of that stock was only thirty. Here was *his* trick, by which he hoped to cheat the foreigners and gratify the Spaniards. My instructions were precise—

The proposition to pay the one-third of the dividends in Three per Cent. stock at a fictitious price is, of course, exposed to severe criticism and reflection. The offer of stock worth thirty at the price of fifty is nothing but a form of bankruptcy injurious to the Government and the bondholders.

I asked Don Ruy to do his country a service and the bondholders an act of justice by paying the "third" in stock at the market price. He was annoyed at these proposals,

all the more as they had been his own proposals in the previous year before he accepted office as a Minister. I took from my pocket a copy of the "Diario de las Sesiones de Cortes," and showed him a report of one of his own speeches, not yet ten months old, in which he had told the Cortes, as an independent deputy, that if he were Finance Minister he would begin the great reform of Spanish credit by acknowledging the sacred obligation of the foreign debt, and paying the interest on that debt in full.

"All that was spoken from the Opposition benches," he replied, quite coolly, as if that were all that need be said. Unhappily, such language is familiar to a Spaniard. When Rivero entered office as Minister of the Interior he was pledged to abolish the conscription. He forgot his pledge, and when his friend Figueras taunted him in the Chamber with being false to his principles, he answered that speaking as a deputy was one thing, speaking as a Minister another thing, and that the conscription could not be abolished!

There is a part of this little history of my negotiations in Madrid that cannot yet be written down. "The Banque de Paris writes to me," said Don Ruy, "that I should be a fool to pay the 'third' at market price, since we might as well pay the whole in cash. In fact, they offer to buy the bonds—in other words, to lend me the money—at market price. Why then should I give way?" Other people had reasons of their own for compromise; and Don Ruy, who had agents in London, regular and irregular, persuaded some of the English holders to accept his terms—for fear of having to submit the worse. I draw the veil here, as I drew it in Madrid. Don Ruy smiled as we shook hands in the Calle de Alcalá. He thought he had won his trick and saved the dynasty of his choice!

That afternoon I went to the bull-ring with a member of his Government. It was the last performance of the year; an extra bull and four or five extra horses were to be gored and stabbed to death. The King was present. Ladies with pedigrees going back to Scipio graced the sport. The "fancy" of Madrid strolled in and out among the corridors, clicking their paper fans, ogling the pretty girls, and jerking their cheap cigars into the arena. Fierce sun shone overhead; bravely the bulls turned on their adversaries. One man was badly hurt—the bull-ring echoed with applause. A maddened animal broke the barriers, knocking down two or three policemen. Everyone was radiant. For five minutes the King was almost popular; but the weather turned against him, and he was lost again. While the sport was not half finished drops of rain began to fall—first drops, then showers, then floods. Ten minutes served to fill the arena with as

many inches of water. All the finery was spoiled. Ladies crept into corridors; matadores ran under shelter; and the deserted bull, with eight or ten barbs in his flesh, stood bellowing in his pain and fury, as the deluge smote his head and swelled about his knees. In agony, the Mayor announced the closing of the ring, on which King Amadeo left the royal box without a cheer. With slow and sullen steps the crowd dispersed. "God grant that it may pour like this till night," said the Minister sadly, as we drove into the town; "if not, there may be fighting in the streets."

Don Ruy passed his budget and proposed his loan. The monarchy hung on that loan, but the "compromise" effected by his too clever agents in London had destroyed the confidence of lenders, and his contract with the French and Netherlands banks led to nothing. The issue failed.

One evening I was leaning on the balcony of my hotel, looking down on the excited crowd in the Puerto del Sol, when I heard a cry as of a pedlar vending broadsides, followed by shouts of laughter and contempt. At first I thought the man was selling bills of the play, the singing-room, or the bull-ring; but on listening with a closer ear I caught the ominous words—"Who will assassinate the

stranger?" "Stranger!" I repeated to myself, "that means the King! Have we already reached this pass, that pedlars can ask for the King's assassination in the Puerto del Sol, under the eyes of his guards, Ministers, and his police?" I stepped into the square, and bought a copy of the broadside for a couple of cents. It was a serious, not a comic, paper. On the following day I mentioned the fact to an ambassador in Madrid. He, too, had heard the pedlar's cry, and bought a copy of his paper in the crowd—as an extraordinary illustration of the times. The sale was carried on so impudently, that when a policeman came nigh, the pedlar only moved across the square and gathered up another crowd, who bought his wares and treated his defiance of authority as an excellent joke.

The lion of the constitutional monarchy seemed to have lost his teeth as well as his tail.

Don Ruy's loan having failed, the Minister retired from office, a discredited and broken medicine-man. The Cabinet of Zorilla could not stand without Don Ruy's loan, and when King Amadeo found himself with an empty treasury, and without a Ministry, he took the train to Portugal, escaping his imperial cousin's fate.

—*The Gentleman's Magazine.*

## LITTLE BOBBY.

A SKETCH IN PARIS.

"WELL, sir, I am glad to meet you here," said Mr. Armstead.

"Ha, ha! thanks, thanks, thanks very much, thanks," muttered Mr. Airey in reply. Mr. Airey had but lately arrived in Paris from Bond Street, Mr. Armstead from Beacon Street. The Londoner had run against the Bostonian at the corner of the Rue de la Paix.

"Are you going my way?" asked Mr. Airey, lightly.

"I am at your service, sir," said Mr. Armstead, with a courteous motion of the hand. As they moved along the broad pavement, the Englishman entertained his friend with a thousand remarks on men and things. Paris always loosed his tongue; for while he tasted with delight the gaiety and sparkle of the place, he found at the same time much solid food for the moralist. When he was moralising, he felt that he was doing his duty. And so with sense gratified and conscience in repose, a pleasant sun above him, and a good listener by his side, the sprightly gentle-

man would comment for hours on the frivolity of the Parisians. When he had brought to an end a nimble discourse on the probable haunts and customs of a passing *Petit-gras*, he found that for the moment he was without another subject on which to dilate. So turning to his companion, like an amiable social Inquisitor, he asked, "Now what do you find to do with yourself in Paris?"

Mr. Armstead, whose share in the conversation had consisted of occasional solemn bows of acknowledgment, now coughed, meditated for some moments, and then answered thoughtfully, "Well, I come down town and I walk around."

"But surely," cried the other, "for a man of your active habits—why, my dear Colonel Armstead, I——"

"Pardon me for interrupting you, but drop the colonel, if *you* please."

Mr. Airey was vastly astonished. "I beg your pardon—I beg your pardon," he said, "but surely—why I always thought that you Americans were particularly fond of military titles."

"Well, sir, we have had some pretty serious killing lately, and some of us don't take quite so humorous a view of the profession as we did when it was confined to Indians and Mexicans."

"But still it is the custom in England and everywhere for a man who has served to keep his title. And you, who where distinguished—you surprise me, you surprise me very much."

Mr. Armstead acknowledged the compliment by bending his head and slightly waving his right hand. After a pause, during which his companion watched him with much curiosity, he said, "It was found that there was a certain awkwardness in sending out your superior officer for a bag of nails or a 2-cent stamp."

Mr. Airey felt that like a second Columbus he had discovered a new America. This novel and interesting specimen must be drawn out, to be afterwards described and commented upon at all his clubs. He assumed an insinuating manner as he asked the leading question, "How do you like Paris?" Mr. Armstead took time to reply. "I like it," he said; "but I fear there is a little too much of the New Englander in my composition."

"And a capital good thing too," observed the other encouragingly.

"The Pilgrim Fathers would not have appeared to advantage on the Boulevards."

"Certainly not. And yet your countrymen are, as a rule—are they not?—devoted to Paris. You know, of course, the saying, 'Good Americans when they die go to Paris,' eh?"

The Bostonian bowed gravely at the quotation. "Some like it," he said, and added profoundly after a pause, "The American in Paris is too often a Parisian hampered by morality."

The Englishman would doubtless have commented at some length on this remark; but his eye was at the moment caught by something which would serve him even better for a text. Above a large window, which was modestly covered by muslin curtains, appeared the name and title of Madame Lalouette Ex-lère de M—. Over the name of the gentleman who had had the honour of employing Madame Lalouette, a piece of blank paper was carefully pasted. "Look, look!" cried Mr. Airey, in great excitement; "just look at the woman's ingenuity. She must have been threatened with legal proceedings, don't you see? So she sticks up that paper, which blots out the cause of offence, while it catches every eye and appeals to every imagination. 'Sophie, my child,' says one woman, 'of whom was this Madame Lalouette the Première?' 'For me I cannot conceive,' says the other; 'but Madame de Corsaye is sure to know.' So they rush off to a third lady, and the milliner is advertised all over Paris by a single square of blank paper. It is magnificent!"

Here Mr. Airey paused for breath, and was

straightway thrilled by the delightful consciousness of having been unusually brilliant.

"I know it," said Mr. Armstead; "Mr. Blank is an excruciating mystery to women, like the veiled prophet of Khorassan."

"Ha, ha! capital! capital! and, by Jove! she is a clever woman. Just look at that other dodge!"

"I have observed it," said the American. The large window of the ingenious *artiste* was draped with muslin, as if the mysteries of La Mode were sacred as those of the Bona Dea; but at one side of the window was placed a tall sheet of looking-glass, some two feet wide. While the two friends were gazing at the temple of fashion, the one bubbled over with remarks on the pretty ingenuity of French women, the other watched them in silence as they passed that looking-glass. He remembered a method of snaring birds by like means, and smiled grimly. One lady just touched her bonnet in front, another her braids behind. One stopped and deliberately arranged the lace at the throat, another glanced hurriedly at the glass and then darted across the road a mute defiance of the observer. Even a bonnetless work-girl caught a look, as she slipped back to her work; and a large nurse, whose beauty was no more than health and amiability, shifted her small burden tenderly, while she laid some large fingers on the crisp border of her cap. The two gentlemen were still staring across the street, when a tiny brougham drove quickly up to the veiled window.

"Who is she? who can she be?" cried Mr. Airey, and added in a breath, "upon my word, remarkably pretty. One can see in a moment the French woman of the world—grace, elegance, wit." "It is my wife," said Mr. Armstead, drily. The Englishman was overwhelmed with confusion: "I beg your pardon—I beg your pardon; I had no idea, I——"

"Won't you allow me the pleasure of presenting you to Mrs. Armstead?"

"Thanks, thanks; delighted, I'm sure. But do you think we may go in—two men, you know?"

"I am not afraid for myself," said the Bostonian.

The front room of Madame Lalouette was tenanted only by gowns, erect upon wire frames. "Dress-extenders, eh?" said Mr. Airey. "Average women," observed Mr. Armstead; but there was a twinkle in his eye which softened the severity of his remark. From an inner apartment, which was seen through open folding-doors, came the rattle of two shrill French voices, one voluble in the language of the country, the other almost equally effective in a mixture of French and fantastic English. They were the voices of Madame Lalouette and of "Mees," so called in the establishment in recognition of her almost miraculous know-



ledge of our barbarous language. The double stream of persuasion, declamation, and exclamation was occasionally interrupted by a third voice, high but not loud, and with a very pleasant pronunciation of French. Evidently the lady was not yet satisfied, for her tone was a little pathetic. Mr. Airey hung back in alarm; but Mr. Armstead, courteously waving him forward, stalked through the open doors with the unruffled calm of a Red Indian. "Prudence," he said, "will you permit me to present to you my friend, Mr. Airey?"

"I am afraid, I really am awfully afraid that I am intruding here," said the polite Englishman.

"Why, no," said the lady, with a slight delay on each word to emphasise her negative; and she added, "you can help me to choose a winter jacket. Do you like that?" and she pointed to a garment, which was floating up and down the room on a most elegant young person, who had risen in life by the remarkable fall in her back.

"Charming, charming! upon my word exceedingly pretty!"

"Which do you mean?" asked the lady, demurely. Mr. Airey was delighted. These little American women have so much self-possession and so much spirit. They are so friendly without being fast. His heart warmed to her, as it does to all pretty women. He enjoys their society, as he delights in Paris. In their presence he feels himself kindled to wit: when they are gone, he will moralise on them by the hour. He is ever ready "to break a comparison or two" on a charming lady. "It must be a strange life," he observed, lowering his voice, "this sweeping up and down and bending of the body under other people's jackets."

"My figure is my fortune," remarked Mr. Armstead, who was standing very upright by his wife, and staring at the gliding garment.

"Why, it must be delightful!" exclaimed Mrs. Armstead. "Only fancy being always sure to have on the very latest thing!"

"Good gracious! how frivolous!" thought Mr. Airey.

"It is evident that I must go to my banker," said the lady's husband. "Shall I have the pleasure of your company, sir, or do you remain among the jackets?"

The lady looked an invitation prettily.

"How charming!" thought Mr. Airey; and he said, "I think, if Mrs. Armstead will allow me, I will stop and put her into her carriage." The lady smiled, and her husband stalked off alone to his banker. The Englishman now bloomed into talk with so much sprightliness and vivacity, that Madame Lalouette was reduced to a fixed smile of appreciation, and Mees could no longer display her unique power of language. Mrs. Armstead rewarded her ca-

valier with occasional smiles and nods, while she gave her undivided attention to the business before her. She liked a prattle at her ear, and had the rare gift of seeming to understand it.

Having finally decided how the jacket was to be cut, how it was to be decorated, and what it was to cost, she became light-hearted, and for conversation's sake began to babble of her doubts. She wondered if she had chosen right. Did he think that the shape would go with the latest gowns? Was it too heavy? Was it not too light? Would it be *very* becoming? To all these questions she waited for no answer, but stepped daintily into her brougham. Then she gave the gentleman some fingers beautifully gloved through the window, and said smiling, "I have half a mind to go back and countermand it. Would you be so good as to tell me the time? Thank you so much. How late! And I have forgotten little Bobby's medicine again. I guess I won't go back about the jacket. Home!" Thereupon she was swept away, leaving Mr. Airey with his hat in his hand. He stood holding his hat and staring after the carriage, until a fat French lady of fashion pushed him off the pavement, while her little darling of a dog ran between his legs. Having unwound himself from the animal's chain, and murmured an apology to its owner, Mr. Airey put on his hat and heaved a sigh. "I have forgotten little Bobby's medicine again!" he repeated, as he moved away. "And they talk of the frivolity of French women! Poor little Bobby!" This moralist has a tender heart, and delights to exercise it. Pathetic were the pictures which he conjured up of the little innocent. He thought of Tiny Tim and little Paul Dombey. He fancied the sick child lying like a faded flower on his small bed, and lisping blessings on his mother, whose whole mind was concentrated on the choice of a winter jacket. She had forgotten the medicine *again*. How often had she forgotten it? Perhaps for months that little blighted child had been sighing for the lively tonic, or the dark-brown cod-liver oil; but the hand which should have administered the draught, whilst its fellow smoothed the pillow of the sufferer, was poising bonnets or fingering fringes. Perhaps at that moment poor little Bobby was looking his last look into his mother's eyes, and whispering, "Never mind, mother, it's too late. I shan't want the physic now. You may take it all yourself." "But this is weakness," said Mr. Airey to himself, as he found the tears in his eyes. He went home like a man bent on discharging a duty, and springing light as a French thinker from the particular to the general, wrote in his diary, "American women have even less feeling than Parisian."

A week passed, and Mr. Airey had not called

upon his Boston acquaintances. It was no small sacrifice. Had anyone ever told him that he was in love with a married woman, his neatly-arranged hair would have risen and betrayed the thin places. Nevertheless, on some of those platforms which in countless number lie between the abyss of love and the heights of sublime indifference, the estimable gentleman moved with ease and grace. The pleasure which he felt in the society of a charming woman was, to some extent, unlike that which he derived from the conversation of his maiden aunt or his former tutor. The unlike element, whatever it may be, never troubled his conscience; but when he was forced to disapprove of an attractive woman, he manfully resisted his inclination for her company. He resisted his tendency to call upon the Armsteads for a full week. "Unmothered mother!—heartless, pitiless!" he frequently repeated to himself, recalling the words of *Telemachus*, and thereby raising himself to a heroic elevation. Yet he was decidedly bored. He had walked daily on the Boulevard des Capucines, the Rue de la Paix, the Rue de Rivoli, and the Champs Elysées. He had stared into all the chocolate-shops, and gaped at the allegorical works of Rubens in the Louvre. He had moralised before the ruins of the Tuileries, and had scanned with approval that costly triumph of indigestible gingerbread, distant cousin of our own Albert Memorial, the new Opera-House. He had laughed under protest at M. Lecocq's last opera, and stared with blank amazement at the newest social problem of M. Dumas—a problem on the immediate solution of which the existence of society evidently depended, while he and the majority of mankind had been completely ignorant of its existence. Mr. Airey was bored; but still he would not yield. It is strange, if we consider his fixed determination, that he remembered the Armstead's number so clearly; yet more strange that on the eighth day after their former meeting he had his hand on the bell of their apartment. Perhaps he went to moralise, perhaps to offer medicine. The door was opened by a French maid, who was crying in a most becoming fashion. The visitor's imagination was roused. "Is it Bobby?" he gasped. She nodded prettily. She could not speak for weeping. She led the way into the first room; and after a moment's hesitation he followed her. The sight which he beheld was indeed surprising. On the table stood a bottle of physic, and by it the most delicate of sweet-breads untasted. Mr. Armstead, his somewhat rugged face softened by emotion, was bending like a breech-loader with the charge withdrawn, over a comfortable sofa. Opposite to him was his wife, who had sunk upon the floor, and with tears pouring down her cheeks was soothing the little sufferer. The little

sufferer! Between husband and wife, propped by the softest pillows, draped by the softest shawls, important and deeply conscious of his importance, reclined the prince of pugs. Mr. Armstead came forward. "How do you do, sir?" he said, "I hoped that you were the physician. Have you any acquaintance with the maladies of dogs?" "None whatever," said Mr. Airey, tartly; "and indeed I am glad to see that you can interest yourself in a dog at such a moment." "At such a moment," repeated the other slowly. "When little Bobby," began the Englishman, visibly affected. "Why, sir, this is little Bobby."

At the sound of his name, uttered in that measured tone which he knew so well, the sufferer turned a plaintive eye upon the intruder. "Behold how the great-minded suffer," he seemed to say. His skin was so loose, that it would have been well had an accomplished workwoman gathered it in at his waist. His coat was stary, and his tail, that sign of his nobility, uncurled. The lines about his ebon visage were deepened by illness. The face told of suffering, but of a certain pride in the interest which it excited. The large dark eye was turned upon Mr. Airey, but awoke no pity in his breast. That he should have expended a whole week's sentiment upon a sick dog! As well sit down in the ditch with the great Mr. Sterne to lament over a dead donkey. "I think I had better go," said the moralist, with a glance at Mrs. Armstead. "I am afraid that my wife is not equal to conversation at present. I trust that we shall have the pleasure of seeing you under happier circumstances." "Ah, thanks, I'm sure, ah," murmured the visitor, and he glanced again at the lady. She was wholly unconscious of his presence. She was holding the limp right hand of the patient in her own, and was bathing it with her tears. Mr. Airey departed abruptly.

The next morning, as the moralist was toying with his breakfast, and meditating fitfully on the New England character, a curious note was brought to him. It was shaped like a fan. He opened it with a sniff of scorn. "Another novelty!" he exclaimed testily. "Our mustard-pots are made like beer-jugs; we shall soon have beer-jugs in the shape of baths, and baths disguised as hansom cabs. Marvellous powers of invention truly!" He spread out the sham fan, and read the nimble-pointed characters:—

"DEAR MR. AIREY,—How you must have wondered at my strange conduct yesterday! I was in the deepest despair, and quite unfit to receive *anybody*. To-day all looks bright again. The dear doctor came soon after you left. He is reckoned *very* clever, and attends the dogs of the best people in Paris of all

parties. The favourite hound of the Duc d'Aumerle, La Marquise de Baldefée's famous spaniels (of course you remember M. Casimir's brilliant *mot*), and M. Baretta's new poodle *Fraternité*, are among his patients. He says that our little Bobby has no serious malady, but recommends a warmer climate. So we start at once for the south, and shall winter at Nice. I should prefer the Nile, but hear that the boats are so irritating for dogs. Will you do me a great favour, and send me some cleansing tablets when you go back to London? I would not trouble you, but they are

invaluable for Bobby's skin. My husband is in despair at having to leave without returning your visit. Perhaps we may meet somewhere in the South.—Very cordially yours,  
PRUDENCE ARMSTEAD."

"I buy tablets for that curl!" cried Mr. Airey. "Well, I suppose I shall," he added. He could eat no more breakfast. He took down his diary, and wrote in it with the air of one who fulfills an important duty—"American women are absurdly over-sensitive."

—*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.*

## A NEW WORLD IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

IN TWO PARTS.

### PART II.

WHEN Lieutenant Cameron had finished his exploration of Lake Tanganyika, he started from Ujiji in May 1874, and between that date and November 1875 made his wonderful tramp to the Atlantic, through regions in most parts of which the foot of white man had never trodden. He was fortunate enough to be well received by King Kasonga, whom he ascertained to be the most powerful native chief in that part of Afrika. When the narrative of his travels appears, written by his own hand, it will, perhaps, be illustrated with drawings from his own pencil; but meanwhile it is pleasant to know that some of his sketches had been sent to the *Illustrated London News*, and have been engraved in the pages of that periodical.

These sketches are valuable, inasmuch as they give an insight into the manners and customs of a nation now introduced to us for the first time. In one we see the dress levée of King Kasonga of Urua, when he formally received Lieutenant Cameron. Lesser chiefs prostrated themselves before the great man, each giving his dagger or short sword to be held by an attendant. The official executioner, with axe in hand, stood ready for immediate work. Kasonga wore a European dress-coat, purchased from traders on the west coast, and a shirt, but no trousers! A long straight feather was stuck in the top-knot of his twisted hair. Two Amazons of his body-guard, in very airy costume, and armed each with an axe, stood near him; like the king Dahomey, he has a *penchant* for a guard of lady-soldiers. All, men and women alike, had droll little apologies for pigtails at the back of the head. On another occasion, Cameron

met a native wedding-party. The dusky bride was lifted as high as possible on the shoulders of a stalwart man, and upheld there by another; they jumped or danced about in a grotesque way, to the music of a kind of kettle-drum thumped with the fist, and a sort of double pipe (such as has been known in Africa and the East ever since the old classical days). The assembled friends shewed the bride to the bridegroom, and congratulated him on the occasion. The costumes—well, there was not much to speak of. A third sketch presents to us an Urua medicine-man, peripatetic doctor, or conjuring priest, clad in grotesque pomp of attire, with his implements of mystification, and followed by his servitors.

King Kasonga appears to be a good sort of fellow, as African princes go; nevertheless, he does a little more in slave-catching and slave-trading than is creditable. All our travellers in these African regions, however, agree that the Arab and Portuguese dealers—the former hailing from the east coast and the latter from the west—intensify the evil by encouraging it; and Cameron speaks of a certain Portuguese half-caste named Coimbra as being the worst of the lot. The lieutenant met a slave-gang of fifty or sixty wretched women, bearing on their heads heavy loads of plunder they had been forced to bring from the despoiled and destroyed villages. These poor creatures were all that were left out of five or six hundred, the rest having been killed in the villages, or starved in the jungle. All were roped together, some carrying their miserable infants at their back; while the whip of a slave-driver urged forward those who were nearly exhausted with fatigue. These unhappy women were sent, not to the coast, but to various parts of the interior, where

they were exchanged for ivory, black for white. On another occasion, Cameron sketched a dance of warriors, at a place rejoicing in the name of Kiwakasongo; the wild antics of the blacks, incited by the beating of drums, and encouraged by the admiring plaudits of the ladies, were not a little amusing. A clay idol, seen by him at Bwarwé, was a most unlovely monster, shaded under a thatched roof, where the worshippers bent lowly before him. Cameron came upon a native family changing their abode, or "flitting;" the men and women bore on their heads bundles of household chattels, and a gourd as a cooking-pot; one of the men carried a child on his head in a flat tray, just as a baker would carry home a hot joint of meat from the bakehouse; but for the most part the women carried the bantlings in a peculiar manner at the bottom of the back. One interesting scene that met his view was a lake dwelling, very similar to those constructed by the natives in Borneo and New Guinea, and now believed to have been well known to ancient nations in an early stage of their civilisation. This dwelling, on Lake Mokeya, was elevated on twenty poles, and consisted simply of a living-room covered with a thatched roof: the ascent was made by climbing up a notched pole at one end; a boat, moored beneath, gave the inmates the means of communication with the shore.

Amid such scenes as these, Cameron trudged on. If obstacles barred his direct course, he turned to the right or the left, as the case might be, but still kept his face as nearly as practicable towards the setting sun. His journey was greatly prolonged by these detours. The number of rivers he crossed is almost incredible; he fully ascertained, as our explorers generally have anticipated, that equatorial Africa, instead of being a sterile sandy desert, is one of the best watered regions in the world, possessing immense capabilities for the future. Of course he was robbed, time after time; African travellers mostly are. While going round Lake Tanganyika (after his Livingstone search had merged into an independent series of explorations), he had at first thirty loads of stores, each a burden for one man; but by the time he had circumnavigated the lake, he had only four left, having lost six-and-twenty. Most of his men were by this time unnecessary to him; he would have had to feed them, without needing them as porters. He sent back to Zanzibar all he could dispense with, and started on his great journey westward, relying on the power of purchase to bring him the necessary supplies. Some parts of his trudge were terrible, through long grass twelve feet high, and thicker in stem than a man's finger. He had great difficulty in procuring food. The natives at one spot, who had never before seen a white man, could

not conceive of any Peaceful object such a traveller could have in view; they suspected him of slave-hunting and village-plundering schemes, and tried to keep him off by violence. Firmness and conciliation worked upon them; they abandoned their apprehensions, and sold him food in exchange for beads, cowries, and such other substitutes for money as he could produce. Looking at the route on Mr. Ravenstein's temporary map (prepared under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society from the traveller's excellent and numerous determinations of latitude and longitude), we see how Cameron was driven by circumstances to change his course repeatedly. First, north-west from Lake Tanganyika to Nyangwé; then (being interrupted by hostile manifestations) nearly due south to Kilemba, and south-west to Kisenga, crossing a multitude of rivers, and passing near lakes known by unpronounceable names. Obstacles too great for him to overcome prevented him, time after time, from reaching the coast at the point where the river Congo enters the Atlantic; then he tried to reach the coast at Loando, in the district of Angola; again frustrated, he pushed farther south, and at length had the pleasure of seeing the wide-spreading waters of the Atlantic at Benguela—the first white man who, entering Africa from Zanzibar on the east, had traversed the whole breadth of the continent.

One who is well entitled to express an opinion in the matter, Sir Henry Rawlinson, President of the Royal Geographical Society, evidently looks forward to a great future for Central Africa—dependent on the gradual lessening of the atrocious slave-trade. On the evening devoted to the special reception of Lieutenant Cameron, Sir Henry remarked: "With regard to the political results of his journey, he has discovered a new political distribution of power in the centre of Africa, of which we knew absolutely nothing before. We had not so much as ever heard the name of the great chief Kasonga, who appears to be the most important potentate in equatorial Africa. Ascertaining the power of this chief is a most important element in the future of this part of Africa; for whatever negotiations or measures may be adopted in future with regard to the suppression of the slave-trade, will have to be mainly carried into effect through the operation of this great chief." So much for political or international relations; nor did the trading aspect of the subject escape Sir Henry Rawlinson's attention. "I may also remind you that there are commercial results of these discoveries of Lieutenant Cameron. He has for the first time established the fact, that at this great mart Nyangwé, or in the vicinity, the trade-routes from the east and west coasts of Africa unite in a common centre: the Portuguese half-caste traders from the west coast



meeting the Arab traders from the east. He has further informed us of the very valuable products which exist in those countries, of which much use may be made in the future. Not only are there cereals of all sorts, but metallic treasures, gums, copal, and other most valuable products. Amongst the results of his work is the information he has brought us with regard to the slave-trade. He has tracked that atrocious traffic to its fountain-head, to those tracts of country and those villages which have been harried and depopulated by the slave-dealer. In furnishing us with this information, and in shewing how legitimate traffic may be introduced and made to supplant the slave-trade, he has done a great service not merely to geography, but to philanthropy and to civilisation."

Lieut. Cameron brought home with him a specimen of light bituminous coal; as well as pieces of hæmatite, specular iron, cinnabar, and malachite. Scraps of information reached him which tend to a belief that gold, copper, and silver exist there in considerable abundance. Besides the copal and other gums above adverted to, he mentions nutmegs, coffee, semsen (the oil-producing sesamum?), ground nuts, oil-palms, mpafu (an oil-producing tree), rice, cotton, india rubber, sugar-cane, and most of the productions of Southern Europe. What a list of productions from a region the very name of which was not before known to us! A canal thirty miles long, across a flat country, would connect the two great river-systems of the Congo and the Zambesi, which even now are temporarily connected in the rainy season. Navigation, at anyrate for boats, might thus be established right across Central Africa, from the Indian Ocean on the east to the Atlantic Ocean on the west. Lieutenant Cameron throws out a conjecture that a well-managed expenditure of a couple of millions sterling, and two or three years of steady labour, would suffice to establish—at least in its early development—one of the greatest systems of inland navigation in the world. This presupposes all national and political obstacles to be overcome—a difficult proviso, of course.

Ivory, it appears, is so abundant in these parts as to be regarded by the traders with eager interest. We hear of thirty-five pounds of ivory being exchanged for seven or eight pounds of beads, or five or six pounds of cowry-shells. A tusk of magnificent dimensions was on one occasion obtained in barter for an old copper bracelet. Some of the valleys are crowded with oil-palm trees; and Cameron found himself one day under a dense grove of nutmeg-trees, the whole ground being covered with nutmegs. A copper-working company has already, it appears, been established at Lisbon, to smelt down ore obtained through the medium of the Portuguese settlement of

Benguela: some of the ore being so rich in silver as to yield a harvest of both metals.

Sir Henry Rawlinson, on the occasion above mentioned, did not confine his remarks to the political and commercial importance of the regions thus newly discovered; he gave a high meed of praise, as was naturally to be expected from him, to the indefatigable explorer who had achieved such grand results. "This gallant young officer travelled on foot a distance of *three thousand* miles, with very short intervals of rest on the tramp, for two years and eight months, exposed to all the vicissitudes of climate, through forests, marshes, and jungles, enduring hardships of all sorts; and yet his courage never gave way. Lieutenant Cameron kept his eyes well about him; and the observations which he made, both astronomical and in relation to the physical character of the country, are of extraordinary value. The registered observations he has brought home, and which are now being computed at the Greenwich Observatory, promise to be of the most important character. They are astonishingly numerous, elaborate, and accurate; and I have every expectation that the result of their computation will be that we shall find laid down a defined line from one ocean to the other, across twenty degrees of longitude, which will serve as a basis, a fixed mathematical basis, for all future geographical discoveries in equatorial Africa. The observations with which he has furnished us, and which are now being computed—for latitude, longitude, and elevation—number nearly *five thousand*. Naval officers and surveyors will understand the extraordinary minuteness and assiduity with which he did his work, when I state that, in order to determine the longitude of some particular positions, he took as many as a hundred and thirty or a hundred and forty lunar observations in one spot."

Sir Henry made pleasant allusion to an old chronometer which is likely to have scientific celebrity attached to it. When Cameron met the natives bringing down poor Livingstone's body from Ujiji, he obtained some of the instruments they had brought with them. One of these was a chronometer of which Livingstone often spoke in his narratives with affection, calling it playfully his "deaf chronometer." It would only go for three hours and a half; but within that range it was perfectly reliable. This was the instrument which timed the great majority of Cameron's observations.

The world must await the publication of Lieutenant Cameron's own narrative for fuller details; meanwhile our few jottings will shew what sort of man he is. Besides other rewards, he rightly wears the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society—a much-prized, rarely achieved honour.

—*Chambers's Journal*.

## MISCELLANEA.

"AT THE FOUNTAIN."—(*See Frontispiece*).—In delineating pure and gracious English maidenhood there is no artist better to the manner born and educated than Mr. G. D. Leslie, A.R.A. The costume and attitude, however, of this noble and gentle young woman, who sits by the marble basin of a classic fountain, with a rose pressed close to her bosom, might belong to the Greek heroine of some poem by Keats or Shelley. But it is the prerogative of her sex and age, when inspired by such a tender and yet lofty passion as we see plainly expressed in her earnest gaze of meditation, to command an equal share of human interest in all countries and all times. Her case is manifestly one of that kind which poetry and romance have not failed to celebrate, and it does not matter considerably about the fashion of her robe, or the arrangement of her hair; the story of her heart is just the same that has been so often told before, but which is heard with fresh attention in every succeeding age. She takes in her right hand a little cool water of the fountain to sprinkle on her cherished flower, but it will not serve to abate the feverish anxiety of eager affection, which still has some doubts whether it be sincerely requited by an absent lover.

THE ART PALACE.—(*Illustration, Page 497*).—On a lofty terrace of the Exposition grounds, overlooking the entire city of Philadelphia, stands the Art Palace, probably the finest building of the entire group of palaces whose architecture and contents celebrate the completion of the first century of American independence. The building, in which the whole world is invited to show the best it can achieve in the department of fine arts, is approached from the street by thirteen steps representing the original number of States which composed the Union. Appreciating the inestimable value of works of art, the commissioners have built this palace with every possible precaution against fire, and it is probable that it will remain after the conclusion of the Exposition as a permanent depository of art.

THE BIRD'S NEST.—(*Illustration, Page 505*).—This exquisite little picture was painted by John T. Peele, who was born at Petersborough, Northamptonshire, in the year 1822, but emigrated with his parents to America at the age of twelve. After a wandering life in the Western world the family at length settled in Buffalo, on the borders of Lake Erie, then a small frontier town, but now one of the most populous cities in the State of New York. Here for the first time in his life young Peele saw a picture in oil by gaining access to the room of an itinerant portrait painter. To this accident may be attributed his early resolution to become an artist, a resolution which he pursued against the inflexible opposition of his father, who entertained the notion that art was a "low pursuit." Being unable to purchase materials for his work, he begged a few dry colours and some oil from a house painter, manufactured a palette out of the lid of a cigar box, and went earnestly to work on the portraits of his brothers and sisters, whom he persuaded to sit as models. After a checkered career in America, Mr. Peele in 1851 returned to England, where he has since resided. In Liverpool he was liberally patronised by merchant princes, among the chief of whom may be mentioned Mr. Robert Dean, who gave him orders for the portraits of his entire family. Meanwhile he received likewise liberal commissions from Amer-

ica, one of his principal patrons being Mr. Frederick Church, who shares with Bierstadt the reputation of the first landscapist on the Western continent. Four or five years since Mr. Peele was elected a member of the Society of British Artists, in whose gallery, as well as that of the Royal Academy, his works are often seen.

The picture engraved here is entitled in the *Art Journal* "The Bird's Nest," but, on its exhibition in the Academy in 1872, it was called simply, "Children of Robert Thornton, Esq." This method of treating juvenile portraiture has many attractions to commend it. It retains individuality without sacrificing it to mere conventionalism. It places childhood in its most natural surroundings, and combines thus both the excellencies of portraiture and genre.

THE FIRST STITCH.—(*Illustration, Page 513*).—A home picture which awakens a thousand memories. What matron or maiden grown to womanhood does not remember a scene like this? A little parenthesis in the household drudgery consecrated to maternal love. The daily duties of the fire-side have come to a pause. The rooms are unswept, the market basket unemptied, the cooking utensils of the last meal are unwashed, in fact the whole domestic machinery has come to a stand-still for the sake of this first stitch. The face of the mother is aglow with tender interest in the task of her little scholar. Were the child learning a new language or studying the science of discovering planets there could scarcely be visible on her teacher's countenance a more intense solicitude concerning the result of this first experiment. How much may depend in the far future of the little learner upon the success of this motherly tuition! Who can tell but, in the years to come, the needle of this child may be the only weapon with which she can fight off from her threshold the demon of poverty? Ply then the fingers nimbly, little pupil, for none knoweth what the Fates have in reserve!

FOURTH OF JULY IN STUTTGART.—The Americans residing in Stuttgart and vicinity, to the number of two hundred, celebrated the Centennial anniversary of American Independence by a fine literary entertainment, a sumptuous banquet, and a ball. It is entirely within the bounds of truth to say that never before in any European capital has a similar celebration of a higher character been held. For at least two months preceding the festal day Hon. J. S. Potter, U. S. Consul, with an efficient managing committee, had been hard at work preparing the programme. Fortunately an able orator was found in the person of Mr. Robert S. Rantoul of Massachusetts, and his oration deserved the universal plaudits which it received, for the thoughtful dignity and broad cosmopolitan spirit which characterised it. The poem of the occasion, by Miss Blanche Willis Howard, authoress of "One Summer," one of the most popular stories which has of late issued from the American press, was a gem of art of which our readers can judge for themselves, the talented authoress having kindly permitted its publication in our MAGAZINE. Two other ladies contributed excellent poetical compositions, which added to the interest of the festival, and besides these, there were many other literary and musical performances, of which we cannot speak in detail. May a second Centennial feast equally rich be held in the Suabian capital in the year 1976!

**A MEMENTO MORI WATCH.**—This singular watch, given by Mary, Queen of Scots, to her Maid of Honour, Mary Setoun, is illustrated in the same size as the original in Smith's "Historical and Literary Curiosities;" and from the description there appended we extract the following account of it:—"On the forehead of the skull is the figure of Death, with his scythe and sand-glass. He stands between a palace on one hand and a cottage on the other, with his toes applied equally to the door of each, and around this is the legend from Horace, '*Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas Regumque turres.*' On the opposite or posterior part of the skull is a representation of Time devouring all things. He also has a scythe, and near him is the serpent, with its tail in its mouth, being an emblem of eternity. This is surrounded by another legend from Horace, '*Tempus edax rerum tuque invidiosa vetustas.*' The upper part of the skull is divided into two compartments: on one is represented our



first parents in the Garden of Eden attended by some of the animals, with the motto, '*Peccando perditionem miseriam æternam posteris meruere.*' The opposite compartment is filled with the subject of the salvation of lost man by the crucifixion of our Saviour, who is represented as suffering between the two thieves, whilst the Marys are in adoration below; the motto to this is, '*Sic justitiæ satisfecit, mortem superavit, salutem comparavit.*' Running below these compartments, on both sides, there is an open-work of about an inch in width, to permit the sound to come more freely when the watch strikes. This is formed of emblems belonging to the crucifixion—scourges of various kinds, swords, the flagon and cup of the eucharist, the cross, pincers, lantern used in the garden, spears of different kinds, and one with the sponge on its point, thongs, ladder, the coat without a seam, and the dice that were thrown for it, the hammer and nails, and the crown of thorns. Under all there is the motto, '*Scala celi ad gloriam via.*' The watch is opened by reversing the skull, and placing the upper part of it in the hollow of the hand, and then lifting the under jaw which rises on a hinge. Inside, on the plate, which may thus be called the lid, is a representation of the Holy Family in the stable, with the infant Jesus laid in the manger, and angels ministering to him; in the upper part an angel is seen descending, with a scroll, on which is written '*Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis.*' In the distance are the shepherds, with their flocks, and one of the men is in the act of performing on a bagpipe. The works of the watch occupy the position of the brains in the skull itself; the dial-plate being on a flat surface where the roof of the mouth and the parts behind it under the base of the brain are to be found in the real subject. The dial-plate is of silver, and is fixed within a golden circle richly carved in scroll pattern. The hours are marked in large Roman letters, and within them is the figure of Saturn devouring his children, with this legend round the outer rim of the flat, '*Sic meit sic*

*et omnibus idem.*' Lifting up the body of the works on the hinges by which they are attached, they are found to be wonderfully entire. There is no date, but the maker's name, with the place of manufacture, '*Moyse, Blois,*' are distinctly engraven. Blois is the place where it is believed that watches were first made, and this suggests the probability of the opinion that the watch was expressly ordered by Queen Mary, at Blois, when she went there with her husband, the Dauphin, previous to his death. The watch appears to have been originally constructed with catgut, instead of chain—as it now is—which must have been a more modern addition. It is still in perfect order and performs wonderfully well, though it requires to be wound up within twenty-six hours to keep it going with tolerable accuracy. A large silver bell, of very musical sound, fills the entire hollow of the skull, and receives the works within it when the watch is shut. A small hammer, set in motion by a separate escapement, strikes the hours on it. This very curious relic must have been intended to occupy a stationary place on a *prie-dieu*, or small altar, in a private oratory, for its weight is much too great to have admitted of its being carried in any way attached to the person." This watch is now in possession of the family of Sir T. D. Lander, Bart., of Grange and Fountain Hall, who inherited it through the Setoun family, from which they are descended; it having been given by Queen Mary to Mary Setoun, of the house of Wintoun, one of the four Marys, Maids of Honour to the Scottish Queen.

**ANCIENT MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.**—Some years ago Capt. Willock, when engaged in his researches among the supposed ruins of Babylon, found a pipe of baked clay about three inches long, which, by common agreement of antiquaries, is of Assyrian workmanship. This little object can hardly be less than 2,600 years old, and is probably the most ancient musical instrument in existence. It has two finger-holes, and when both of these are closed, and the mouth-piece is blown into, the note C is produced. If only one hole is closed, the sound emitted is E, and if both are open, G is produced. Thus the notes of this instrument, which is believed to be the very oldest yet discovered, produces the tonic, the third, and the fifth—that is, the intervals of the common chord, the notes which, sounded together, form what is termed by musicians the harmonic triad. Here is at once established a certain coincidence between our music and that which must have existed during the Babylonian captivity—a coincidence which, to be sure *à priori* reasoning might go far to establish, but never so convincingly to non-scientific understandings as does the evidence of this insignificant pipe. The least observant student of the art-remains found among the ruined cities of the Assyrian and Babylonian plains cannot fail to be struck with the evidence which they afford of a strong and widely-diffused musical culture among the kindred races who inhabited them. The frequent introduction in mural paintings and bas-reliefs of instruments of music, the representations of concerts and long processions of musicians, the repeated allusions in the Bible to the musical habits and skill of the people of Babylon, all point to a singular development of the art of music. In the opinion of Rawlinson, the Assyrians were superior in musical skill, as they were in every form of culture, to the Egyptians themselves, and the Assyrio-Babylonian music was, there is little reason to doubt, an early and yet a highly developed form of the Asiatic type of music—a type which possesses to this day most extensive and most characteristic developments among the slow-changing nations of Asia. If we are asked for more positive proofs of the advance of music among this nation, we point to the unmistakable evidence afforded by the constructional complication of many of their instruments. We



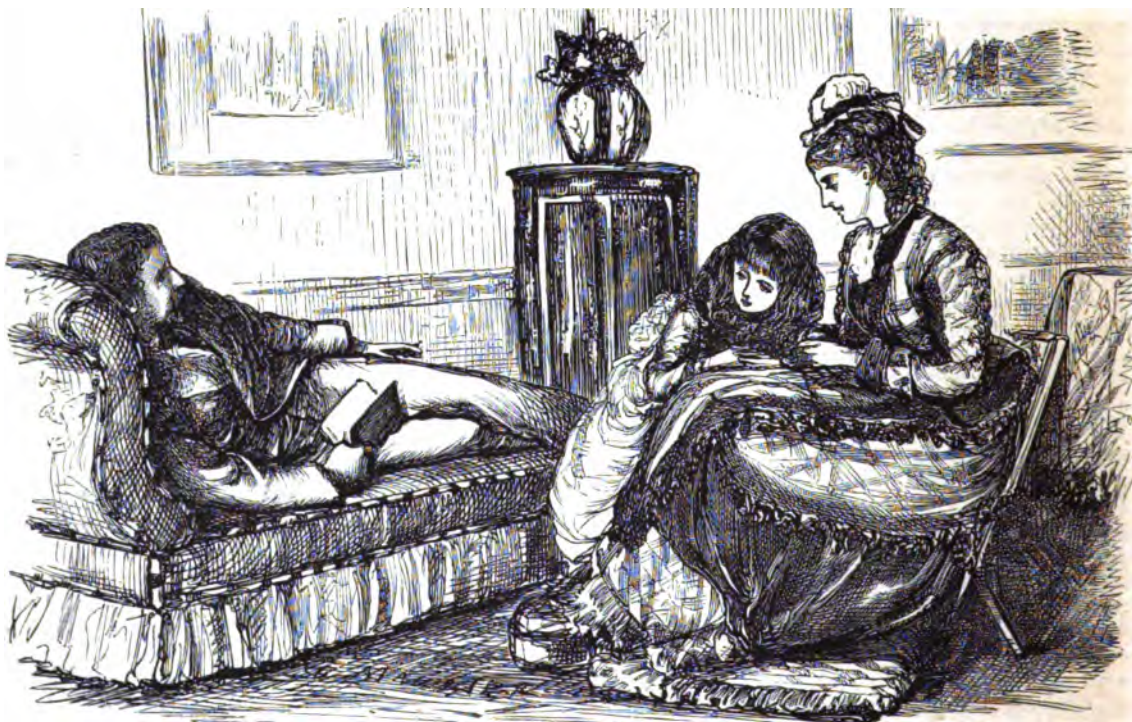
have from among the ruins of Niniveh countless representations of the harp, with strings varying in number from ten to twenty-six; of the lyre, identical in structure, though not in shape, with the lyre of Greece; and of an instrument differing from any known to modern musicians. It was harp-shaped, was held horizontally, and the strings, six to ten in number, were struck by a *plectrum* held in the right hand; it has been called the *asor*, from its resemblance to the Hebrew instrument of that name. We find frequent representations of a guitar-shaped instrument, and of a double pipe with a single mouth-piece, and finger-holes on each pipe. Besides these, the Assyrians had musical bells, trumpets, flutes, drums, cymbals, and tambourines. Almost every one of these instruments, either in its original form or slightly modified, is in use to this day by some one Asiatic or African nation. The ancient Greeks adopted the lyre and the double pipe; the former is still used by the Abyssinians under the name of *kissar* (Greek, *kithara*). The double pipe the present writer has himself seen in use by the boatmen of the Nile. The guitar of the Abyssinians is probably identical with the long-necked guitar or *tamboura* depicted on both Assyrian and Egyptian monuments, and still in use all over the East, and even in Hindustan. The ancient Assyrian harp is remarkable for not having the "front pillar" which completes the triangle in the European harp, and this

apparent defect of construction is characteristic of every sort of harp employed in Asia at this day. On Assyrian bas-reliefs we find representations of concerts, in which several of these instruments are taking part. In one, for instance, we see seven harps, two double pipes, a drum, and the above-mentioned *asor*.

—*New Quarterly Magazine*.

THE YOUNG LOUIS NAPOLEON'S ABILITIES.—A French correspondent mentioned the other day that the late Gen. Frossard was once the instructor of Louis, the son of the Emperor Napoleon. This is the tutor's estimate of his pupil, taken from his private diary, which the *Figaro* in some way got hold of: "He is a very nice boy (*il est charmant*). There is nothing extraordinary about him. He has good average aptitudes and intelligence. The son of a *bourgeois*, sent to a school, in a class of thirty boys, he would have ranked between the fifteenth and twentieth. His peculiar bent is as yet not very well defined. He does not relish much Greek or Latin, and his turn for mathematics is not remarkable; but he has a marked taste for drawing. That would be strange, an artist and a Bonaparte! There are not many artists in the family. Well, if he were allowed to have his own way, the Prince would be always drawing. On the other hand, he is full of courage and hardihood."

### OUR HUMOROUS PORTFOLIO.



### MORE COMPLIMENTARY THAN IT SEEMS.

*Papa* (concluding the fascinating Tale). "AND HE WAS TURNED INTO A BEAUTIFUL PRINCE, AND MARRIED BEAUTY!"  
*Minnie* (after a pause). "PAPA, WERE YOU A BEAST BEFORE YOU MARRIED MAMMA?"







GEORGINA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

(SEE MISCELLANEA.)

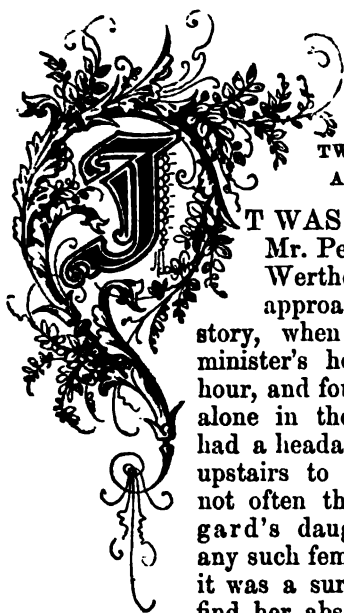
# HALLBERGER'S ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

## JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

BY

M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.



### CHAPTER XIX.

TWO SOULS MAY SLEEP  
AND WAKE UP ONE.

IT WAS about a week after Mr. Pentreath had begun Werther, and he was now approaching the end of the story, when he came to the minister's house at his usual hour, and found Cynthia sitting alone in the parlour. Naomi had a headache, and had gone upstairs to lie down. It was not often that Joshua Haggard's daughter gave way to any such feminine ailment, and it was a surprise to Oswald to find her absent. He had been

riding among his farms all the morning, looking at ancient tiled roofs that had a tendency to subside in the middle; at barns and cart-sheds, with mouldering thatches and worm-eaten timbers; at enclosures of meadow-land, where primroses, cowslips, and wild hyacinths grew abundantly, but where the grass was sour for lack of draining.

"I wanted her to rest on the sofa here," said Cynthia, "but she fancied she would be better in a darkened room. She has been looking ill for the last few days. I am sometimes afraid"—timidly, and with hesitation—"that she is not quite happy."

"I'm afraid we are none of us quite happy," answered Oswald, with an undisguised sigh.

Cynthia's needle travelled to and fro with the usual rhythm. It seemed to Oswald as if it were some weary tune to which he was forced to listen.

"Shall I go on with Werther?" he asked presently, after he had looked at the stocks and carnations, and over them at the sleepy old Inn, where the landlord stood in his porch and contemplated his neighbours, like an image of immutability. People who could remember Combhollow twenty years ago, remembered just the same figure in the porch. It had grown a trifle more obese in the twenty years, that was all.

"I would rather you waited till Naomi was well enough to hear the end," said Cynthia.

"But are not you anxious to know what becomes of that unhappy wretch? Have you no pity for him?" asked Oswald, almost angrily.

"I pity him for being so wretched," answered Cynthia; "but I think if he had been good, and wise, and brave, he would have gone far away where he would never have seen Charlotte any more. Instead of writing unhappy letters to his friend he would have prayed to God to help him, and fled from temptation."

"You will see that in the end he did go away—very far from Charlotte and temptation. But you have seen him in the heat of the battle: you will see him by and by a conqueror—or conquered—whichever you like to call it."

"Will you let me read the end for myself? You can read it aloud to us both when Naomi is better."

"No; you shall hear the end, as you have heard the rest—from my lips."

"But Naomi"—expostulated Cynthia.

"I will read it again to Naomi. Why should I not read it to you this afternoon? You have been more interested in the story than Naomi."

Cynthia made no further objection, but went on with her work silently. Oswald took his favourite seat by the open window, in the shadow of the chintz curtain, with the spicy odours of stocks and carnations floating in upon the sultry air. They had the room almost entirely to themselves. Aunt Judith came in and out two or three times in the afternoon on some small errand, and looked at the two with a curious expression in her sharp black eyes—a look which might have set Oswald thinking had he been observant enough to notice it. But he was deep in the sorrows of Werther, who was fast approaching his final agony, and Cynthia was listening as she had listened that other day in the wood, with her hands lying idle in her lap, and the glossy white linen she had been working upon crumpled in a heap under those idle hands.

"Very nicely Joshua's new shirts will get on at that rate, and she so eager to set about them," mused Judith as she went back to the shop, with close-locked lips. "To think that novel-reading and such abominations should flourish in my brother's house! But what else could be expected of such a marriage? Lucky for Joshua if nothing worse comes of it."

Oswald read on, in nowise disturbed by Miss Haggard's entrance to look for an account-book in the bureau, or to get her thimble from the chimney-piece. He had come to that scene of abject passion—of self-abandonment and despair—when Werther, having resolved to put an end to his misery, comes in the winter evening to see his idol for the last time. Forgetful of herself for the moment, Charlotte reproaches him for coming. She shrinks from the idea of being alone with him, and recovers her self-possession with an effort. She seats herself at her harpsichord, and begins a minuet; then asks Werther to read to her his own translation of a part of Ossian, which he brought her a few days ago. Perhaps no scene in the wide range of sentimental fiction surpasses this in restrained power, in suppressed passion. Not a whisper, not a thought of impurity sullies the picture from the first line to the last: there is only a fatal, irresistible love.

"She tore herself from him, and in hopeless bewilderment, trembling between love and anger, she cried: 'This is the last time, Werther! You must see me no more.' And casting a look full of love upon the wretched one, she fled into the adjoining room, and shut the door behind her. Werther stretched out his arms after her, but dared not detain her. He lay upon the ground, his head on the sofa, and remained in this position for half an hour, until a sudden noise recalled him to himself. It was the servant, who came to lay the table. He walked up and down the room, and when

he found himself alone again, went to Charlotte's door, and called in a low voice: 'Lotte, Lotte! only one word—one farewell!' There was no answer. He waited, and knocked, and waited again—then tore himself away, crying, 'Farewell, Lotte! Farewell, for ever!'"

Cynthia sat listening with dilated eyes and hands tightly clasped, as if the whole scene were reality—as if she could see Werther there, at her feet, grovelling on the ground. There stood the open harpsichord at which Charlotte had been playing. The vivid picture shaped itself before her eyes: the winter evening and home-like fire-lit room; the hopeless sinner lying there unpitied and alone, the suicide's dark resolve in his mind. And Charlotte knew not his fatal intention. She refused him the poor comfort of a last farewell. No hand was stretched out to save him. It was too awful a picture.

Cynthia clasped her hands before her face, and burst into tears. In the next moment Oswald was on his knees beside her, trying to unclasp those small nervous hands.

"You pity *him*," he cried, passionately; "pity me, then, for I suffer as he suffered; I love as he loved, and yet have courage to live, and to go on fighting with an invincible passion—though I feel the struggle is vain—and to try to be happy with another—yes, to hold firmly to the tie which once promised happiness, and which now means only bondage. Pity me, Cynthia, pity *me*—not that poor shadow in the book, who lived and suffered, and is dead and at rest—for there was such a man. Pity me, Cynthia, for I have loved you and have been fighting against that love ever since that sweet time before my father's death, when you came to his sick-bed as an angel of mercy, and brought woe unutterable to me."

He had poured forth his confession in a torrent of words not to be arrested by Cynthia's choked sobs or look of horror, or the pleading gesture of her tremulous hands.

"Oswald, how can you be so cruel?"

"Cruel! Is it cruel to suffer, to be miserable, to know myself the worst and weakest of men, and to hate myself—as I do, Cynthia, from my soul? Do you think I have not struggled? Yes, and conquered myself, after a fashion. I am going to marry Naomi, and we are to be a happy couple, as married couples go nowadays—happier than nine out of ten, perhaps, for at least I can admire and respect my wife, and I once believed I loved her, before I knew you and the hidden depths of my own heart, and the meaning of that word 'love.' Yes, we are going to be vastly happy. The builders are doing wonders for our house, and we shall be thought much of, and looked up to by the neighbourhood. I may keep a pack of hounds, very likely, by and by, and teach my wife to ride across



country. I am not going to shoot myself as Werther did."

"Why did you read that book to me?" asked Cynthia, with a piteous accent that thrilled him. It sounded like an admission of weakness—a faint cry of despair.

"Why?" he cried, trying to take her hands in both his own. "Can't you understand why? Because it is my own story; because it was my only way of telling you my love; and I burned to tell you. It was an irresistible longing. I could not keep silence any longer: somehow—in some language, if not in plainest speech—I must tell you. And now bid me die, my Charlotte, and I will slay myself like Werther. Only say to me, Life would be easier for all of us if thou wert dead, and I will not live another day to disturb your placid existence. I am your slave, dearest—your abject obedient slave."

"If you are," said Cynthia, trembling violently, and paler than the wood anemones she had gathered to deck the old Squire's sick room,—“if you are, you will obey me. Never speak to me again as you have spoken to-day—forget that you have ever been so wicked. Ask your Saviour to give you a better heart, and respect my dear husband and his daughter."

Before Oswald could answer, honest Sally entered with the big mahogany tea-tray, knowing no more of the thundercloud of passion in the atmosphere than the maid who laid the supper in the story of Werther. Mr. Pen-treath had risen from his knees to pace the room after that last speech of his, and there was no extraordinary picture offered to the eye of the hand-maiden. Cynthia folded her work even more carefully than usual, but with hands that trembled sorely. She smoothed the white linen garment which had progressed so slightly towards completion this afternoon, and laid it in its allotted place, and took her stand by the window, watching for her husband's return. She tried to seem at her ease, but not the faintest tinge of colour relieved the absolute pallor of her face. Strangely was that face changed from the radiant countenance that had welcomed Joshua Haggard at Penmoyle, one little year ago.

Oswald walked up and down the parlour while Sally set out the homely feast—a big loaf in an iron tray, a brown butter-pot of Wedgwood ware, a dish of lettuce and overgrown radishes. Anon appeared Miss Haggard; and had either Oswald or Cynthia been in an observant mood, they might have remarked that the industrious Judith had not paid as much attention as usual to her afternoon toilet. The corkscrew curls were somewhat roughened, the large mosaic brooch, which she was wont to put on by way of evening dress, was missing.

"I think I'll go and have a look at the builders," said Oswald, taking up his hat. "I'll come round again in the evening, perhaps, and see how Naomi is."

No one attempted to hinder his going; so, after a brief adieu to the two ladies, he departed, leaving Werther lying on the little round table by the window. Cynthia took up the volume, and turned eagerly to the page at which he had left off reading.

"Ah!" sighed Miss Haggard, "that's the worst of novel reading. It grows upon people."

Cynthia neither heeded nor heard. Her thoughts were with the suicide who was roaming bareheaded in the winter night, outside the gates of the little town, not knowing whither or how long he wandered.

Joshua came in while his wife was standing with the open book in her hand, absorbed, unconscious of his entrance.

"Why, little one, how pale you are," he said, in that gentler tone which his voice assumed unwittingly whenever he spoke to his wife. "I missed your welcoming look as I came across the street."

"There's too much novel-reading in this family," snapped Judith. "You mustn't expect things to go on as they ought, if you let the young squire bring bad books into your house."

"This is not a bad book," cried Cynthia, indignantly. "It is a beautiful book."

"I say that it is a bad book," answered Judith, fiercely. "And I've good reason to know it—a book that puts bad thoughts into people's heads. Gainsay me if you dare, Mrs. Haggard."

Cynthia's white face turned from her dumbly. What did she guess—what had she overheard? Something, assuredly. Deepest shame took possession of Joshua's wife. She felt the burden of unspeakable guilt—she who was only the passive object of an unauthorised passion.

"Why, Judith, Cynthia, what is this! Who would dare to bring a wicked book into my house; my son that soon is to be, above all? And if he were capable of doing such a shameful thing, would my wife read the book?"

"It is not wicked," said Cynthia, handing him the offending Werther. "It is a story of sorrow—not wickedness. If stories are to be written at all, they must tell of sorrow—and human weakness, and sinfulness. Even the Bible tells us that life is made up of these."

"Very much so," remarked Judith. "There's nothing the Bible says about human nature's wickedness that human nature doesn't faithfully carry out."

Joshua took the book and glanced at it helplessly. He was not able to take a bird's eye view of plot and style, swoop upon a catchword here and there; and straightway

make up his mind that the book was altogether vile, after the manner of certain modern critics. He turned the leaves thoughtfully, saw a story told in a series of letters, much talk of the beauties of nature, a little philosophy, some mention of a country pastor, and children—their innocent gambols in rustic gardens, their affection for a kind elder sister, bread and butter, village life, a pastoral air altogether: not a bad book assuredly, decided Joshua.

"I do not think, my dear Judith, that you are a very acute judge of literature," he said, mildly.

"Perhaps not," assented Miss Haggard, with a faint moan. "But I hope I am a tolerable judge of human nature."

"I can trust my future son's honour for not bringing any ill-chosen book into my house; and I can trust my wife's purity well enough to know that it would revolt against anything evil."

"Nothing like trustfulness in this life," remarked Judith, sententiously, as she took up the teapot.

Now a general proposition—indisputable in its nature though vague in its drift—flung out in this way, has a tendency to instil disquiet into the most tranquil mind. There was not much in the words, but the tone meant a great deal; most of all, a kind of scornful pity. It was like that remark of Iago's anent Michael Cassio's honesty. The plainest, most straightforward observation; yet dropping the poison seed of doubt into the heart of the listener.

Joshua Haggard looked at his sister's pursed-up lips wonderingly, and then at his wife's pale face, in which there was an expression that was new to him.

Great heavens! what did it mean? Not guilt; not the lightest taint of evil? No; he could never believe the faintest shadow of evil of his beloved—not even the most venial deceit, the smallest double-dealing. She was the purest of the pure; pure as the saintly damsels of old—the women who ministered to the apostles in the sweet early dawn of Christianity. He could admit her to be no less pure than these—as white a soul—unsullied by human frailty. He had preached the sinfulness of the human heart—it was the very key-stone of his creed—a sinful humanity in need of being called and regenerated, chosen and purified, redeemed by a vicarious sacrifice. But here he was false to his own theology—he would not admit of original sin in this one pure soul. Love had issued his imperious edict, like a papal bull, and this one woman was to be without sin.

"My love, you are trembling," said Joshua, taking his wife's cold hand, after a long and earnest scrutiny of the pale sad face. "There

must be something amiss in the book if it has agitated you so."

"It is a very sorrowful story," she faltered; "I could not help crying—at the end."

"Oswald must bring you no more books to make you unhappy. I heard you all laughing pleasantly one afternoon when he was reading some Scotch book, about an old gentleman and a dog. He must bring you only pleasant books. In a world where there is so much real sorrow, it is foolish and even wrong to waste our tears upon story-books. That is one reason why I have always tried to keep such books out of my house."

"I will never read such stories again," said Cynthia earnestly. "Only tell me how to please you, and I will be obedient in all things."

Judith sighed audibly. It was a way she had at times, and always exercised a depressing influence upon her family circle.

"Is there anything wrong, Judith?" enquired the minister.

"No, brother; it's only my chest."

This was her invariable answer; but as medical science had never yet discovered anything amiss in this region—not so much as a brief attack of indigestion—the reply was generally accepted as a sort of formula, and her sighing was taken to mean something which Miss Haggard did not choose to communicate.

"My dearest, you have always been obedient," said Joshua, pressing his wife's little hand. "I have never been dissatisfied with you. But I do not like to see you low-spirited about a foolish book, written by some weak-minded German," said Joshua, with a sublime ignorance as to the pretensions of the great Wolfgang.

"Try me with some hard thing," exclaimed Cynthia with increasing earnestness; "put my gratitude and affection to the proof. Do I forget what you have done for me—how you saved me from heathen ignorance? how I owe you all that I am and all that I hope to be? *Could* I be ungrateful to you, my benefactor and my deliverer?"

Had Judith Haggard been a student of Shakespeare, she would have here quoted Ophelia's remark upon the player-queen, inwardly or audibly—

"Me thinks the lady doth protest too much!"

But, as her sole notion of the poet was that he had been rather a low and loose-lived person who wrote plays, and glorified much drinking of sack and canary as a cardinal virtue, she relieved her feelings with another sigh, deeper than the last.

"Don't mind me, brother," she said, "it's only my chest."

Joshua neither heard the sigh nor the excuse; his eyes were fixed upon his wife's white face, down which the gathering tears rolled slowly.

"Ungrateful, my love!" he cried; "have I ever claimed gratitude from you? My part has been to thank God for having given me so dear a companion. Only be happy, my darling; that is the sole obedience I ask from you. Let no foolish fancies out of books disturb your peace of mind. God has given us real happiness, dear; let us be thankful for it and value it, lest the cloud should come upon us because we have made light of the sunshine."

He drew her to him and kissed her tenderly; and in that hour at least there was no shadow of distrust in his mind.

## CHAPTER XX.

"AND ALL IS DROSS THAT IS NOT HELENA."

It was some time before Oswald saw his betrothed after that last reading of Werther; and the book remained a broken story for Naomi, who knew not the issue of Werther's fatal love. Cynthia carried the volume up to her own room, and read it, and wept over it in secret, and then hid it under the little stock of ribbons and collars and feminine prettinesses—all of the simplest, most puritanical kind—which she had acquired since she had been Joshua Haggard's wife. She put the book away out of sight, as if it were a guilty thing, feeling that it had brought her face to face with a guilty secret. But for the book, those wicked words of Oswald's might never have been spoken. The sad—the awful, inexpressible guilt would have existed, all the same, in the depths of two erring hearts; but it might never have found a voice. Werther had given form and language to that mysterious and sinful passion—bitterest proof of poor humanity's ingrained iniquity.

"Not by ourselves can we escape sin," she cried, on her knees, in abject self-abasement. "We are nothing of ourselves: not even faithful to the most sacred ties—not even true to our own affections—not even pure or constant. Only by Thee, O Redeemer!—only by Thee can we escape the snares our erring hearts set for us; only through Thee can we break loose from the bondage of original sin. Oh, pity him, spotless Saviour—pity this helpless sinner; pity me, for I love him." She was not afraid to carry this secret sorrow, sinful as it was, to the foot of the cross. Her husband's theology had taught her that Calvary was the sinner's altar—his temple of expiation; the threshold of Heaven, on which all guilty hearts could lay their burdens down, and pass, purified from earthly stain, and liberated from earthly chains, through the golden gate beyond it. The deeper the guilt, the surer welcome for the penitent.

Cynthia's guilt was but a thought—a fond,

weak yielding to a dream of impossible happiness; a sinful regret for the things that might have been. She had not stood firmly against the insidious approach of the tempter; she had suffered him to steal upon her footsteps unawares; she had not shut her eyes and refused to see the dangerous, dazzling vision. Passion was an unknown element in this purely sentimental and poetic nature. Love, for Cynthia, could never mean storm and fever, guilt and ruin; but it might mean corroding remorse, a slow and silent despair.

When had she first discovered that something amiss in her placid life—that little rift in the lute which made life's music dumb? Closest self-examination would have scarcely enabled her to answer that question. It might be, perhaps, that on the morning when Oswald parted from her at her husband's door—in the blank sorrow of his face, with its look of mute appeal, in the tears he shed upon her hand as he clasped it in his own—she had faintly understood a secret which was to become plainer to her by and by. The thought, vague though it was at first, had brought sorrow. She had felt a restraint in the presence of Naomi's lover, and had striven to avoid him. But the days in which she did not see him seemed desolate and empty; and then, not weighing the consequences or meaning of her acts, she weakly yielded to the desire to be in his company, and allowed herself to be the companion of Naomi's walks, the sharer of her lover's attentions. This was the sin she now looked back upon as the black spot in her life—this was when she had suffered the tempter to overtake her steps, to walk by her side.

O happy fatal afternoons in wood or wilderness—on the hills—by the malachite and purple sea! She could see the bright face looking up at her; she could hear the low thrilling voice reading sweet sad verse that seemed to speak straight to her heart—to have been written and meant only for her: she could see and hear the earthly tempter even now, in this hour of penitence and grief.

"Oh! if I had never seen you, if I had never known you, I should have been innocent and true all the days of my life; worthy of Joshua's noble heart."

She could pray no more. She sat upon the ground, lost in foolish memories, recalling her first days at Combhollow, and all the peaceful time, before she had given up her soul to this guilty dream. She remembered that autumn afternoon, the first time she saw Oswald—she standing by the hearth, with her bonnet in her hand; he coming in at the door.

"And he was nothing to me," she thought, wonderingly. "If he had died that night, I should only have been sorry for Naomi's sake."

She had thought him handsome—different in every way from all other men she had ever

seen—a new creature. He was like a picture that Joshua had shown her in an old country-house they went to see in their brief honeymoon—the portrait of a young man in dark-green velvet clothes of a curious fashion, with fair hair falling on his shoulders, and a melancholy look in his eyes. How often she had seen that melancholy look in Oswald's eyes, after the Squire's death, and had known only too well that it was not grief for his father that made him sad!

How gradually it had crept into her heart, this weak, wicked love! Had it come like a bold assailant, she could have repulsed it; but sweetly, slowly, gently, like the tender dawn of a summer morning, this new light had overspread the sky of life. How should she bear her life without it!

"Duty, duty," she cried, wresting herself from this web of foolish memories. "Oh, let me remember all I owe my husband; let me remember how I worshipped him one little year ago: what a grace and honour I counted it to be chosen by him. I loved him, because he was the best and wisest of men. He is best and wisest—kindest, truest. Whom have I ever known equal to him?"

When Naomi went down to the parlour, a little later than usual, on the morning after that last reading of Werther—languid still from yesterday's headache—she found a letter from Oswald on the chimney-piece. Cynthia was sitting at work by the window—just where he had sat yesterday. Judith was washing the breakfast cups and saucers in a little crockery pan which she was accustomed to bring into the parlour for that purpose.

DEAREST,—I have made up my mind quite suddenly to go to London, and enquire about Arnold's ship. It seems such a strange thing that I have had no answer to my letters, and I am getting really uneasy. I shall go to Lloyd's—or whatever the right place may be to obtain information about a ship in the merchant-service. Forgive me for going away so suddenly and without waiting to say good-bye. An irresistible impulse took hold of me. I shall only stay long enough to make all needful enquiries and to take a hasty look at the city; and I shall write to tell you how I get on.

God bless you, dear, and good-bye.

Your always affectionate

OSWALD.

Naomi read the letter twice over, surprised at this sudden impulse in Oswald, who was not subject to impulses, or at least not subject to carrying out their promptings when they prompted immediate action. He was rather of a dreamy temperament, never doing anything to-day which he could possibly put off till to-morrow.

She read the letter a third time aloud to Cynthia.

"Did he say anything about this yesterday?" she asked. "Had he any idea of going to London?"

"I think not," answered Cynthia, working

steadily. Oh, blessed mechanical click-click of the needle, which went on with its measured paces while the pulses of the heart throbbed so stormily! Naomi gave a little sigh as she folded the letter. It was hard to lose him for an indefinite time, were it ever so short. And her wedding-day seemed so far off now. The neglected old Grange no longer awaited her with its sober old-world look—the look it had worn since her infancy. Confusion had fallen upon the old house, and Naomi felt as if she could have no part in the new house which was to arise from this chaos. Money was being spent recklessly to make the grave old mansion fit for a fine lady; and Naomi knew that it was not in her to become a fine lady. All the money in the world would never make her like Mrs. Carew of the Knoll, who wore rouge, and drove a curriole; or like Miss Donnisthorpe, the daughter of the master of the hounds, who hunted the innocent red deer, in a short green habit, with a gold band round her velvet hunting-cap.

"If he would only keep to the old simple ways," she thought, looking back at the departed Squire's miserly plainness of living with a touch of regret, "I am sure we should be much happier; he would spend his money in doing good."

She knew, by the experience of one who had succoured and cared for the poor, all the sad details of that dark picture which lies behind the fair outside of country life. That lovely landscape, rich in its variety of colour as the Queen's regalia, is the theatre in which many a drama of sin and suffering, guiltless poverty and unmerited woe, has to be acted. Yonder cottage, whose thatched roof makes so pretty a feature in the view, shelters starvation: a mother toiling to feed her children, while their father lies in gaol for—a rabbit. Pinched faces, untimely wrinkles, meet the traveller in those delightful lanes where the wild apple and the clustering elder suggest to the poetic mind a land of milk and honey and pomegranates—faces marked with the brand of premature care, defiled by the cunning that is engendered of childish struggles with tyrants and taskmasters, and a hard, inexorable fate. Not in fetid alleys and festering London back slums only is man's fight with difficulty a bitter and crushing battle; but here even, where earth is a paradise, and the untainted sky an Italian blue, man starves and perishes, and learns to curse the unequal destiny that gives his master all, and him nothing.

Naomi knew what poverty meant in a rural district; and she longed for the power to help and improve, and to use the knowledge which experience had given her. She had talked to Oswald of the labourers' homes on his estate



—hovels rather than houses—and had gently urged the need for improvement. He had put her off lightly, in his pleasant yielding way: so full of grace and beauty in her sight, that she forgot the weakness it indicated.

"It shall be done, dear: 'The sooner, sweet, for you,' as Othello says. We will do wonders for the poor things. The Exeter architect shall make a plan—after we are married. You must let me finish the Grange first, and then I will do anything you like; but I can't take the builder off that till his work is done." As if there were no other builder in the world!

Oswald was in London, trying to find his Lethe in the somewhat prosaic distractions of that capital;—not the London of to-day, with its Viaduct and Embankment, and houses as tall as those of old Edinburgh and Paris; its innumerable railway-stations, and theatres, and restaurants, and music-halls; but a city of narrower streets and more jovial manners. He knew no one, and put up at the busy commercial hotel at which the Western coach deposited him; taking no trouble to seek a more refined habitation. He made his enquiries about his brother's ship, and, after some trouble, found out the last port she had touched at in the China seas. Yet this was not much: for Arnold might have exchanged to another ship for anything Oswald knew to the contrary. But to gain intelligence about his absent brother had not been Mr. Pentreath's only business in London, or even his chief reason for going there. He went thither in quest of forgetfulness—to cure himself, were it curable, of a passion that threatened to be fatal at once to peace of mind and honour. He had torn himself away from Combhollow with a wrench, thinking that to turn his back upon Cynthia might be to forget her; but, alas for youth's constancy to a forbidden dream! the sweet face followed him to the crowded city, and harassed him by day, and held him awake at night; the soft blue eyes betrayed love's safe secret; the tremulous lips seemed to him to murmur: "Yes, dearest, I love and pity you; though it can never be—though we are parted in life and eternity; I love—I pity—I deplore."

Not quite in vain had he loved her if she but loved him in return; though all hopes, dreams, delights that love could give—were it ever so erring—must be here laid down: a solemn sacrifice to duty and honour. Yes, there was much comfort—nay, more than comfort, a rapture that thrilled him—in knowing that he was loved. And he did most assuredly know it, though no admission had fallen from Cynthia's lips. Their spirits had touched, as flame touches flame, but a moment—swift as the quivering arrows of fire that flash and fade in the instant; yet the touch was a rev-

elation. He did not doubt that she loved him.

He had never meant to speak of his love. This he repeated to himself deprecatingly in his hours of remorse. Passion had forced his secret from him, and he despised himself for the confession that had dishonoured him. He had meant to speak only through Werther; finding a morbid delight in dwelling upon the record of sufferings so like his own, half assured that Cynthia understood and recognised his passion veiled in the words of another; and then impulse and emotion had been too strong for him, and he had given loose to the desire of his heart, and disgraced himself for ever in his own eyes, and in the sight of the woman he loved.

"She could not look upon me without loathing after that wretched scene," he told himself. Yet the vision of Cynthia which he carried with him everywhere did not regard him with loathing, but with a tender pity, a sad, immeasurable love.

He tried to steep himself in London dissipations, knowing about as much of them as a baby. If he could have fallen in with the mohawks of the day—the gentlemen who went to Epsom races in a hearse, and wrenched off harmless citizens' knockers, or plucked out their bell-wires; who drank porter with Hackney coachmen and their watermen, and made bosom friends of prize-fighters—he would perchance have enrolled himself in that band of choice spirits, and tried to discover a new Lethe in the porter-pot, wherein the Corinthian Tom of the period was generally so fortunate as speedily to find that oblivion which goes by the name of Death. But Oswald Pentreath had no introduction to this patrician set, and was fain to seek for distraction in such simple pleasures as Vauxhall and the theatres, where he found something at every turn which reminded him of himself and of Cynthia.

Sometimes, a face that had been sweet and fair flashed past him under the coloured lamps in the Vauxhall groves—bright with artificial hues—in its venal smile dimly recalling Cynthia's innocent beauty; sometimes a face upon the stage reminded him of hers, or a tone of voice in some young actress thrilled him like hers. Forget her! Everything in life was associated with her. He could not even remember what life had been like before he loved her.

He saw all that London could show him—parks, streets, theatres, gambling-houses, race-courses, folly, extravagance, vacuity—but found no forgetfulness. Nay, his passion grew and strengthened in absence. The aching void in his heart went with him everywhere. At the play, when the house was roaring at Tom and Jerry, and the charlies were being carried off

bodily in their ricketty old watch-boxes, Oswald sat staring blankly. His thoughts were in the parlour at Combhollow, acting that foolish scene over again—living again in the light of Cynthia's eyes—draining deep delight from every look—however sad, however reproachful—which told him he was beloved.

He did not yield himself up to despair without a struggle—which was a manly struggle for one whom Nature had made of no heroic mould. He wrestled with himself, and tried to make a stand against the tempter, and had it in his mind to thrust Joshua's wife out of his heart, and to be faithful to Joshua's daughter. He would go back to Combhollow in a month or so, regenerated; and would hurry on his marriage, and begin a new life as a useful and worthy member of society.

"Arnold may be home by that time," he thought; "and the delight of seeing him again will make me forget everything."

In the meanwhile, he wrote twice a week to Naomi decorous and amiable letters, describing all he saw, and telling nothing of his feelings or impressions—hardly one word of himself from beginning to end. Poor Naomi read and re-read the letters, and puzzled herself sorely about them. He seemed to be enjoying himself, for he was always going to theatres, and operas, and races; and he was staying in London longer than he had intended, which proved that he was pleased with what he saw. Naomi was contented to bear the pain of severance, for the sake of his pleasure; but to be parted from him was a sharper pain than she could have thought possible before he went. Life was so empty without him! She had her father—always the first in her esteem, she had told herself; she had all her old home duties and home ties; but Oswald's absence took the sunshine and colour out of everything.

## CHAPTER XXI.

"IT WAS THY LOVE PROVED FALSE AND FRAIL."

A CLOUD had fallen upon that quiet household at Combhollow. A sharper pain than Naomi's sense of loss had crept into the breast of Naomi's father, and gnawed it in secret, while the strong man kept silence, ashamed of his suffering—nay, angry at the human weakness which made it possible for him so to suffer.

That little scene with Cynthia—that unexplained mystery about the book called *Werther*—had not been without its influence upon Joshua Haggard's mind. He might have forgotten it, and gone on trusting implicitly—as it was his nature to trust where he confided at all—had he been true to his own instincts; but this privilege—the melancholy privilege of being happy and deceived—had not been al-

lowed him. Judith had hinted, and whispered, and looked, and insinuated, and, without committing herself to any direct statement, had contrived to poison her brother's mind with a shapeless suspicion of his wife's purity.

Cynthia had drooped somewhat after that evening on which she sobbed out her despair upon her husband's breast. The pale cheek had not regained its wild-rose bloom; the sweet blue eyes had grown dull and languid. The young wife looked like one who sickened under the burden of some secret sorrow. She was not strong enough to suppress the outward signs of a heart ill at ease.

Joshua saw the change; at first wondered at it, and then, enlightened by Judith's hints, began to suspect.

Cynthia was not happy. It was no bodily sickness which oppressed her, but a secret grief.

Was it that she regretted her marriage with him—that she had chosen him hastily, mistaking religious fervour for love? This seemed likely enough.

"How should she love me," he asked himself; "a man more than twice her age; grave—full of cares for serious things? Is it natural that she should find happiness in my society or in the life she leads here? Naomi is different; she has been brought up to this quiet life—to see all things in the same sober light. Cynthia was a wanderer, used to motion and variety—to crowds and noise. How can she help it if the longing for the old gipsy life comes back to her? How can I blame her if she wearies of my dull home?"

This is how he would have explained the change to himself; but Judith's oracular sentences hinted at something darker.

"What is it that you mean, Judith?" he asked one day, with a burst of anger; "you and my wife speak fairly enough to each other's faces, and seem to live peacefully together; but there is something lurking in your mind—there is something underneath all this smoothness. Is it Christianlike to deal in hints and dark looks?"

"I should think it was Christianlike to stand by my brother," answered Judith, with her injured air, "and to consider him before everybody."

"Is it a sign of consideration for me to speak unkindly of my wife?"

"What have I said that is unkind? Perhaps it might be kindness to say more. There's things that can't go on without bringing misery to more than you, brother; but it isn't my business to talk about 'em if you've no eyes to see 'em for yourself."

"What do you mean, woman?"

"Yes; things must have come to a pretty pass when my only brother, that I've toiled for and served faithfully all my life, calls me



JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.—"IT IS MY STORY."

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names. A minister, too, who preaches against bad language. But I knew what it would be when that young woman crossed this threshold. Goodbye family affection! The man who is led away by a pretty face turns his back upon blood-relations. He's bound to follow where his new fancy leads him."

With these random arrows of speech did Miss Haggard harass her victim and relieve her own feelings.

"Judith, do you want to drive me mad?" he cried with exasperation, "or to make me think that you are fit for a mad-house yourself? How has my wife offended you? What evil have you ever seen in her?"

He stood with his back against the parlour-door, facing his sister, with a resolute look in his dark eyes—resolute even to fierceness, which told her that a crisis had come. She would be obliged to speak out; and to speak out was the very last thing she desired. Never before had she seen that sombre fire in Joshua's dark eyes. She quailed before the unknown demon she had raised.

"What is amiss?" he demanded savagely; "how has my wife sinned against purity, or against me?"

"I am not accusing her of sin," faltered Judith. "You shouldn't be so hot-tempered, brother; it isn't becoming in a Christian minister. I do not accuse her of sin; but there's foolishness which brings young women to the threshold of sin; and, once there, it is easy to cross over to fire and brimstone. I say that a girl of nineteen is no wife for a man of your age; that Providence must have meant her for a trial of your patience: that's what I've always thought and shall always say, as willingly before her face as behind her back."

"Is this all you have to say? You might have said as much the night I brought my wife home. Is this the upshot of all your dark looks and insinuations? You have kept me on thorns for the last three weeks; and, driven into a corner, you can only beat about the bush like this."

His scornful tone stung her. To be ridiculed—to be made of no account in her brother's household—was more than Judith Haggard could bear. Whatever wealth of affection there was in her nature had been given to Joshua. He was the one man she believed in and honoured, even when least respectful in her attitude towards him. She could not tamely see him wronged; and her jealousy of Cynthia was quick to suspect and imagine wrong. She had seen and heard enough to give force and meaning to her suspicions; and her bosom had been labouring with the weight of that secret knowledge. She wanted to tell Joshua—she wanted not to tell him. The secret gave her a sense of power. It was as if she held a thunderbolt which she might

launch at any moment on the heads of the household; but the bolt once launched, and the domestic sky darkened, her power would be gone. Pity for Joshua she had none, although she loved him. He had wronged her love too deeply in marrying a nameless girl. It would do her good to see him suffer through his wife. She would stand by him afterwards—stand by him and console him, comfort him with her love, instead of Cynthia's. But Providence—and Judith as an instrument of Providence—meant him to suffer this ordeal.

"You've no call to make light of me," she said; "I'm not one to speak without authority. I can hold my tongue as I've held it for the last twelvemonth. Do you want me to speak plainly? Do you want me to say all I know?"

"All—to the last word," said Joshua, white with rage.

"Don't turn round upon me afterwards and say it would have been better if I'd kept my counsel."

"Say your say, woman, and make an end of it."

"Well, brother, I've seen a change in Mr. Pentreath ever since his father's death: absent looks—and smothered sighs—and restlessness—and no pleasure in life. Grief for his father, you'll say, perhaps; but is it likely he'd give way like that for an old man, that kept him short of money, and hadn't anybody's good word? It isn't in nature."

"Who made you a judge of nature? But go on."

"Well, brother, I had my own ideas, and I kept 'em to myself, and should have so kept 'em as long as I lived, if I'd had no stronger cause for suspicion. But when I see a young man on his knees at a young woman's feet, and hear him asking her to pity him because he's miserable for love of her, and threatening to shoot himself, and the young woman sobbing as if her heart would break all the time—and that young woman my brother's wife—when things came to such a pass as this, I think it's my duty to speak."

"Lies!—lies!" gasped Joshua. "You see my happiness, and envy me! You hate my wife because she is lovely, as you never were; passionately loved, as you never were."

Judith laughed hysterically.

"I don't know about beauty," she said; "but I had a high colour and jet black hair, with a natural curl, when I was a young woman—and that used to be thought good looks enough for any girl in my time—and I might have married a hundred and fifty acres of land and a flour-mill. But I'm sorry to see you so beside yourself with passion, Joshua, because I speak plainly for your own good."

"Is it for my good to tell me lies? My wife listening to Oswald Pentreath's wicked love! No—I'll never believe it."



"Turn it over in your own mind a little more before you call your only sister a liar. Have you forgotten the last afternoon Mr. Pentreath was here—when Naomi was lying down with a sick headache, and those two—Mrs. Haggard and the young squire—were alone together from dinner till tea; and you came home and found your wife all in a flutter, and as white as a sheet of paper; and I accused her to her face of reading a wicked book; and you turned against me to take her part; and she burst into tears in the middle of tea, and told you she was grateful to you, and would do her duty by you? What was that but a guilty conscience? Why, a mole could have seen through it! But a man of your age, who marries a young woman for the sake of her pretty face, is blinder than the blindest mole. He has no eyes to see anything but the prettiness."

Joshua wiped the sweat-drops from his forehead with a broad muscular hand, that shook like a leaf. Never had his manhood been so shaken—never in all the trials of his early life, when to hold fast by his thorny path had cost him many a struggle, had he felt the hot blood surging in his brain as it surged to-day. There was a fiery cloud before his eyes. He could scarcely see his sister's face, looking at him full of angry eagerness, intent to prove her own case, to assert her own dignity—and with but little consideration for his anguish.

"Judith," he said, falteringly—and that strong voice of his so rarely faltered that its weakness had a touch of deepest pathos—"you are my own and only sister. I cannot think you would tell me lies on purpose to make me miserable. Forgive me for what I said just now. No; I cannot believe my sister a liar. I will not believe my wife unfaithful to me, by so much as a thought. But this young man is a weak vessel. Tell me—plainly—all you saw and heard."

"That's easily told. He had been reading that book to her—what's his name?—Werther. I went in and out to fetch my thimble, and such like; and whenever I went in it was the same story: 'Didst thou but know how I love thee,' and 'Charlotte, it is decided—I must die,' and such rubbish; and there sat your wife, with her work crumpled up in her lap, staring straight at him with tears in her eyes. It was close upon tea-time, and I was going in again when I heard something that stopped me. The door stood a little way ajar—it's an old box-lock, and the catch is always giving way, as you know, Joshua—and I waited outside just to find out what it all meant, for I felt that I was bound to do that much by my duty to you. I could just see into the room. He was on his knees, holding her hands, and she sobbing as if her heart would

break. He told her how he loved her, and asked her to pity him; and she never said him nay, only went on crying, and presently told him he was cruel; and oh, why did he read such a book to her! Because it was his own story, he said, and the only way he could find of telling her his love."

"And she did not cry out against such iniquity?" cried Joshua; "she did not reprove him for such wickedness—rise up before him in her dignity as an offended woman, and my true and loyal wife?"

"I heard myself called in the shop just at that moment, and I was obliged to go," answered Judith. "When I came back to the parlour, Sally was laying the tea-things."

"I will answer for my wife's truth and honour," said Joshua firmly. "I will pledge myself that she repulsed and upbraided this guilty young man as he deserved—that she looks upon his wicked passion with abhorrence. That was why she looked so pale—shocked to the heart, my gentle one—that was why she clung to me so piteously, seeking sanctuary in my affection. My lily—no villain shall sully thy purity while I am near to shield thee. My dearest! has the tempter assailed thee so soon—sin's poisoned breath so soon tarnished thy soul's whiteness? I will love thee all the more—guard thee more closely, honour thee more deeply—because thou hast been in danger."

Judith stared at her brother in dumb amazement. Against such infatuation as this the voice of reason was powerless. It almost tempted her to believe in witchcraft—a superstition by no means extinct in this Western world. Judith had put the thought behind her hitherto, as a delusion of the dark ages unworthy of a strong-minded woman. But here, surely, was a case of demoniac possession—an example of something more foolish than mortal folly.

"But as for him," continued Joshua, with clenched fist, "for the tempter—the would-be seducer—he shall never cross this threshold again; and let him beware how he crosses my path, lest I should slay him in my righteous rage, as Moses slew the Egyptian."

"And Naomi's engagement?" suggested Judith, timidly. There was a power in her brother's look which awed her.

"Naomi's engagement is cancelled from this hour. My daughter shall marry no double-dealer—swearing to be true to her at God's altar with lips that are defiled by the avowal of love for another man's wife. My daughter shall go unmarried to her grave rather than be the wife of such a man, were his place the highest in the land."

"It was a very grand match for her," said Judith, with a propitiating air; "but for my part I never saw happiness come from an unequal marriage, and I've seen many such in

my time. But I'm afraid Naomi will take it to heart."

"Poor child!" sighed the father. "Is it my sin that I have brought this sorrow upon her? How could I know that her lover would prove so base? Poor child! She must bear her burden—she must carry her cross."

He was deadly pale; and, now that the angry light had gone out of his eyes, his face had a faded look, as if the anguish of many years had aged him within the last half-hour.

"I can't but remember what Jabez Long said the day the *Dolphin* went down: 'No good ever came of saving a drowning man; he's bound to do you wrong afterwards.' It's come true, you see," said Judith.

"Do you think I believe that heathen superstition any more because Oswald Pentreath has proved a villain? I thought you had more sense, Judith."

"Well, I don't say I believe it; but, to say the least, it's curious. However, I never did think much of young Mr. Pentreath, or of the stock he comes from. But it seems hard upon Naomi. Shall you tell her the reason?"

"Tell her that a villain has insulted my wife! No, Judith. My daughter will obey me, though I bid her sacrifice her heart's desire; as Jephthah's daughter obeyed when she laid down her life in fulfilment of her father's promise."

"Ah," sighed Judith, with suppressed gusto, "it's a world of trouble."

She felt more in her element now that things were going wrong, and that she was at the helm once more, in a manner. Her little world had been given over to two girls, and she had felt herself, in her own language, a cipher.

It was hardly in Joshua's nature to be slow to act, however painful the business which duty imposed upon him. On that very evening he found Naomi alone in the wilderness, on her knees before a craggy bank, planting some wild flowers which she had discovered in her afternoon rambles.

She looked up from her clustering ferns and humble way-side blossoms with a smile as her father approached; but the troubled expression of his face alarmed her, and she rose quickly and came to him.

"Dear father, is anything wrong?"

She had not seen him since his interview with Judith, and that aged and altered look in his face, which had struck the sister, alarmed the daughter.

"Yes, my dear, there is something very wrong. Providence bids me inflict pain upon one I fondly love,—upon you, my Naomi."

He drew her towards him, looking down at her with tender pity. It seemed very hard that she should suffer—that this young life was so soon to be clouded.

"Dear father! what has happened?" cried Naomi, tremulous in her agitation. "It is about Oswald. The evening post has just come—you have had a letter—is he ill? Yes, yes, I can see that it is about him."

"He is well enough, my love; I have heard nothing to the contrary. I am very sorry that he is so dear to you."

"Why, dear father?"

"Because I have learned lately that he is unworthy of your affection; and I must desire you, as you are my true and obedient daughter, to give up all thought of marrying him."

The girl's face blanched, her eyelids closed for a moment, and the slender figure swayed against Joshua's arm as if it would have fallen. But only for a moment; Naomi was not made of feeble stuff, nor prone to fainting. She lifted her eyelids, and looked at her father steadily, holding his arm with fingers that tightened upon it almost convulsively in that moment of pain.

"What have you heard against him, father, and from whom?" she asked resolutely. "You are bound to tell me that, in common justice. It is my duty to obey you, but not blindly. I am not a child—I can bear to know the worst. What has he done, my love, my dearest—too gentle to hurt a worm—what evil thing has he done, that you should turn against him?"

"That I cannot tell you, Naomi; and in this matter you must obey me blindly as a child. He has sinned; and his sin proves him alike false and feeble—a broken reed—a man not to be relied on—unworthy of a woman's trust. Naomi, believe me, your father, who never deceived you, that if I inflict pain upon you to-day, in forbidding this marriage, I spare you ten-thousand-fold of misery in days to come. It is not possible that you could be happy as Oswald's wife!"

"Let me be the judge of that. It is my venture—it is my happiness that is at stake. Let me be the judge. What is his sin?"

"Again I say I cannot tell you. You must trust me and obey me, Naomi, or you cease to be my daughter. Oswald Pentreath will never cross my threshold again with my sanction. I shall never more speak to him in friendship."

"Father, is this Christian-like?"

"It is my duty to myself as a man."

"How has he offended you?"

"By his sin."

"But he has not sinned against me," said Naomi piteously. "Why am I to renounce him?"

"He has sinned against you and against God."

"If he has sinned, he has so much the more need of my love. Am I to forsake him in his sorrow—I, who would die for him?"

"He does not need your love, Naomi, or desire it. It is for the happiness of both that you should be parted."

"For his happiness?" faltered Naomi, with a look of acute pain.

It was as if all her vague doubts of the past few months were suddenly condensed into a horrible certainty.

"Do you mean that Oswald has ceased to love me?"

"Yes, Naomi. At the beginning I was doubtful of his stability. I feared that his was a character in which impressions are quick to come and go. I stipulated for delay, in order that your lover's constancy might be tested. The event has proved my doubts but too well grounded."

"I offered to release him only a little while ago," said Naomi, "and he would not be set free. He assured me of his unchanging love."

"He was a liar!" cried Joshua fiercely; and his daughter recoiled before the fury in that dark face. Never had she seen such anger there till to-day—never had she believed him capable of such passion. The revelation shocked her; the father whom she so tenderly loved was degraded in her eyes by this un-Christian-like resentment.

"Why are you so angry, father?" she asked, pleadingly.

"Because I hate falsehood—treachery—double-dealing—a fair face and a foul heart. I can say no more, Naomi. I have said enough to warn you; it is for you to accept or reject my warning. Marry Oswald Pentreath if you choose; but remember that from the hour of your marriage you cease to be my daughter. I will never acknowledge that man as my son. I will never acknowledge that man's wife as my flesh and blood. It is for you to choose between us."

"Father, you know I have no choice; you know that you are first—have always held the first place in my heart. There is no one else whose love I could weigh against yours—not even Oswald, though I love him dearly, must love him to the end, love him all the more for his weakness—for his sorrow. I am your true and loyal daughter, dearest; and I give you up my heart, as I would give up my life—yes, dear father, freely, gladly, for your sake."

"That's my own brave Naomi. It is for your own welfare, believe me, dearest, however hard the trial may be to bear just now. The man is not true; there could be no happiness for you with him."

"Do not say anything more against him, father," pleaded Naomi, gently. "I give him up; but let me honour him as much as I can—let him hold a high place in my thoughts. It is easier to bear the pain of parting from him if I can keep his image in my heart undefiled."

"I will say no more, Naomi. You will write to him, and tell him your engagement is ended, at my desire. A few decided words will say all that is needful. His own heart will tell him the reason. I do not think that he will question or plead against your decision."

"I will write, father."

Joshua folded her in his arms, and kissed the pale sad brow, drawn with pain.

"May God bless and comfort you, dearest, and give you joy in this sacrifice," he said solemnly. "On my honour, as your father and your pastor, it is for the best."

And so he left her, standing in her desolated wilderness, from which the beauty had gone forth for ever. Her ferns and hedgerow blossoms smiled at her in the rosy evening light—feathery mosses, trailing periwinkle, opalescent dog-roses, steeped in golden glory; purple fox-gloves towering from a sea of fern—all the sweet wild things she had gathered together looked at her, and gave her no comfort in this hour of bitter agony. She cast herself, face downward, on the grassy path, and gave herself up, body and soul, to despair.

Yes, she had known it, long ago; he loved her no more. She had tried to put away the thought. She had made her direct appeal to him, and been reassured by his loving reply. But the aching pain had lingered at the bottom of her heart. She had not been happy.

Better so—better, as her father said, to renounce him altogether—to give him back his freedom—than to let him chain himself in a loveless wedlock. Better anything than the humiliation of an unloved wife.

But this sin which her father spoke of with such deep resentment—this offence which had kindled such unseemly anger in a Christian's breast: what was this deadly and desperate error? Herein lay the bitterest trial of all—to be kept in the dark, not to be able to comfort or succour the sinner.

## CHAPTER XXII.

"THE DEEP OF NIGHT IS CREPT UPON OUR TALK."

JOSHUA proved a true prophet in so far as related to Oswald Pentreath's line of conduct on receipt of his betrothed's letter. To Naomi's sad epistle, renouncing all claim upon him at her father's desire, he answered briefly:

Your letter has taken me by surprise, dearest; but harsh and sudden as your decision seems, I acquiesce. I know not how your father may have arrived at this estimate of my character, or what has influenced him to desire that our engagement shall be cancelled; but I am willing to abide his sentence. He may be right, perhaps. I am by nature unstable. I am not worthy of so noble a heart as yours. Yet be assured, Naomi, that, although unworthy, I am at least capable of appreciating and admiring your character as well as a better man. To the end of my life I shall honour and esteem you. To the end of my life I shall deem you the purest and noblest of women, and think those days of my life happiest in which I loved you best, and when there was no shadow of mistrust between us.

God bless you, dearest, and farewell! It may be long before I revisit Combhollow—and this may be a life-long farewell. Your friend, your servant always,

OSWALD PENTREATH.

"He is grateful to me for letting him go," thought Naomi, with a touch of bitterness. She could read gratitude for his release between the lines of this letter. It confirmed all her sad doubts.

"He might have spared me much pain if he had been more candid," she told herself—"if he had confessed the truth that day I told him of the change I had seen in him."

She opened the drawer where her wedding-dress lay on the day she received this final letter—the last she could ever expect from Oswald Pentreath. She looked at the pale silken gown with such sorrowful eyes as look upon a corpse. Was it not the dead corpse of her lost happiness which lay there, with sprigs of rosemary among the folds of its shroud?

"Poor wedding-gown!" she said to herself; "I shall give it to Lucy Simmonds. Why should it lie and fade in a drawer when it would make her happy? Would it be any comfort to me to look at it in years to come, and remember that I was once young, and very happy, fancying myself beloved?"

Lucy Simmonds had been Naomi's favourite pupil in the Sunday school of Little Bethel—an intelligent biblical student, who knew "Kings" and "Chronicles" as well as a bishop, and had never been known to confound the miracles of Elijah and Elisha. She had blossomed into womanhood, and was about to unite her fate with that of a promising young butcher—a staunch member of Joshua's congregation.

Naomi folded the dress carefully, and packed it in a large sheet of white paper. The skirts of those days were scanty, and the silk dress did not make a large parcel. She wrote a loving letter to her old pupil, and sent the parcel to the widow Simmonds's house that afternoon. The dress might be too good for Lucy's present station, but not for her future position as the wife for an aspiring butcher. The young matron would wear that pretty gray silk at friendly tea-parties and Christmas gatherings for years to come, and would think affectionately of the donor. It seemed a small thing, this giving away of her wedding-gown, but to Naomi it meant the total surrender of hope. There was nothing left for her in life but duty, and her love for her father.

She bore her cross meekly. None could have told how withering a sorrow had passed over her young life. There was a curious compound of pride and humbleness in her nature. She accepted her lot humbly, as a trial which was but her portion of humanity's common burden; but she was too proud to let others see how deeply she had been wounded. She put on a brave front, and her father gave her credit for stoicism, in no wise suspecting

that the weight of her secret grief was almost intolerable.

Very little was said in the small household about this change in Naomi's fortunes. The cancelment of her engagement was accepted as an act of Joshua's. He had forbidden the marriage for some good reason of his own. No one dared ask him why—his wife least of all. She could not have spoken Oswald's name to him. Her heart was full of fear, sorrow, and deepest pity for Naomi. Yet she dared not offer her sympathy. There was a look in Naomi's face that forbade all approach—every offer of love. Cynthia felt that there was a gulf between them. Naomi tacitly avoided her. She was not unkind, but she shrank from all companionship with her father's wife; and henceforward Cynthia's life became very lonely. Her husband's hours were closely occupied and spent for the most part away from her. Naomi lived her own life as much as possible apart from her step-mother, and Judith was harsh and unfriendly. Jim was always Cynthia's friend and champion; but his busy life did not admit of much companionship. The small household met at meals at the same hours, with the same regulations and ceremonies; but these family assemblies were silent and gloomy.

"Our dinner-time is getting uncommonly like a quakers' meeting," observed the audacious Jim at one of these dreary gatherings; "I wish the spirit would move some of us to be lively."

"When you've as much trouble on your mind as your father has, you won't be quite so active with your tongue," retorted Aunt Judith.

The works at the Grange had undergone a sudden check. Oswald had written peremptory orders to his architect. The contract was to be carried out only so far as concerned the substantial repairs of the house. There was to be no rotunda, and the end of the drawing-room was to be walled up again.

"I am going abroad," he wrote; "make as good a job as you can of the place, and write to me at the subjoined address for cheques as you want them."

The subjoined address was that of a London solicitor, a man who had done business for the old Squire occasionally.

The architect wondered and talked; and before many days everybody in Combhollow knew that Mr. Pentreath's engagement to Joshua Haggard's daughter was broken off. There was a great deal of talk, and much discussion and disputation about details, but a wonderful unanimity of opinion. The match would have been most unsuitable. Naomi Haggard was much too serious for a Squire's lady. The Grange could never have held up its head properly under such a mistress; and a glass rotunda would have been absurdly out of keeping. "He ought to marry Mr. Pinkley's only



daughter," said Combhollow, deciding for him off hand. "There's only an accommodation road between Pinkley's land and his."

The builders finished their work; the end of the long drawing-room was walled up again; and there was no more talk of palms, or fountains, or an Italian garden. The Grange resumed its air of gloom and emptiness, and looked almost as dismal as in the lifetime of the old Squire.

So the summer ripened and grew more glorious, bringing no delight of heart to the minister's small household. The colours of the sea took a more vivid lustre from the fullness of the sun, like jewels in an Indian temple shining in the glare of many torches. There came over the land the sultry hush of the days before harvest. Very little doing in those rich fields, where the corn was gently stirred by the hot south wind, like the waves of a golden sea; very little doing in the big farmyards, where the cattle stood knee-deep in the tawny gorse-litter, and contemplated the outer world listlessly, with dreamy brown eyes, and a general air of benevolence—stillness and repose on all things. Cynthia Haggard looked at this lovely external universe languidly, with eyes that saw its beauty dimly, as in a dream in which one absorbing sense of overwhelming trouble makes all things faint and blurred. Her husband had spoken no unkind word to her since that scene with Oswald; yet she felt that he was estranged. He read more; he shut himself up in his own thoughts, gave himself up more completely to his contemplative and subjective religion, and that religion seemed to take a more gloomy and inexorable character. In his sermons he dwelt less on the divine love and charity, and harped on a harsher string—the doom of sinners destined to perdition—wretches on whom the divine light had never shone, for whom that all-saving faith, which could lift the sinner out of the mire by one upward impulse of an awakened soul, was a dead letter.

Cynthia shuddered as she listened. Was Oswald Pentreath one of these lost spirits?

She could see that her husband was unhappy; yet had no power to comfort him. That weighed upon her heavily. She dared not complain to him of this disunion, lest she should be drawn into a confession of her sinful weakness, and constrained to admit her guilty love for the sinner. She could not have stood up before that righteous man, and spoken falsely.

He never questioned her about Oswald Pentreath; yet she felt that there must be some strong suspicion of evil in his mind, and at the root of his arbitrary conduct in cancelling his daughter's engagement. It never occurred to her that Oswald's wild talk that afternoon had been overheard, and told to Joshua. She looked upon his knowledge rather as the re-

sult of some occult power of his own. His wisdom had penetrated the guilty secret.

One night, a little while after Naomi had given up her lover, Joshua came up to his bed-chamber somewhat later than usual. He had stayed in the parlour after supper, writing or reading. Cynthia was lying awake, full of sad thoughts, vague forebodings of evil, aching pity for that weak sinner wandering she knew not where. Joshua walked up and down the room in silence for some minutes, and then stopped suddenly beside the bed, and looked down at the small pale face on the pillow, the sad blue eyes glancing up at him timidly, deprecating blame.

"I am glad you are not asleep," he said; "I want that book—'The Sorrows of Werther.' I have been thinking of what my sister said about it. I want to judge for myself. I looked at it too hurriedly last time. I want to see what kind of book it was that made you unhappy."

"You can't read it to-night, Joshua, surely? It's so late, and you must be tired."

"I am tired, but not able to sleep. I would rather read than lie awake. My thoughts have been a burden to me of late. There was a time when my wakeful hours were full of sweetness, when I could lose myself in communion with my Redeemer. That time is past. Human trouble has made a wall between this poor clay and the spirit world."

This was a reproach which smote the erring wife to the heart.

"Joshua, it is my fault," she faltered; "you were happier before you married me."

"Happier!" he cried bitterly; "I never knew the extremes of human joy or human pain till I knew you. Well, the pain has been immeasurable as the joy. If I erred, I have paid the penalty. Give me that book, Cynthia!"

Cynthia rose without another word, went to the drawer where she had hidden that fatal romance of real life, and brought the book to her husband with a meek obedience that moved him deeply. Even in his doubt and distrust of her—for he did doubt her, despite his brave words to Judith—there was an abiding love for her in his soul—a yearning to take her to his heart and forgive her, and comfort her, and offer her deeper love than was ever given to woman—the wide, strong love of a heart that had only awakened to passion in the maturity of its force and power. Could the love of youth, in all its glow of romance and poetry, be in any wise equal to this?

Cynthia put the book into his hand, and then remonstrated gently against the folly of midnight studies. "Read it to-morrow, dear Joshua. You look tired and ill. Hark! it is striking eleven."

"Go to bed and sleep," he said sternly; "I cannot. I want to read the book that melted

you—and Oswald Pentreath. I wonder whether it will move me to tears."

He set the candle on the old mahogany escritoire at which he wrote sometimes, and seated himself in the wide horsehair-covered arm-chair, edged with brass nails, like an old-fashioned coffin. He opened the book with a resolute air, as a man who meant to plod through it, whatever stuff it might be. He read, and read on with an intent face, turning leaf after leaf at measured intervals; Cynthia lying with her face turned towards that gloomy figure, watching him as if he were reading in the book of doom. To her mind that book held the confession of Oswald's weakness and of hers. Joshua would know all when he had read that. Had it been an acknowledgment of sin written with her own hand, signed and attested, she could not have thought it more complete or final.

He read on deep into the night, Cynthia dozing a little now and then, but for the most part watching him. The small hours struck, one after another, on the solemn old church bell; a faint chillness crept into the summer air; then slowly, softly, mysteriously, like a dream, came the gray dawn; first with a glimmer at the window, then with a broad cold light that filled the room and made the flame of the candle pale and ghost-like; then with gleams of saffron and rose, and dim morning

sunbeams like an infant's vague sweet smile. Still Joshua sat reading, in the same fixed attitude; reading on with indomitable resolve, bent on knowing the utmost and the worst. For him, too, the book was a confession and a revelation. Werther was Oswald Pentreath; Charlotte was Cynthia; and they loved each other; their young hearts yearned to each other, overflowing with tenderest sympathies, with unspeakable affection; and fate, duty, religion, and honour, stood between them in the person of the unloved husband, separating them for ever.

The room was flooded with sunlight when he closed the book, with one long sigh. He could not refuse the sinner that one expression of pity—so lost, so given over to an unconquerable passion, and yet with so much in him that was gentle, and true, and worthy.

Cynthia had fallen asleep at last. Joshua looked down at the sweet face on the pillow, full of compassion, pitying her, pitying himself. "Those two lived happily together when Werther was dead," he said to himself, thinking of Albert and Charlotte; "but then Albert did not know that his wife's heart had gone from him."

He washed and dressed himself, and went down to his daily round of labour, and said no word to Cynthia about the fatal book.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## A-BLACKBERRYING.

BY JOHN GRAY.



HY, e'en Briareus loved her as he watched her on  
her way,  
Though her mission was to rob him, on that mellow  
autumn day,  
When the golden sun in glory gilded bright her auburn  
hair,  
And kissed her cheek a peachy red, and lit her blue eyes  
rare.

I loved her, yet no jealous pang then shot athwart my  
breast,  
Although to win her to himself Briareus did his best;  
I watched her as his hundred hands with thorny swiftness  
clung  
To flowing skirt and ribbon gay, till frills in tatters hung.

I watched her still as, tied by string, adown her back there  
swung  
The hat that should have cast aside the javelins Phœbus  
flung;  
And, basket-armed, the trailing briar's sweets she plucked  
and stored,  
Till fingers dimpled soft and round had stained the basket's  
board.

Who had not envied Hundred-hand, when from a bunch  
she'd steal

A luscious purple berry ripe—to crush beneath her heel?  
Oh, no—to place between her lips that pouted for its  
kiss;

And yet the pampered giant took the favour all amiss.

She stole his balts, and fled his grasp, till wroth Briareus  
cast

One clinging arm around the maid as carelessly she past.  
He tore her downy tender hand with sharp and cruel  
thorn—

The basket shed its luscious freight—she looked as one  
forlorn,

And strove in vain escape to make, then turned at bay to  
stand,

As in his rage Briareus clutched with many another hand.

And I—what did I?—swiftly run to free the prisoned  
maid?

I did, but none to fast, I own, for ransom must be paid;  
I cast aside each thorny hand that clung with angry men,  
And kissed the place to make it well—the torn hand of my  
queen.



Ah, me! those pleasant autumn days—that basket was not  
filled;  
We wandered on, and on, and on—I fear some berries  
spilled;  
'Twas such a golden autumn time—our love so new a  
joy;  
Ah! well some writer said of old that life was but a toy.

And by the woodside, where the nuts were browning in their  
shell,  
I told my darling once again I loved her dearly—well;  
She trembled, stooped to hide a tear, and picked a ferny  
frond,  
Then as her soft eyes looked in mine, she owned another  
bond.

And old Briareus from his hedge, as, full of spite, he scanned  
Our loving looks, with anger shook, and clutched his hundred hand;  
But what for him had I but thanks? I smiled the conqueror's smile,  
And blessed the day when berries ripe my darling could beguile.

—From "A Book of Fair Women."

## GABRIEL CONROY.

BY

BRET HARTE.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

IN TENEBRIS SERVARE FIDEM.



ALTHOUGH a large man, Gabriel was lithe and active, and dropped the intervening distance where the rope was scant, lightly, and without injury. Happily the falling of the statue was looked upon as the result of another earthquake shock, and its disastrous effect upon the storming party for a while checked the attack. Gabriel lifted his half-fainting ally in his arms, and, gaining the friendly shelter of the ditch, in ten minutes was beyond the confines of One Horse Gulch, and in the shadow of the pines of Conroy's Hill.

There were several tunnel openings known only to him. Luckily the first was partly screened by a fall of rock loosened by the earthquake from the hill above, and, satisfied that it would be unrecognized by any eye less keen than his own, Gabriel turned into it with his fainting burden. And it was high time. For the hemorrhage from Jack Hamlin's wound was so great that that gentleman, after a faint attempt to wave his battered hat above his disheveled curls, suddenly succumbed, and lay as cold and senseless and beautiful as a carved Apollo.

Then Gabriel stripped him, and found an ugly hole in his thigh that had narrowly escaped traversing the femoral artery, and set himself about that rude surgery which he had acquired by experience, and that more delicate nursing which was instinctive with him. He was shocked at the revelation of a degree of emaciation in the figure of this young fellow that he had not before suspected. Gabriel had nursed many sick men, and here was one who clearly ought to be under the doctor's hands, economizing his vitality as a sedentary invalid, who had shown himself to him hitherto only as a man of superabundant activity and animal spirits. Whence came the power that had animated this fragile shell? Gabriel was perplexed; he looked down upon his own huge frame with a new and sudden sense of apology and depreciation, as if it were an offence to this spare and bloodless Adonis.

And then, with an infinite gentleness, as of a young mother over her new-born babe, he stanchéd the blood and bound up the wounds of his new friend so skillfully that he never winced, and with a peculiar purring accom-

paniment that lulled him to repose. Once only, as he held him in his arms, did he change his expression, and that was when a shadow and a tread—perhaps of a passing hare or squirrel—crossed the mouth of his cave, when he suddenly caught the body to his breast with the fierceness of a lioness interrupted with her cubs. In his own rough experience, he was much awed by the purple and fine linen of this fine gentleman's under-clothing, not knowing the prevailing habits of his class; and when he had occasion to open his bosom to listen to the faint beatings of his heart, he put aside with great delicacy and instinctive honour a fine gold chain from which depended some few relics and keepsakes which this scamp wore. But one was a photograph, set in an open locket, that he could not fail to see, and that at once held him breathless above it. It was the exact outline and features of his sister Grace, but with a strange shadow over that complexion which he remembered well as beautiful, that struck him with superstitious awe. He scanned it again eagerly.

"May be it was a dark day when she sot!" he murmured softly to himself; "may be it's the light in this yer tunnel; may be the heat o' this poor chap's buzzum hez kinder turned it. It ain't measles, fur she had 'em along o' Olly."

He paused and looked at the unconscious man before him, as if trying to connect him with the past.

"No," he said simply, with a resigned sigh, "it's agin reason! She never knowed him! It's only my foolishness, and my thinkin' and thinkin' o' her so much. It's another gal, and none o' your business, Gabe, and you a-prying inter another man's secrets, and takin' advantage of him when he's down."

He hurriedly replaced it in his companion's bosom, and closed the collar of his shirt as Jack's lips moved.

"Pete!" he called feebly.

"It's his pardner, may be, he's callin' on," said Gabriel to himself; then aloud, with the usual, comforting, professional assent: "In course, Pete, surely! He's coming, right off; he'll be yer afore you know it."

"Pete," continued Jack, forcibly, "take the mare off my leg, she's breaking it! Don't you see? She's stumbled! Blast it, quick! I'll be late! They'll string him up before I get there!"



In a moment Gabriel's stout heart sank. If fever should set in, if he should become delirious, they would be lost. Providentially, however, Jack's aberration was only for a moment; he presently opened his black eyes and stared at Gabriel. Gabriel smiled assuringly.

"Am I dead and buried?" said Jack gravely, looking around the dark vault, "or have I got 'em again?"

"Ye wuz took bad fur a minit, that's all," said Gabriel, re-assuringly, much relieved himself; "yer all right now!"

Hamlin tried to rise, but could not.

"That's a lie," he said cheerfully. "What's to be done?"

"Ef you'd let me hev my say, without gettin' riled," said Gabriel apologetically, "I'd tell ye. Look yer," he continued persuasively, "ye ought to hev a doctor afore thet wound gets inflamed; and ye ain't goin' to get one, bein' packed round by me. Now don't ye flare up, but harkin'! Allowin' I goes out to them chaps ez is huntin' us, and sez, 'Look yer, you kin take me, provided ye don't bear no malice agin my friend, and you sends a doctor to fetch him outer the tunnel.' Don't yer see, they can't prove anythin' agin ye, anyway," continued Gabriel, with a look of the intensest cunning; "I'll swear I took you prisoner, and Joe won't go back on his shot."

In spite of his pain and danger, this proposition afforded Jack Hamlin apparently the largest enjoyment.

"Thank ye," he said with a smile; "but as there's a warrant by this time out against me for horse-stealing, I reckon I won't put myself in the way of their nursing. They might forgive you for killing a Mexican of no great market value; but they ain't goin' to extend the right hand of fellowship to me after running off their ringleader's mustang! Particularly when that animal's foundered and knee-sprung. No, sir!"

Gabriel stared at his companion without speaking.

"I was late coming back with Olly to Wingdam. I had to swap the horse and buggy for the mare without having time to arrange particulars with the owner. I don't wonder you're shocked," continued Jack mischievously, affecting to misunderstand Gabriel's silence; "but thet's me. Thet's the kind of company you've got into. Procrastination and want of punctuality have brought me to this. Never procrastinate, Gabriel. Always make it a point to make it a rule never to be late at the Sabbath-school!"

"Ef I had owt to give ye," said Gabriel ruefully, "a drop o' whisky, or suthin to keep up your stren'th!"

"I never touch intoxicating liquors without the consent of my physician," said Jack

gravely; "they're too exciting! I must be kept free from all excitement. Something soothing or sedentary like this," he added, striking his leg. But even through his mischievous smile his face paled, and a spasm of pain crossed it.

"I reckon we'll hev to stick yer ontill dark," said Gabriel, "and then strike acrost the gully to the woods on Conroy's Hill. Ye'll be easier thar, and we're safe ontill sun-up, when we kin hunt another tunnel. Thar ain't no choice," added Gabriel, apologetically.

Jack made a grimace, and cast a glance around the walls of the tunnel. The luxurious scamp missed his usual comfortable surroundings.

"Well," he assented with a sigh, "I suppose the game's made anyway! and we've got to stick here like snails on a rock for an hour yet. Well," he continued impatiently, as Gabriel, after improvising a rude couch for him with some withered pine tassels gathered at the mouth of the tunnel, sat down beside him; "are you goin' to bore me to death, now that you've got me here—sittin' there like an owl. Why don't you say something?"

"Say what?" asked Gabriel simply.

"Anything! Lie if you want to; only talk!"

"I'd like to put a question to ye, Mr. Hamlin," said Gabriel, with great gentleness—"allowin', in course, ye'll answer, or no, jest ez agree'ble to ye—reckonin' it's no business o' mine, nor pryin' into secrets, on'y jess to pass away the time ontill sundown. When you was tuk bad a spell ago, unloosin' yer shirt thar, I got to see a picter that ye hev around yer neck. I ain't askin' who nor which it is, but on'y this—ez thet—thet—thet young woman dark-complected ez thet picter allows her to be?"

Jack's face had recovered its colour by the time that Gabriel had finished, and he answered promptly:

"A derned sight more so! Why, that picture's fair alongside of her!"

Gabriel looked a little disappointed.

Hamlin was instantly up in arms.

"Yes, sir; and when I say that," he returned, "I mean, by thunder, that the whitest-faced woman in the world don't begin to be as handsome. Thar ain't an angel that she couldn't give points to and beat! That's *her* style! It don't," continued Mr. Hamlin, taking the picture from his breast, and wiping its face with his handkerchief—"it don't begin to do her justice. What," he asked suddenly and aggressively, "have *you* got to say about it, anyway?"

"I reckened it kinder favoured my sister Grace," said Gabriel, submissively. "Ye didn't know her, Mr. Hamlin? She was lost sence '49—thet's all!"

Mr. Hamlin measured Gabriel with a con-

tempt that was delicious in its sublime audacity and unconsciousness.

"Your sister?" he repeated; "that's a healthy lookin' sister of such a man as you, ain't it? Why, look at it," roared Jack, thrusting the picture under Gabriel's nose, "why it's—it's a *lady*!"

"Ye mus'n't jedge Grace by me, nor even Olly," interposed Gabriel gently, evading Mr. Hamlin's contempt.

But Jack was not to be appeased.

"Does your sister sing like an angel, and talk Spanish like Governor Alvarado? Is she connected with one of the oldest Spanish families in the State? Does she run a rancho and thirty square leagues of land, and is Dolores Salvatierra her nickname? Is her complexion like the young bark of the madrono—the most beautiful thing ever seen? Did every other woman look chalky beside her, eh?"

"No!" said Gabriel, with a sigh; "it was just my foolishness, Mr. Hamlin. But seein' that picter, kinder—"

"I stole it," interrupted Jack with the same frankness. "I saw it in her parlour, on the table, and I froze to it when no one was looking. Lord, *she* wouldn't have given it to *me*. I reckon those relatives of hers would have made it very lively for me if they suspected it. Hoss-stealing ain't a circumstance to this, Gabriel," said Jack, with a reckless laugh. Then, with equal frankness, and a picturesque freedom of description, he related his first and only interview with Donna Dolores. I am glad to say that this scamp exaggerated, if anything, the hopelessness of his case, dwelt but slightly on his own services, and concealed the fact that Donna Dolores had even thanked him. "You can reckon from this the extent of my affection for that Johnny Ramirez, and why I just froze to you when I heard you'd dropped him. But come now, it's your deal; tell us all about it. The boys put it up that he was hangin' round your wife, and you went for him for all he was worth. Go on, I'm waiting, and—" added Jack, as a spasm of pain passed across his face, "and aching to that degree that I'll yell if you don't take my mind off it."

But Gabriel's face was grave, and his lips silent as he bent over Mr. Hamlin to adjust the bandages.

"Go on," said Jack, darkly, "or I'll tear off these rags and bleed to death before your eyes. What are you afraid of? I know all about your wife; you can't tell me anything about her. Didn't I spot her in Sacramento—before she married you—when she had this same Chilino, Ramirez, on a string. Why, she's fooled him as she has you. You ain't such blasted fool as to be struck after her still, are you?" and Jack raised himself on his elbow the more intently to regard this possibly transcendent idiot.

"You was speakin' o' this Mexican, Ramirez," said Gabriel, after a pause, fixing his now clear and untroubled eyes on his interlocutor.

"Of course," roared out Jack, impatiently; "did you think I was talking of—?"

Here Mr. Hamlin offered a name that suggested the most complete and perfect antithesis known to modern reason.

"I didn't kill him!" said Gabriel, quietly.

"Of course not," said Jack, promptly. "He sorter stumbled and fell over on your bowie-knife as you were pickin' your teeth with it. But go on. How did you do it? Where did you spot him? Did he make any fight? Has he got any sand in him?"

"I tell ye I didn't kill him!"

"Who did, then?" screamed Jack, furious with pain and impatience.

"I don't know; I reckon—that is—" and Gabriel stopped short, with a wistful, perplexed look at his companion.

"Perhaps, Mr. Gabriel Conroy," said Jack, with sudden coolness and deliberation of speech, and a baleful light in his dark eyes—"perhaps you'll be good enough to tell me what this means—what *is* your little game? Perhaps you'll kindly inform me what I'm lying here crippled for; what you were doing up in that courthouse, when you were driving those people crazy with excitement; what you're hiding here in this blank family vault for; and, may be, if you've got time, you'll tell me what was the reason I made that pleasant little trip to Sacramento? I know I required the exercise, and then there was the honour of being introduced to your little sister; but perhaps you'll tell me **WHAT IT WAS FOR!**"

"Jack," said Gabriel, leaning forward, with a sudden return of his old trouble and perplexity, "I thought *she* did it! and thinkin' that—when they asked me—I took it upon *myself*! I didn't allow to ring *you* into this, Jack! I thought—I thought—thet—it 'ud all be one; thet they'd hang me up afore this, I did, Jack, honest!"

"And you didn't kill Ramirez?"

"No."

"And you reckoned your wife did?"

"Yes."

"And you took the thing on yourself?"

"I did."

"*You* did!"

"I did."

"*You* did?"

"I did!"

Mr. Hamlin rolled over on his back, and began to whistle "When the springtime comes, gentle Annie!" as the only way of expressing his inordinate contempt for the whole proceeding.

Gabriel slowly slid his hand under Mr. Hamlin's helpless back, and, under pretext of ar-

ranging his bandages, lifted him in his arms like a truculent babe:

"Jack," he said, softly, "ef thet picter of yours—thet coloured woman—"

"Which!" said Jack, fiercely.

"I mean—thet purty creetur—ef she and you hed been married, and you'd found out accidental like that she'd fooled ye—more be-like, Jack," he added, hastily, "o' your own foolishness, than her little game—and—"

"That woman was a lady," interrupted Jack, savagely, "and your wife's a—" But he paused, looking into Gabriel's face, and then added: "O git! will you! Leave me alone! 'I want to be an angel, and with the angels stand.'"

"And thet woman hez a secret," continued Gabriel, unmindful of the interruption, "and, bein' hounded by the man az knows it, up and kills him, ye wouldn't let thet woman—thet poor pooty creetur—suffer for it! No, Jack! Ye would rather pint your own toes up to the sky than do it. It ain't in ye, Jack, and it ain't in me, so help me God!"

"This is all very touchin', Mr. Conroy, and does credit, sir, to your head and heart, and I kin feel it drawing Hall's ball outer my leg while you're talkin'," said Jack, with his black eyes evading Gabriel's, and wandering to the entrance of the tunnel.

"What time is it, you blasted old fool, ain't it dark enough yet to git outer this hole?"

He groaned, and, after a pause, added, fiercely:

"How do you know your wife did it?"

Gabriel swiftly, and, for him, even concisely, related the events of the day, from his meeting with Ramirez in the morning, to the time that he had stumbled upon the body of Victor Ramirez on his return to keep the appointment at his wife's written request.

Jack only interrupted him once to inquire why, after discovering the murder, he had not gone on to keep his appointment.

"I thought it wa'n't of no use," said Gabriel simply; "I didn't want to let her see I know'd it."

Hamlin groaned, "If you had you would have found her in the company of the man who *did* do it, you daddering old idiot."

"What man?" asked Gabriel.

"The first man you saw your wife with that morning; the man I ought to be helping now instead of lyin' here."

"You don't mean to allow, Jack, ez you reckon she *didn't* do it?" asked Gabriel in alarm.

"I do," said Hamlin coolly.

"Then whaw did she reckon to let on by thet note?" said Gabriel with a sudden look of cunning.

"Don't know," returned Jack; "like as not, being a blasted fool, you didn't read it right! Hand it over and let me see it."

Gabriel (hesitatingly): "I can't."

Hamlin: "You can't?"

Gabriel (apologetically): "I tore it up!"

Hamlin (with frightful deliberation): "You DID?"

"I did."

Jack (after a long and crushing silence): "Were you ever under medical treatment for these spells?"

Gabriel (with great simplicity and submission): "They allers used to allow I was queer."

Hamlin (after another pause): "Has Pete Dumphy got anything agin you?"

Gabriel (surprisedly): "No."

Hamlin (languidly): "It was his right hand man, his agent at Wingdam, that started up the Vigilantes! I heard him, and saw him in the crowd hounding 'em on."

Gabriel (simply): "I reckon you're out thar, Jack; Dumphy's my friend. It was him that first gin me the money to open this yer mine. And I'm his superintendent!"

Jack: "Oh!"—(after another pause) "Is there any first-class Lunatic Asylum in this county, where they would take in two men, one an incurable, and the other sufferin' from a gunshot wound brought on by playin' with fire-arms?"

Gabriel (with a deep sigh): "Ye mus'n't talk, Jack, ye must be quiet till dark."

Jack, dragged down by pain, and exhausted in the intervals of each paroxysm, was quiescent.

Gradually, the faint light that had filtered through the brush and débris before the tunnel faded quite away, and a damp charnel-house chill struck through the limbs of the two refugees and made them shiver; the flow of water from the dripping walls seemed to have increased; Gabriel's experienced eye had already noted that the earthquake had apparently opened seams in the gully and closed up one of the leads. He carefully laid his burden down again, and crept to the opening. The distant hum of voices and occupation had ceased, the sun was setting; in a few moments, calculating on the brief twilight of the mountain region, it would be dark, and they might with safety leave their hiding-place. As he was returning, he noticed a slant beam of light, hitherto unobserved, crossing the tunnel from an old drift. Examining it more closely, Gabriel was amazed to find that during the earthquake a "cave" had taken place in the drift, possibly precipitated by the shock, disclosing the more surprising fact that there had been a previous slight but positive excavation on the hill-side, above the tunnel, that antedated any record of One Horse Gulch known to Gabriel. He was perfectly familiar with every foot of the hill-side, and the existence of this ancient prospecting "hole" had never been even suspected by him. While he was

still gazing at the opening, his foot struck against some glittering metallic substance. He stooped and picked up a small tin can, not larger than a sardine box, hermetically sealed and soldered, on which some inscription had been traced, but which he could not decipher for the darkness of the tunnel. In the faint hope that it might contain something of benefit to his companion, Gabriel returned to the opening and even ventured to step beyond its shadow. But all attempts to read the inscription were in vain. He opened the box with a sharp stone; it contained, to his great disappointment, only a memorandum-book and some papers. He swept them into the pockets of his blouse, and re-entered the tunnel. He had not been absent, altogether, more than five minutes, but when he reached the place where he had left Jack, he was gone!

#### CHAPTER XLIV.

##### IN WHICH HECTOR ARISES FROM THE DITCH.

HE stood for a moment breathless and paralyzed with surprise; then he began slowly and deliberately to examine the tunnel step by step. When he had proceeded a hundred feet from the spot, to his great relief he came upon Jack Hamlin, sitting upright in a side-drift. His manner was feverish and excited, and his declaration that he had not moved from the place where Gabriel had left him, at once was accepted by the latter as the aberration of incipient inflammation and fever. When Gabriel stated that it was time to go, he replied, "Yes," and added with such significance that his business with the murderer of Victor Ramirez was now over, and that he was ready to enter the Lunatic Asylum at once, that Gabriel with great precipitation lifted him in his arms and carried him without delay from the tunnel. Once more in the open air, the energies of both men seemed to rally; Jack became as a mere feather in Gabriel's powerful arms, and even forgot his querulous opposition to being treated as a helpless child, while Gabriel trod the familiar banks of the ditch, climbed the long ascent and threaded the aisles of the pillared pines of Reservoir Hill with the free experienced feet of the mountaineer. Here Gabriel knew he was safe until daybreak, and gathered together some withered pine boughs and its fragrant tassels for a couch for his helpless companion. And here, as he feared, fever set in; the respiration of the wounded man grew quick and hurried; he began to talk rapidly and incoherently, of Olly, of Ramirez, of the beautiful girl whose picture hung upon his breast, of Gabriel himself, and finally of a stranger who was, as it seemed to him, his sole auditor, the gratuitous coinage of his own fancy. Once

or twice he raised his voice to a shout, and then, to Gabriel's great alarm, suddenly he commenced to sing, and, before Gabriel could place his hand upon his mouth, he had trolled out the verse of a popular ballad. The rushing river below them gurgled, beat its bars, and sang an accompaniment; the swaying pine sighed and creaked in unison; the patient stars above them stared and bent breathlessly, and then, to Gabriel's exalted consciousness, an echo of the wounded man's song arose from the gulch below.

For a moment he held his breath with an awful mingling of joy and fear. Was he going mad too? or was it really the voice of little Olly? The delirious man beside him answered his query with another verse; the antiphonal response rose again from the valley. Gabriel hesitated no longer, but with feverish hands gathered a few dried twigs and pine cones into a pile, and touched a match to them. At the next moment they flashed a beacon to the sky, in another there was a crackling of the underbrush and the hurried onset of two figures, and before the slow Gabriel could recover from his astonishment, Olly flew, panting, to his arms, while her companion, the faithful Pete, sank breathlessly beside his wounded and insensible master.

Olly was first to find her speech. That speech, after the unfailing instincts of her sex, in moments of excitement, was the instant arraignment of somebody else as the cause of that excitement, and at once put the whole universe on the defensive.

"Why didn't you send word where you was," she said impatiently, "and wot did you have it so dark for, and up a steep hill, and leavin' me alone at Wingdam, and why didn't you call without singin'?"

And then Gabriel, after the fashion of *his* sex, ignored all but the present, and holding Olly in his arms, said:

"It's my little girl, ain't it, come to her own brother Gabe! bless her!"

Whereat, Mr. Hamlin, after the fashion of lunatics of any sex, must needs be consistent, and break out again into song.

"He's looney, Olly, what with fever along o' bein' shot in the leg a' savin' me, ez isn't worth savin'," explained Gabriel, apologetically. "It was him ez did the singin'."

Then Olly, still following the feminine instinct, at once deserted conscious rectitude for indefensible error, and flew to Mr. Hamlin's side.

"O, where is he hurt, Pete? is he goin' to die?"

And Pete, suspicious of any medication but his own, replied doubtfully:

"He looks bad, Miss Olly, dats a fac'—but now bein' in my han's, bress de Lord A'mighty, and we able to minister to him, we



hopes fur de bess. Your brudder meant well, is a fair-meanin' man, Miss—a tol'able nuss, but he ain't got the peerfeshn'l knowledge dat Mars Jack in de habit o' gettin'."

Here Pete unslung from his shoulders a wallet, and proceeded to extract therefrom a small medicine case, with the resigned air of the family physician, who has been called full late to remedy the practice of rustic empiricism.

"How did ye come yer?" asked Gabriel of Olly, when he had submissively transferred his wounded charge to Pete. "What made you allow I was hidin' yer? How did you reckon to find me? but ye was allus peart and on-handed, Olly," he suggested, gazing admiringly at his sister.

"When I woke up at Wingdam, after Jack went away, who should I find, Gabe, but Lawyer Maxwell standin' thar, and askin' me a heap o' questions. I supposed you'd been makin' a fool o' yourself agin, Gabe, and afore I let on that I know'd a word, I jist made him tell me everythin' about you, Gabe, and it was orful! and you bein' arrested for murder, ez wouldn't harm a fly, let alone that Mexican ez I never liked, Gabe, and all this comes of tendin' his legs instead o' lookin' arter me. And all them questions was about July, and whether she wasn't your enemy, and if they ever was a woman, Gabe, ez waz sweet on you, you know it was July! And all thet kind of foolishness! And then when he couldn't git ennythin' out o' me agin July, he allowed to Pete that he must take me right to you, fur he said they waz talk o' the Vigilantes gettin' hold o' ye afore the trial, and he was goin' to get an order to take you outer the county, and he reckoned they wouldn't dare to tech ye if I waz with ye, Gabe—and I'd like to see 'em try it! and he allowed to Pete that he must take me right to you! and Pete—and there ain't a whiter nigger livin' than that ole man—said he would—reckonin', you know, to find Jack, as he allowed to me they'd hev to kill afore they got you,—and he came down yer with me. And when we got yer, you was off, and the sheriff gone, and the Vigilantes—what with bein' killed, the biggest o' them, by the earthquake—what was orful, Gabe, but we bein' on the road didn't get to feel!—jest scared outer their butes! And then a Chinyman gin us yer note—"

"My note?" interrupted Gabriel, "I didn't send ye any note."

"Then *his* note," said Olly impatiently, pointing to Hamlin, "sayin' 'you'll find your friends on Conroy's Hill!'—don't you see, Gabe?" continued Olly, stamping her foot in fury at her brother's slowness of comprehension, "and so we came and heard Jack's singin', and a mighty foolish thing it was to do, and yer we are."

"But he didn't send any note, Olly," persisted Gabriel.

"Well, you awful old Gabe, what difference does it make *who* sent it?" continued the practical Olly; "here we are along o' thet note, and," she added, feeling in pocket, "there's the note!"

She handed Gabriel a small slip of paper with the penciled words, "You'll find your friends waiting for you to-night on Conroy's Hill."

The handwriting was unfamiliar, but even if it were Jack's, how did *he* manage to send it without his knowledge? He had not lost sight of Jack, except during the few moments he had reconnoitered the mouth of the tunnel, since they had escaped from the court-house. Gabriel was perplexed; in the presence of this anonymous note he was confused and speechless, and could only pass his hand helplessly across his forehead.

"But it's all right now, Gabe," continued Olly, re-assuringly; "the Vigilantes have run away—what's left of them; the sheriff ain't to be found nowhar! This yer earthquake hez frightened everybody outer the idea o' huntin' ye—nobody talks of ennything but the earthquake; they even say, Gabe—I forgot to tell ye—that our claim on Conroy Hill has busted, too, and the mine ain't worth shucks now! But there's no one to interfere with us now, Gabe. And we're goin' to get into a waggin that Pete hez bespoke for us at the head of Reservoir Gulch, to-morrow mornin' at sun-up. And then Pete sez we kin git down to Stockton and 'Frisco and out to a place called San Antonio, that the devil himself wouldn't think o' goin' to, and thar we kin stay, me, and you, and Jack, until this whole thing is blown over, and Jack gits well agin, and July comes back!"

Gabriel, still holding the hand of his sister, dared not tell her of the suspicions of Lawyer Maxwell regarding her sister-in-law's complicity in this murder, nor Jack's conviction of her infidelity, and he hesitated. But after a pause, he suggested with a consciousness of great discretion and artfulness,

"Suppose thet July doesn't come back?"

"Look yer, Gabe," said Olly suddenly, "ef yer goin' to be thet foolish and ridiklus agin, I'll jess quit. Ez if thet woman would ever leave ye." (Gabriel groaned inwardly.) "Why, when she hears o' this, wild hosses couldn't keep her from ye! Don't be a mule, Gabe, don't!" And Gabriel was dumb.

Meantime, under the influence of some anodyne which Pete had found in his medicine chest, Mr. Hamlin became quiet and pretermitted his vocal obligato. Gabriel, whose superb physical adjustment no mental excitement could possibly overthrow, and whose regular habits were never broken by anxiety, nodded,

even while holding Olly's hand, and in due time slept, and I regret to say—writing of a hero—snored! After a while Olly herself succumbed to the drowsy coolness of the night, and wrapped in Mr. Hamlin's shawl, pillowed her head upon her brother's broad breast and slept too. Only Pete remained to keep the watch, he being comparatively fresh and strong, and declaring that the condition of Mr. Hamlin required his constant attention.

It was after midnight that Olly dreamed a troubled dream. She thought that she was riding with Mr. Hamlin to seek her brother, when she suddenly came upon a crowd of excited men, who were bearing Gabriel to the gallows. She thought that she turned to Mr. Hamlin frantically for assistance, when she saw, to her horror, that his face had changed,—that it was no longer he who sat beside her, but a strange, wild-looking, haggard man—a man whose face was old and pinched, but whose gray hair was discoloured by a faded dye that had worn away, leaving the original colour in patches, and the antique foppiness of whose dress was deranged by violent exertion, and grimy with the dust of travel—a dandy whose strapped trousers of a by-gone fashion were ridiculously loosened in one leg, whose high stock was unbuckled and awry! She awoke with a start. Even then, her dream was so vivid that it seemed to her this face was actually bending over her with such a pathetic earnestness and inquiry, that she called aloud. It was some minutes before Pete came to her, but as he averred, albeit somewhat incoherently, and rubbing his eyes to show that he had closed them, that he had never slept a wink, and that it was impossible for any stranger to have come upon them without his knowledge, Olly was obliged to accept it all as a dream! But she did not sleep again. She watched the moon slowly sink behind the serrated pines of Conroy's Hill; she listened to the crackling tread of strange animals in the underbrush, to the far-off rattle of wheels on the Wingdam turnpike, until the dark outline of the tree-trunks returned, and with the cold fires of the mountain sunrise the chilly tree-tops awoke to winged life, and the twitter of birds; while the faint mists of the river lingered with the paling moon, like tired sentinels for the relief of the coming day. And then Olly awoke her companions. They struggled back into consciousness with characteristic expressions, Gabriel slowly and apologetically, as of one who had overslept himself; Jack Hamlin violently and aggressively, as if some unfair advantage had been taken of his human weakness, that it was necessary to combat at once. I am sorry to say that his recognition of Pete was accompanied by a degree of profanity and irreverence that was dangerous to his own physical weakness.

"And you had to trapeze down yer, sniffin' about my tracks, you black and tan idiot," continued Mr. Hamlin, raising himself on his arm, "and after I'd left everything all straight at Wingdam—and jest as I was beginning to reform and lead a new life! How do! Olly! You'll excuse my not rising. Come and kiss me! If that nigger of mine has let you want for anything, jest tell me and I'll discharge him. Well! blank it all! what are you waitin' for? Here it's daybreak and we've got to get down to the head of Reservoir Gulch. Come, little children, the picnic is over!"

Thus adjured, Gabriel rose, and, lifting Mr. Hamlin in his arms with infinite care and tenderness, headed the quaint procession. Mr. Hamlin, perhaps recognizing some absurdity in the situation, forbore exercising his querulous profanity on the man who held him helpless as an infant, and Olly and Pete followed slowly behind.

Their way led down Reservoir Canon, beautiful, hopeful, and bracing in the early morning air. A few birds, awakened by the passing tread, started into song a moment, and then were still. With a cautious gentleness, habitual to the man, Gabriel forebore, as he strode along, to step upon the few woodland blossoms yet left to the dry summer woods. There was a strange fragrance in the air, the light odours liberated from a thousand nameless herbs, the faint melancholy spicing of dead leaves. There was, moreover, that sense of novelty which Nature always brings with the dawn in deep forests; a fancy that during the night the earth had been created anew; and was fresh from the Maker's hand, as yet untried by burden or tribulation, and guiltless of a Past. And so it seemed to the little caravan, albeit fleeing from danger and death, that yesterday and its fears were far away, or had, in some unaccountable way, shrunk behind them in the west with the swiftly dwindling night. Olly once or twice strayed from the trail to pick an opening flower or lingering berry; Pete hummed to himself the fragment of an old camp-meeting song.

And so they walked on, keeping the rosy dawn and its promise before them. From time to time the sound of far-off voices came to them faintly. Slowly the light quickened; morning stole down the hills upon them stealthily, and at last the entrance of the canon became dimly outlined. Olly uttered a shout and pointed to a black object moving backward and forward before the opening. It was the wagon and team awaiting them. Olly's shout was answered by a whistle from the driver, and they quickened their pace joyfully; in another moment they would be beyond the reach of danger.

Suddenly a voice that seemed to start from the ground before them called on Gabriel to

stop! He did so unconsciously, drawing Hamlin closer to him with one hand, and with the other making a broad, protecting sweep toward Olly. And then a figure rose slowly from the ditch at the roadside and barred their passage.

It was only a single man! A small man bespattered with the slime of the ditch and torn with brambles; a man exhausted with fatigue and tremulous with nervous excitement, but still erect and threatening. A man whom Gabriel and Hamlin instantly recognized even through his rags and exhaustion! It was Joe Hall, the sheriff of Calaveras!

He held a pistol in his right hand even while his left exhaustedly sought the support of a tree! By a common instinct both men saw that while the hand was feeble the muzzle of the weapon covered them.

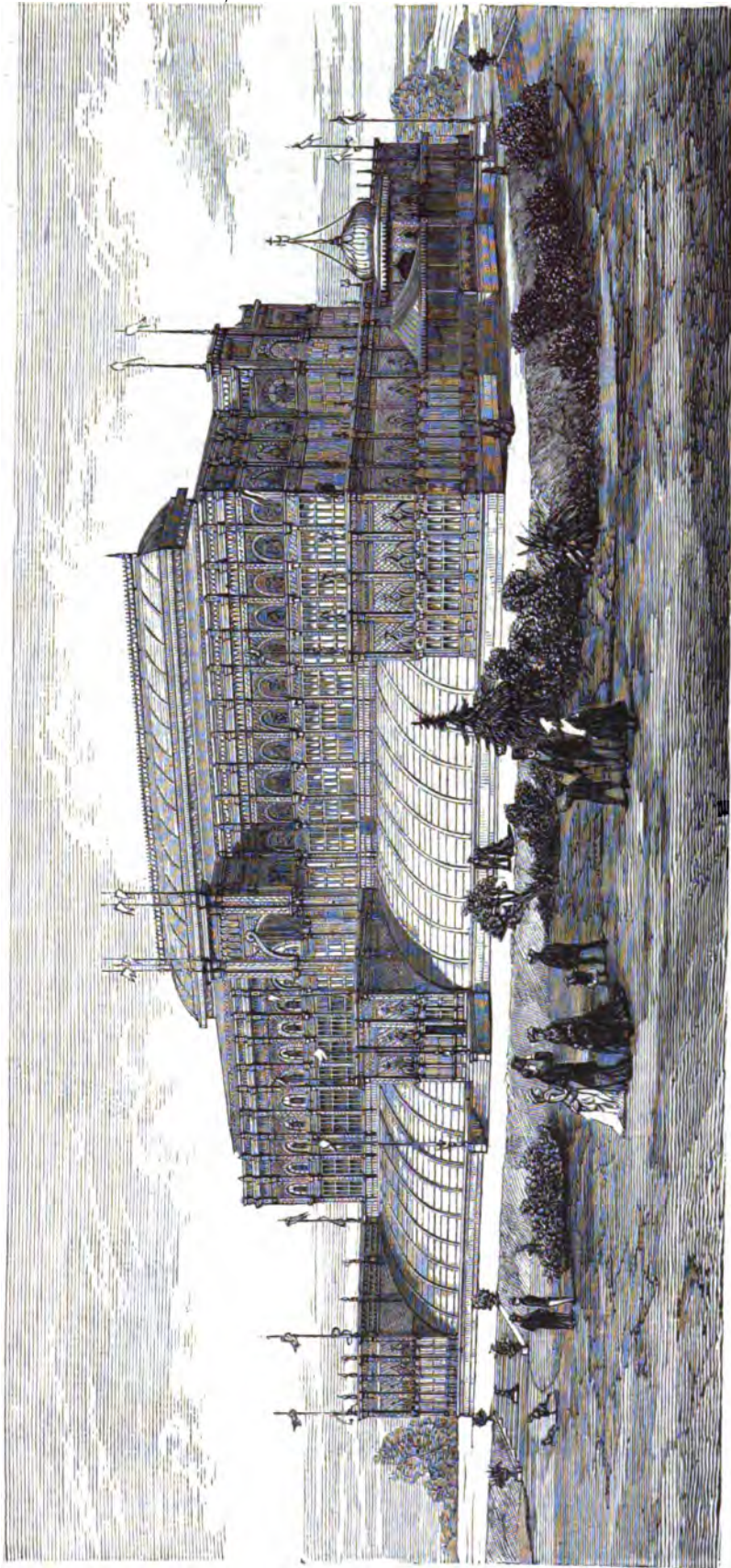
"Gabriel Conroy, I want you," said the apparition.

"He's got us lined! Drop me," whispered Hamlin hastily, "drop me! It'll spoil his aim."

But Gabriel by a swift, dexterous movement that seemed incompatible with his usual deliberation, instantly transferred Hamlin to his other arm, and with his burden completely shielded, presented his own right shoulder squarely to the muzzle of Hall's revolver.

"Gabriel Conroy, you are my prisoner," repeated the voice.

Gabriel did not move. But over his shoulder as a rest, dropped the long shining barrel of Jack's own favourite duelling pistol, and over



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it glanced the bright eye of its crippled owner. The issue was joined!

There was a deathlike silence. "Go on!" said Jack quietly. "Keep cool, Joe. For if you miss him, you're gone in; and hit or miss, I've got you sure!"

The barrel of Hall's pistol wavered a moment, from physical weakness but not from fear. The great heart behind it, though broken, was not undaunted. "It's all right," said the voice fatefully. "It's all right, Jack! Ye'll kill me, I know! But ye can't help sayin' arter all that I did my duty to Calaveras as the sheriff, and 'specially to them twenty-five men ez elected me over Boggs! I ain't goin' to let ye pass. I've been on this yer hunt, up and down this canon all night. Hevin' no possey I reckon I've got to die yer in my tracks. All right! But ye'll git into thet wagon over my dead body, Jack; over my dead body, sure."

Even as he spoke these words he straightened himself to his full height—which was not much, I fear—and steadied himself by the tree, his weapon still advanced and pointing at Gabriel, but with such an evident and hopeless contrast between his determination and his evident inability to execute it, that his attitude impressed his audience less with its heroism than its half-pathetic absurdity. Mr. Hamlin laughed. But even then he suddenly felt the grasp of Gabriel relax, found himself slipping to his companion's feet, and the next moment was deposited carefully but ignominiously on the ground by Gabriel, who strode quietly and composedly up to the muzzle of the sheriff's pistol.

"I'm ready to go with ye, Mr. Hall," he said, gently, putting the pistol aside with a certain large indifferent wave of the hand—"ready to go with ye—now—at once! But I've one little favour to ax ye. This yer pore young man, ez yur wounded, unbeknownst," he said, pointing to Hamlin, who was writhing and gritting his teeth in helpless rage and fury, "ez not to be tuk with me, nor for me! Thar ain't nothin' to be done to him. He hez been dragged inter this fight. But I'm ready to go with you now, Mr. Hall, and am sorry you got into the troubil along o' me."

## CHAPTER XLV.

### IN THE TRACK OF A STORM.

A QUARTER of an hour before the messenger of Peter Dumphy had reached Poinsett's office, Mr. Poinsett had received a more urgent message. A telegraph dispatch from San Antonio had been put into his hands. Its few curt words, more significant to an imaginative man than rhetorical expression, ran as follows:

"Mission Church destroyed. Father Felipe safe. Blessed Trinity in ruins and Dolores missing. My house spared. Come at once.—MARIA SEPULVEDA."

The following afternoon at four o'clock Arthur Poinsett reached San Geronimo, within fifteen miles of his destination. Here the dispatch was confirmed, with some slight local exaggeration.

"Saints and devils! There is no longer a St. Anthony! The *temblor* has swallowed him!" said the innkeeper, sententiously. "It is the end of all! Such is the world. Thou wilt find stones on stones instead of houses, Don Arturo. Wherefor another glass of the brandy of France, or the whisky of the American, as thou dost prefer? But of San Antonio, nothing! Absolutely! Perfectly. Truly—nothing!"

In spite of this cheering prophecy, Mr. Poinsett did not wait for the slow diligence, but, mounting a fleet mustang, dashed off in quest of the missing Mission. He was somewhat relieved, at the end of an hour, by the far-off flash of the sea, the rising of the dark green fringe of the Mission orchard and *Encinal*, and above it the white dome of one of the Mission towers. But at the next moment Arthur checked his horse and rubbed his eyes in wonder. Where was the other tower? He put spurs to his horse again and dashed off at another angle, and again stopped and gazed. *There was but one tower remaining.* The Mission Church must have been destroyed!

Perhaps it was this discovery, perhaps it was some instinct stronger than this; but when Arthur had satisfied himself of this fact he left the direct road, which would have brought him to the Mission, and diverged upon the open plain toward the Rancho of the Blessed Trinity. A fierce wind from the sea swept the broad *llano* and seemed to oppose him step by step—a wind so persistent and gratuitous that it appeared to Arthur to possess a moral quality, and, as such, was to be resisted and overcome by his superior will. Here, at least, all was unchanged; here was the dead, flat monotony of land and sky. Here was the brittle, harsh stubble of the summer fields, sun-baked and wind-dried; here were the long stretches of silence, from which even the harrying wind made no opposition or complaint; here were the formless specks of slowly moving cattle even as he remembered them before. A momentary chill came over him as he recalled his own perilous experience on these plains, a momentary glow suffused his cheek as he thought of his rescue by the lovely but cold recluse. Again he heard the name of "Philip" softly whispered in his ears, again he felt the flood of old memories sweep over him as he rode, even as he had felt them when he lay that day panting upon the earth. And yet Arthur had long since convinced his mind that he was mistaken in supposing that

Donna Dolores had addressed him at that extreme moment as "Philip;" he had long since believed it was a trick of his disordered and exhausted brain; the conduct of Dolores toward himself, habitually restrained by grave courtesy, never justified him in directly asking the question, nor suggested any familiarity that might have made it probable. She had never alluded to it again—but had apparently forgotten it. Not so Arthur! He had often gone over that memorable scene, with a strange, tormenting pleasure that was almost a pain. It was the one incident of his life, for whose poetry he was not immediately responsible—the one genuine heart-thrill whose sincerity he had not afterward stopped to question in his critical fashion—the one enjoyment that had not afterward appeared mean and delusive. And now the heroine of this episode was missing, and he might never perhaps see her again! And yet, when he first heard the news, he was conscious of a strange sense of relief—rather let me say of an awakening from a dream, that, though delicious, had become dangerous and might unfit him for the practical duties of his life. Donna Dolores had never affected him as a real personage—at least the interest he felt in her was, he had always considered, due to her relations to some romantic condition of his mind, and her final disappearance from the plane of his mental vision, was only the exit of an actress from the mimic stage. It seemed only natural that she should disappear as mysteriously as she came. There was no shock even to the instincts of his ordinary humanity—it was no catastrophe involving loss of life, or even suffering to the subject or spectator.

Such, at least, was Mr. Poinsett's analysis of his own mental condition on the receipt of Donna Maria's telegram. It was the cool self-examination of a man who believed himself cold-blooded and selfish, superior to the weakness of ordinary humanity, and yet was conscious of neither pride nor disgrace in the belief. Yet when he diverged from his direct road to the Mission, and turned his horse's head toward the home of Donna Dolores, he was conscious of a new impulse and anxiety that was stronger than his reason. Unable as he was to resist it, he took some satisfaction in believing that it was nearly akin to that feeling which, years before, had driven him back to Starvation Camp in quest of the survivors. Suddenly his horse recoiled with a bound that would have unseated a less skillful rider. Directly across his path stretched a chasm in the level plain—thirty feet broad and as many feet in depth, and at its bottom, in undistinguishable confusion, lay the wreck of the corral of the Blessed Trinity!

Except for the enormous size and depth of this fissure, Arthur might have mistaken it for

the characteristic cracks in the sunburnt plain, which the long, dry summer had wrought upon its surface, some of which were so broad as to task the agility of his horse. But a second glance convinced him of the different character of the phenomenon. The earth had not cracked asunder nor separated, but had sunk. The width of the chasm below was nearly equal to the width above; the floor of this valley in miniature was carpeted by the same dry, brittle herbs and grasses which grew upon the plain around him.

In the preoccupation of the last hour he had forgotten the distance he had traversed. He had evidently ridden faster than he had imagined. But if this was really the corral, the walls of the Rancho should now be in sight at the base of the mountain! He turned in that direction. Nothing was to be seen! Only the monotonous plain stretched before him, vast and unbroken. Between the chasm where he stood and the *falda* of the first low foot-hills, neither roof nor wall nor ruin rose above the dull, dead level!

An ominous chill ran through his veins, and for an instant the reins slipped through his relaxed fingers. Good God! Could this have been what Donna Maria meant, or had there been a later convulsion of nature? He looked around him. The vast, far-stretching plain, desolate and trackless as the shining ocean beyond, took upon itself an awful likeness to that element! Standing on the brink of the revealed treachery of that yawning chasm, Arthur Poinsett read the fate of the Rancho. In the storm that had stirred the depths of this motionless level, the Rancho and its miserable inmates had *founded* and gone down!

Arthur's first impulse was to push on toward the scene of the disaster, in the vague hope of rendering some service. But the chasm before him was impassable, and seemed to continue to the sea beyond. Then he reflected that the catastrophe briefly told in Donna Maria's dispatch had happened twenty-four hours before, and help was perhaps useless now. He cursed the insane impulse that had brought him here; aimlessly and without guidance, and left him powerless even to reach the object of his quest. If he had only gone first to the Mission, asked the advice and assistance of Father Felipe, or learned at least the full details of the disaster! He uttered an oath, rare to his usual calm expression, and, wheeling his horse, galloped fiercely back toward the Mission.

Night had deepened over the plain. With the going down of the sun, a fog that had been stealthily encompassing the coast-line, stole with soft step across the shining beach, dulled its luster, and then moved slowly and solemnly upon the plain, blotting out the Point of Pines, at first salient with its sparkling



Light-house, but now undistinguishable from the gray sea above and below, until it reached the galloping horse and its rider, and then, as it seemed to Arthur, isolated them from the rest of the world—from even the penciled outlines of the distant foot-hills—that it at last sponged from the blue gray slate before him. At times the far-off tolling of a fog-bell came faintly to his ear, but all sound seemed to be blotted out by the fog; even the rapid fall of his horse's hoofs was muffled and indistinct. By degrees the impression that he was riding in a dream overcame him, and was accepted by him without questioning or deliberation.

It seemed to be a consistent part of the dream or vision when he rode—or, rather, as it seemed to him, was borne by the fog—into the outlying fields and lanes of the Mission. A few lights, with a nimbus of fog around them, made the narrow street of the town appear still more ghostly and unreal, as he plunged through its obscurity toward the plaza and church. Even by the dim gray light he could see that one of the towers had fallen, and that the eastern wing and refectory were a mass of shapeless ruin. And what would at another time have excited his surprise, now only struck him as a natural part of his dream—the church a blaze of light, and filled with thronging worshipers! Still possessed by his strange fancy, Arthur Poinsett dismounted, led his horse beneath the shed beside the remaining tower, and entered the building. The body and nave of the church were intact; the outlandish paintings still hung from the walls; the waxen effigies of the Blessed Virgin and the Saints still leaned from their niches, yellow and lank, and at the high altar Father Felipe was officiating. As he entered a dirge broke from the choir; he saw that the altar and its offerings were draped in black, and in the first words uttered by the priest, Arthur recognized the mass for the dead! The feverish impatience that had filled his breast and heightened the colour of his cheeks for the last hour was gone. He sunk upon a bench beside one of the worshipers and buried his face in his hands. The voice of the organ rose again faintly; the quaint-voiced choir awoke, the fumes of incense filled the church, and the monotonous accents of the priest fell soothingly upon his ear, and Arthur seemed to sleep. I say seemed to sleep, for ten minutes later he came to himself with a start, as if awakening from a troubled dream, with the voice of Padre Felipe in his ear, and the soft, caressing touch of Padre Felipe on his shoulder. The worshipers had dispersed; the church was dark, save a few candles still burning on the high altar, and for an instant he could not recall himself.

"I knew you would come, son," said Padre

Felipe; "but where is she? Did you bring her with you?"

"Who?" asked Arthur, striving to recall his scattered senses.

"Who? Saints preserve us, Don Arturo! She who sent for you, Donna Maria? Did you not get her message?"

Arthur replied that he had only just arrived, and had at once hastened to the Mission. For some reason that he was ashamed to confess, he did not say that he had tried to reach the Rancho of the Blessed Trinity, nor did he admit that he had forgotten for the last two hours even the existence of Donna Maria.

"You were having a mass for the dead, Father Felipe? You have, then, suffered here?"

He paused anxiously, for in his then confused state of mind he doubted how much of his late consciousness had been real or visionary.

"Mother of God," said Father Felipe, eying Arthur curiously. "You know not, then, for whom was this mass? You know not that a saint has gone; that Donna Dolores has at last met her reward?"

"I have heard—that is, Donna Maria's dispatch said—that she was missing," stammered Arthur, feeling with a new and insupportable disbelief in himself that his face was very pale and his voice uncertain.

"Missing!" echoed Father Felipe, with the least trace of impatience in his voice. "Missing! She will be found when the Rancho of the Blessed Trinity is restored; when the ruins of the *casa*, sunk fifty feet below the surface, are brought again to the level of the plain. Missing, Don Arturo! ah! missing indeed!—forever!—always!—entirely!"

Moved perhaps by something in Arthur's face, Padre Felipe sketched in a few graphic pictures the details of the catastrophe already forecast by Arthur. It was a repetition of the story of the sunken corral. The earthquake had not only leveled the walls of the Rancho of the Blessed Trinity, but had opened a grave-like chasm fifty feet below it, and none had escaped to tell the tale. The faithful *vaqueros* had rushed from the trembling and undulating plain to the Rancho, only to see it topple into a yawning abyss that opened to receive it. Don Juan, Donna Dolores, the faithful Manuela, and Alejandro, the *mayordomo*, with a dozen peons and retainers, went down with the crumbling walls. No one had escaped. Was it not possible to dig in the ruins for the bodies? Mother of God! had not Don Arturo been told that the earth at the second shock had closed over the sunken ruins, burying beyond mortal resurrection all that the Rancho contained? They were digging, but hopelessly, a dozen men. They

might, weeks hence, discover the bodies; but who knows?

The meek, fatalistic way that Father Felipe accepted the final doom of Donna Dolores exasperated Arthur beyond bounds. In San Francisco, a hundred men would have been digging night and day in the mere chance of recovering the buried family. Here—but Arthur remembered the sluggish, helpless retainers of Salvatierra, the dreadful fatalism which affected them on the occurrence of the mysterious catastrophe, even as shown in the man before him, their accepted guide and leader, and shuddered. Could anything be done? Could he not, with Dumphy's assistance, procure a gang of men from San Francisco? And then came the instinct of caution, always powerful with a nature like Arthur's. If these people, most concerned in the loss of their friends, their relations, accepted it so hopelessly, what right had he, a mere stranger, to interfere?

"But come, my son," said Padre Felipe, laying his large soft hand, parentally, on Arthur's shoulder. "Come, come with me to my rooms. Thanks to the Blessed Virgin I have still shelter and a roof to offer you. Ah," he added, stroking Arthur's riding-coat, and examining him critically as if he had been a large child, "what have we—what is this, eh? You are wet with this heretic fog—eh? Your hands are cold, and your cheeks hot. You have fatigue! Possibly, most possibly hunger! No! No! It is so. Come with me, come!" and drawing Arthur's passive arm through his own, he opened the vestry door, and led him across the little garden, choked with debris and plaster of the fallen tower, to a small adobe building that had been the Mission school-room. It was now hastily fitted up as Padre Felipe's own private apartment and meditative cell. A bright fire burned in the low, oven-like hearth. Around the walls hung various texts illustrating the achievement of youthful penmanship with profound religious instruction. At the extremity of the room there was a small organ. Midway and opposite the hearth was a deep embrasured window—the window at which, two weeks before, Mr. Jack Hamlin had beheld the Donna Dolores.

"She spent much of her time here, dear child, in the instruction of the young," said Father Felipe, taking a huge pinch of snuff, and applying a large red bandanna handkerchief to his eyes and nose. "It is her best monument! Thanks to her largess—and she was ever free-handed, Don Arturo, to the Church—the foundation of the Convent of our Lady of Sorrows, her own patron saint, thou see'st here. Thou knowest, possibly—most possibly as her legal adviser—that long ago, by her will, the whole of the Salvatierra estate is a benefaction to the Holy Church! eh?"

"No, I don't!" said Arthur, suddenly awakening with a glow of Protestant and heretical objection that was new to him, and eying Padre Felipe with the first glance of suspicion he had ever cast upon that venerable ecclesiastic. "No—sir, I never heard any intimation or suggestion of the kind from the late Donna Dolores. On the contrary I was engaged——"

"Pardon—pardon me, my son," interrupted Father Felipe, taking another large pinch of snuff. "It is not now, scarce twenty-four hours since the dear child was translated—not in her masses and while her virgin strewments are not yet faded—that we will talk of this." (He blew his nose violently.) "No! All in good time—thou shalt see! But I have something here," he continued, turning over some letters and papers in his desk. "Something for you—possibly, most possibly more urgent. It is a telegraphic dispatch for you, to my care."

He handed a yellow envelope to Arthur. But Poinsett's eyes were suddenly fixed upon a card which lay upon Padre Felipe's table and which the Padre's search for the dispatch had disclosed. Written across its face was the name of Col. Culpepper Starbottle of Siskiyou!

"Do you know that man?" asked Poinsett, holding the dispatch unopened in his hand, and pointing to the card.

Father Felipe took another pinch of snuff. "Possibly—most possibly! A lawyer, I think—I think! Some business of the Church property! I have forgotten. But your dispatch, Don Arturo. What says it? It does not take you from us? And you—only an hour here?"

Father Felipe paused, and, looking up innocently, found the eyes of Arthur regarding him gravely. The two men examined each other intently. Arthur's eyes, at last, withdrew from the clear, unshrinking glance of Padre Felipe, unabashed but unsatisfied. A sudden recollection of the thousand and one scandals against the Church, and wild stories of its far-reaching influence—a swift remembrance of the specious craft and cunning charged upon the religious order of which Padre Felipe was a member—scandals that he had hitherto laughed at as idle—flashed through his mind. Conscious that he was now putting himself in a guarded attitude before the man with whom he had always been free and outspoken, Arthur, after a moment's embarrassment that was new to him, turned for relief to the dispatch and opened it. In an instant it drove all other thoughts from his mind. Its few words were from Dumphy and ran, characteristically, as follows:

"Gabriel Conroy arrested for murder of Victor Ramirez. What do you propose? Answer."

Arthur rose to his feet.

"When does the up stage pass through San Geronimo?" he asked hurriedly.

"At midnight!" returned the Padre, "Surely—my son, you do not intend——"

"And it is now nine o'clock," continued Arthur, consulting his watch. "Can you procure me a fresh horse? It is of the greatest importance, Father," he added, recovering his usual frankness.

"Ah! it is urgent!—it is a matter—" suggested the Padre gently.

"Of life and death!" responded Arthur gravely.

Father Felipe rang a bell and gave some directions to a servant, while Arthur, seating himself at the table, wrote an answer to the dispatch.

"I can trust you to send it as soon as possible to the telegraph office," he said, handing it to Father Felipe. The Padre took it in his hand, but glanced anxiously at Arthur.

"And Donna Maria?" he said hesitatingly—"you have not seen her yet! Surely you will stop at the Blessed Fisherman, if only for a moment, eh?" Arthur drew his riding coat and cape over his shoulders with a mischievous smile.

"I am afraid not, Father; I shall trust to you to explain that I was recalled suddenly, and that I had not time to call; knowing the fascinations of your society, Father, she will not begrudge the few moments I have spent with you." Before Father Felipe could reply the servant entered with the announcement that the horse was ready.

"Good-night, Father Felipe," said Arthur, pressing the priest's hands warmly with every trace of his former suspiciousness gone. "Good-night. A thousand thanks for the horse. In speeding the parting guest," he added gravely, "you have, perhaps, done more for the health of my soul than you imagine. Good-night. *Adios!*"

With a light laugh in his ears, the vision of a graceful, erect figure waving a salute from a phantom steed, and inward rush of the cold gray fog, and the muffled clatter of hoofs over the moldy and mossy marbles in the church-yard, Father Felipe parted from his guest. He uttered a characteristic adjuration, took a pinch of snuff, and, closing the door, picked up the card of the gallant Col. Starbottle and tossed it in the fire.

But the perplexities of the Holy Father ceased not with the night. At an early hour the next morning, Donna Maria Sepulvida appeared before him at breakfast, suspicious, indignant and irate.

"Tell me, Father Felipe," she said hastily, "did the Don Arturo pass the night here?"

"Truly, no, my daughter," answered the Padre cautiously. "He was here but for a little—"

"And he went away when?" interrupted Donna Maria.

"At nine."

"And where?" continued Donna Maria with a rising colour.

"To San Francisco, my child, it was business of great importance; but sit down, sit, little one! this impatience is of the devil, daughter, you must calm yourself."

"And do you know, Father Felipe, that he went away without coming *near me*?" continued Donna Maria in a higher key, scarcely heeding her ghostly confessor.

"Possibly, most possibly! But he received a dispatch—it was of the greatest importance."

"A dispatch!" repeated Donna Maria, scornfully,—"truly—from whom?"

"I know not, my child," said Father Felipe, gazing at the pink cheeks, indignant eyes, and slightly swollen eyelids of his visitor—"this impatience, this anger is most unseemly!"

"Was it from Mr. Dumphy?" reiterated Donna Maria, stamping her little foot!

Father Felipe drew back his chair. Through what unhallowed spell had this woman, once the meekest and humblest of wives, become the shrillest and most shrewish of widows? Was she about to revenge herself on Arthur for her long suffering with the late Don José? Father Felipe pitied Arthur now and prospectively.

"Are you going to tell me?" said Donna Maria tremulously, with alarming symptoms of hysteria.

"I believe it was from Mr. Dumphy," stammered Padre Felipe. "At least the answer Don Arturo gave me to send in reply—only three words, 'I will return at once,' was addressed to Mr. Dumphy. But I know not what was the message *he* received."

"You don't!" said Donna Maria, rising to her feet, with white in her cheek, fire in her eyes, and a stridulous pitch in her voice. "You don't! Well, I will tell you! It was the same news that *this* brought." She took a telegraphic dispatch from her pocket and shook it in the face of Father Felipe. "There! read it! That was the news sent to him! That was the reason why he turned and ran away like a coward, as he is! That was the reason why he never came near me, like a perjured traitor as he is! That is the reason why he came to you with his fastidious airs and his supercilious smile, and his—his— O how I HATE HIM! That is why!—read it! read it! Why don't you read it?" (She had been gesticulating with it, waving it in the air wildly, and evading every attempt of Father Felipe to take it from her.) "Read it! Read it and see why! Read and see that I am ruined!—a beggar! a cajoled and tricked and deceived woman—between these two villains,

Dumphy and Mis—ter—Arthur—Poin—sett! Ah! Read it; or are you a traitor too? You, and Dolores, and all—"

She crumpled the paper in her hands, threw it on the floor, whitened suddenly around the lips, and then followed the paper as suddenly, at full length, in a nervous spasm at Father Felipe's feet. Father Felipe gazed, first at the paper, and then at the rigid form of his friend. He was a man, an old one, with some

experience of the sex, and, I regret to say, he picked up the *paper* first, and straightened it out. It was a telegraphic dispatch in the following words:

"Sorry to say telegram just received that earthquake has dropped out lead of Conroy Mine! Everything gone up! Can't make further advances, or sell stock.—DUMPHY."

Father Felipe bent over Donna Maria and raised her in his arms. "Poor little one!" he said. "But I don't think Arthur knew it!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

## A LITTLE SHOE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COMIN' THRO' THE RYE."



HERE it lies, a little shoe—  
Only that, at least to you.  
Just such others, six or more,  
Patter on your nursery floor;  
And your heart and lips are smiling,  
Some sweet thought is you beguiling,  
Of one little pair of feet  
That will hurry out to meet  
Mother . . . and when they have found you,  
Chubby arms will cling around you.  
You will have no need to call him,  
Neither sleep nor death enthrall him.  
You will hold him to your breast,  
With an utter sense of rest;  
All your own within your grasp,  
At your neck the baby clasp.  
And to me a tearless weeping,  
And a hunger never sleeping,  
As I stand, my heart out-leaping,  
Knocking, knocking at the door,

Where God stands for evermore.  
For He holds the wee one who  
Once did wear this little shoe.  
And the tender little voice,  
That did make my heart rejoice,  
Maybe He has taught another  
Language, and the childish clinging  
Has died out in his upbringing,  
And he will not know his mother.

Not the shoe, but what was in it,  
As the cage that holds the linnet,  
Did I love; but Christ bereft me,  
And the husk alone is left me:  
On my dead heart let it lie;  
I could leave it, if on high  
My lost little one should meet me,  
Tottering, hurrying up to greet me . . .  
This you know not—only you  
See a little common shoe.

—Belgravia.

## QUITE SO.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

### I.

OF course that was not his name. Even in the State of Maine, where it is still a custom to maim a child for life by christening him Arioch or Shadrach or Ephraim, nobody would dream of calling a boy "Quite So." It was merely a nickname which we gave him in camp; but it stuck to him with such bur-like tenacity, and is so inseparable from my memory of him, that I do not think I could write definitely of John Bladburn if I were to call him anything but "Quite So."

It was one night shortly after the first battle of Bull Run. The Army of the Potomac, shattered, stunned, and forlorn, was back in its old quarters behind the earth-works. The melancholy line of ambulances bearing our wounded to Washington was not done creeping over Long Bridge; the blue smocks and the gray still lay in wind-rows on the field of Manassas; and the gloom that weighed down our hearts was like the fog that stretched along the bosom of the Potomac, and infolded the valley of the Shenandoah. A drizzling rain had set in at twilight, and, growing bolder with the darkness, was beating a dismal tat-



too on the tent,—the tent of Mess 6, Company A,—th Regiment N.Y. Volunteers. Our mess, consisting originally of eight men, was reduced to four. Little Billy, as one of the boys grimly remarked, had concluded to remain at Manassas; Corporal Steele we had to leave at Fairfax Court-House, shot through the hip; Hunter and Suydam we had said good-by to that afternoon. "Tell Johnny Reb," says Hunter, lifting up the leather side-piece of the ambulance, "that I'll be back again as soon as I get a new leg." But Suydam said nothing; he only unclosed his eyes languidly and smiled farewell to us.

The four of us who were left alive and unhurt that shameful July day sat gloomily smoking our brier-wood pipes, thinking our thoughts, and listening to the rain pattering against the canvas. That, and the occasional whine of a hungry cur, foraging on the outskirts of the camp for a stray bone, alone broke the silence, save when a vicious drop of rain detached itself meditatively from the ridge-pole of the tent, and fell upon the wick of our tallow candle, making it "cuss," as Ned Strong described it. The candle was in the midst of one of its most profane fits when Blakely, knocking the ashes from his pipe and addressing no one in particular, but giving breath, unconsciously as it were, to the result of his cogitations, observed that "it was considerable of a fizzle."

"The 'on to Richmond' business?"

"Yes."

"I wonder what they'll do about it over yonder," said Curtis, pointing over his right shoulder. By "over yonder" he meant the North in general and Massachusetts especially. Curtis was a Boston boy, and his sense of locality was so strong that, during all his wanderings in Virginia, I do not believe there was a moment, day or night, when he could not have made a bee-line for Faneuil Hall.

"Do about it?" cried Strong. "They'll make about two hundred thousand blue flannel trousers and send them along, each pair with a man in it,—all the short men in the long trousers, and all the tall men in the short ones," he added, ruefully contemplating his own leg-gear, which scarcely reached to his ankles.

"That's so," said Blakely. "Just now, when I was tackling the commissary for an extra candle, I saw a crowd of new fellows drawing blankets."

"I say there, drop that!" cried Strong. "All right, sir, didn't know it was you," he added hastily, seeing it was Lieutenant Haines who had thrown back the flap of the tent, and let in a gust of wind and rain that threatened the most serious bronchial consequences to our discontented tallow dip.

"You're to bunk in here," said the lieutenant,

speaking to some one outside. The some one stepped in, and Haines vanished in the darkness.

When Strong had succeeded in restoring the candle to consciousness, the light fell upon a tall, shy-looking man of about thirty-five, with long, hay-coloured beard and mustache, upon which the rain-drops stood in clusters, like the night-dew on patches of cobweb in a meadow. It was an honest face, with unworldly sort of blue eyes, that looked out from under the broad visor of the infantry cap. With a deferential glance towards us, the new-comer unstrapped his knapsack, spread his blanket over it, and sat down unobtrusively.

"Rather damp night out," remarked Blakely, whose strong hand was supposed to be conversation.

"Quite so," replied the stranger, not curtly, but pleasantly, and with an air as if he had said all there was to be said about it.

"Come from the North recently?" inquired Blakely, after a pause.

"Yes."

"From any place in particular?"

"Maine."

"People considerably stirred up down there?" continued Blakely, determined not to give up.

"Quite so."

Blakely threw a puzzled look over the tent, and seeing Ned Strong on the broad grin, frowned severely. Strong instantly assumed an abstracted air, and began humming softly,

"I wish I was in Dixie!"

"The State of Maine," observed Blakely, with a certain defiance of manner not at all necessary in discussing a geographical question, "is a pleasant State."

"In summer," suggested the stranger.

"In summer, I mean," returned Blakely with animation, thinking he had broken the ice. "Cold as blazes in winter, though,—isn't it?"

The new recruit merely nodded.

Blakely eyed the man homicidally for a moment, and then, smiling one of those smiles of simulated gayety which the novelists inform us are more tragic than tears, turned upon him with withering irony.

"Trust you left the old folks pretty comfortable?"

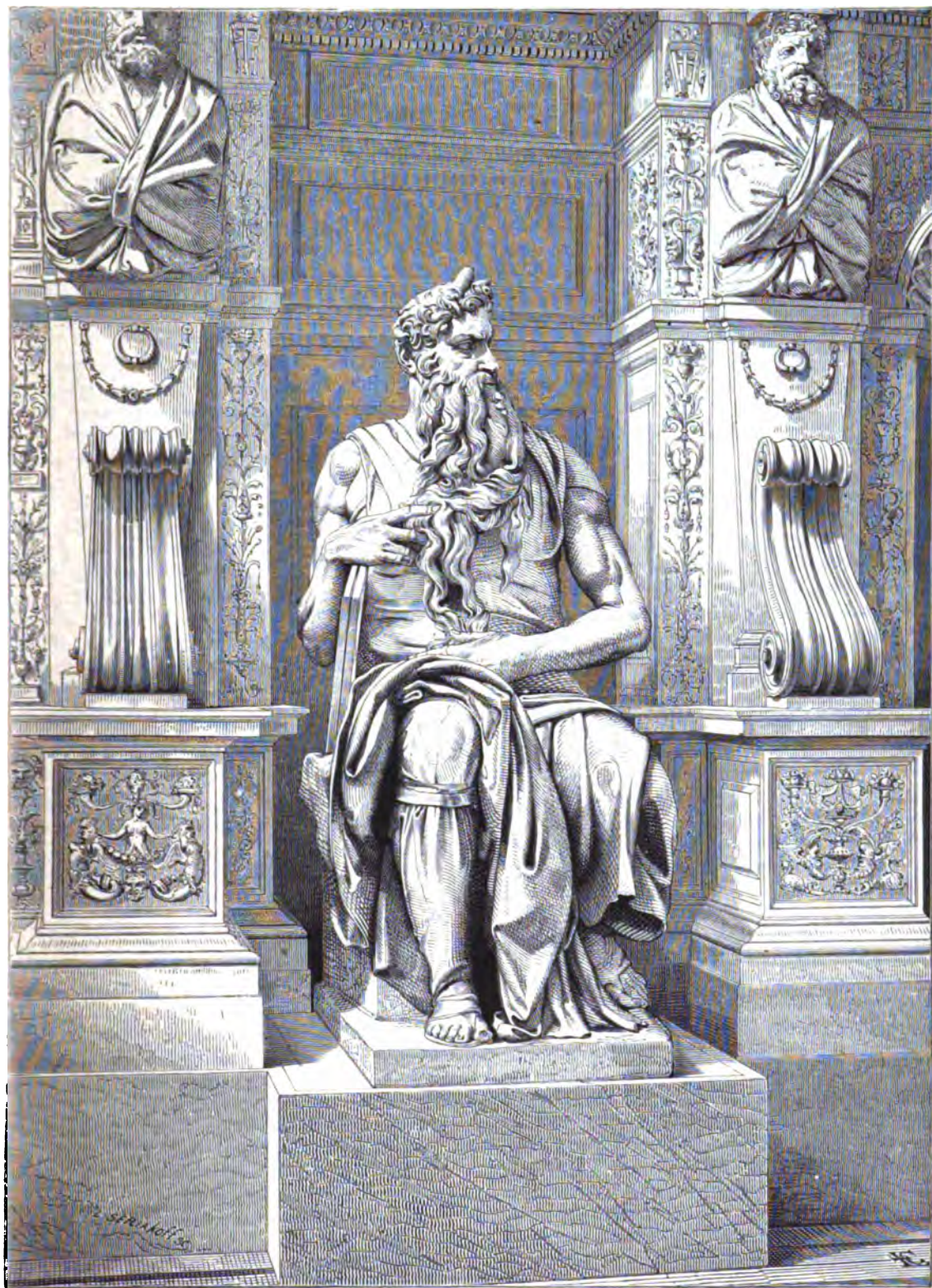
"Dead."

"The old folks dead!"

"Quite so."

Blakely made a sudden dive for his blanket, tucked it around him with painful precision, and was heard no more.

Just then the bugle sounded "lights out,"—bugle answering bugle in far-off camps. When our not elaborate night-toilets were complete, Strong threw somebody else's old boot at the candle with infallible aim, and



MICHEL ANGELO'S "MOSES."—SER MISCELLANEA.



darkness took possession of the tent. Ned, who lay on my left, presently reached over to me, and whispered, "I say, our friend 'quite so' is a garrulous old boy! He'll talk himself to death some of these odd times, if he isn't careful. How he *did* run on!"

The next morning, when I opened my eyes, the new member of Mess 6 was sitting on his knapsack, combing his blond beard with a horn comb. He nodded pleasantly to me, and to each of the boys as they woke up, one by one. Blakely did not appear disposed to renew the animated conversation of the previous night; but while he was gone to make a requisition for what was in pure sarcasm called coffee, Curtis ventured to ask the man his name.

"Bladburn, John," was the reply.

"That's rather an unwieldy name for everyday use," put in Strong. "If it wouldn't hurt your feelings, I'd like to call you Quite So,—for short. Don't say no, if you don't like it. Is it agreeable?"

Bladburn gave a little laugh, all to himself, seemingly, and was about to say, "Quite so," when he caught at the words, blushed like a girl, and nodded a sunny assent to Strong. From that day until the end, the sobriquet clung to him.

The disaster at Bull Run was followed, as the reader knows, by a long period of masterly inactivity, so far as the Army of the Potomac was concerned. McDowell, a good soldier but unlucky, retired to Arlington Heights, and McClellan, who had distinguished himself in Western Virginia, took command of the forces in front of Washington, and bent his energies to reorganising the demoralised troops. It was a dreary time to the people of the North, who looked fatuously from week to week for "the fall of Richmond;" and it was a dreary time to the denizens of that vast city of tents and forts which stretched in a semicircle before the beleaguered Capitol,—so tedious and soul-wearing a time that the hardships of forced marches and the horrors of battle became desirable things to them.

Roll-call morning and evening, guard-duty, dress-parades, an occasional reconnoissance, dominos, wrestling-matches, and such rude games as could be carried on in camp made up the sum of our lives. The arrival of the mail with letters and papers from home was the event of the day. We noticed that Bladburn neither wrote nor received any letters. When the rest of the boys were scribbling away for dear life, with drumheads and knapsacks and cracker-boxes for writing-desks, he would sit serenely smoking his pipe, but looking out on us through rings of smoke with a face expressive of the tenderest interest.

"Look here, Quite So," Strong would say, "the mail-bag closes in half an hour. Ain't you going to write?"

"I believe not to-day," Bladburn would reply, as if he had written yesterday, or would write to-morrow: but he never wrote.

He had become a great favourite with us, and with all the officers of the regiment. He talked less than any man I ever knew, but there was nothing sinister or sullen in his reticence. It was sunshine,—warmth and brightness, but no voice. Unassuming and modest to the verge of shyness, he impressed everyone as a man of singular pluck and nerve.

"Do you know," said Curtis to me one day, "that that fellow Quite So is clear grit, and when we come to close quarters with our Palmetto brethren over yonder, he'll do something devilish?"

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, nothing quite explainable; the exasperating coolness of the man, as much as anything. This morning the boys were teasing Muffin Fan" [a small mulatto girl who used to bring muffins into camp three times a week,—at the peril of her life!] "and Jemmy Blunt of Company K—you know him—was rather rough on the girl, when Quite So, who had been reading under a tree, shut one finger in his book, walked over to where the boys were skylarking, and with the smile of a juvenile angel on his face lifted Jemmy out of that and set him down gently in front of his own tent. There Blunt sat speechless, staring at Quite So, who was back again under the tree, pegging away at his little Latin grammar."

That Latin grammar! He always had it about him, reading it or turning over its dog-eared pages at odd intervals and in out-of-the-way places. Half a dozen times a day he would draw it out from the bosom of his blouse, which had taken the shape of the book just over the left breast, look at it as if to assure himself it was all right, and then put the thing back. At night the volume lay beneath his pillow. The first thing in the morning, before he was well awake, his hand would go groping instinctively under his knapsack in search of it.

A devastating curiosity seized upon us boys concerning that Latin grammar, for we had discovered the nature of the book. Strong wanted to steal it one night, but concluded not to. "In the first place," reflected Strong, "I haven't the heart to do it, and in the next place I haven't the moral courage. Quite So would placidly break every bone in my body." And I believe Strong was not far out of the way.

Sometimes I was vexed with myself for allowing this tall, simple-hearted country fellow to puzzle me so much. And yet, was he a simple-hearted country fellow? City bred he certainly was not; but his manner, in spite of his awkwardness, had an indescribable air of refinement. Now and then, too, he dropped a word or a phrase that showed his familiarity with unexpected lines of reading. "The other

day," said Curtis, with the slightest elevation of eyebrow, "he had the cheek to correct my Latin for me." In short, Quite So was a daily problem to the members of Mess 6. Whenever he was absent, and Blakely and Curtis and Strong and I got together in the tent, we discussed him, evolving various theories to explain why he never wrote to anybody and why nobody ever wrote to him. Had the man committed some terrible crime, and fled to the army to hide his guilt? Blakely suggested that he must have murdered "the old folks." What did he mean by eternally conning that tattered Latin grammar? And was his name Bladburn, anyhow? Even his imperturbable amiability became suspicious. And then his frightful reticence! If he was the victim of any deep grief or crushing calamity, why didn't he seem unhappy? What business had he to be cheerful?

"It's my opinion," said Strong, "that he's a rival Wandering Jew; the original Jacobs, you know, was a dark fellow."

Blakely inferred from something Bladburn had said, or something he had not said,—which was more likely,—that he had been a schoolmaster at some period of his life.

"Schoolmaster be hanged!" was Strong's comment. "Can you fancy a schoolmaster going about conjugating baby verbs out of a dratted little spelling-book? No, Quite So has evidently been a—a—Blest if I can imagine *what* he's been!"

Whatever John Bladburn had been, he was a lonely man. Whenever I want a type of perfect human isolation, I shall think of him, as he was in those days, moving remote, self-contained, and alone in the midst of two hundred thousand men.

## II.

THE Indian summer, with its infinite beauty and tenderness, came like a reproach that year to Virginia. The foliage, touched here and there with prismatic tints, drooped motionless in the golden haze. The delicate Virginia creeper was almost minded to put forth its scarlet buds again. No wonder the lovely phantom—this dusky Southern sister of the pale Northern June—lingered not long with us, but, filling the once peaceful glens and valleys with her pathos, stole away rebukefully before the savage enginery of man.

The preparations that had been going on for months in arsenals and foundries at the North were nearly completed. For weeks past the air had been filled with rumors of an advance; but the rumor of to-day refuted the rumor of yesterday, and the Grand Army did not move. Heintzelman's corps was constantly folding its tents, like the Arabs, and as silently stealing away; but somehow it was al-

ways in the same place the next morning. One day, at length, orders came down for our brigade to move.

"We're going to Richmond, boys!" shouted Strong, thrusting his head in at the tent; and we all cheered and waved our caps like mad. You see, Big Bethel, and Bull Run, and Ball's Bluff (the bloody B's, as we used to call them,) hadn't taught us any better sense.

Rising abruptly from the plateau, to the left of our encampment, was a tall hill covered with a stunted growth of red-oak, persimmon, and chestnut. The night before we struck tents I climbed up to the crest to take a parting look at a spectacle which custom had not been able to rob of its enchantment. There, at my feet, and extending miles and miles away, lay the camps of the Grand Army, with its camp-fires reflected luridly against the sky. Thousands of lights were twinkling in every direction, some nestling in the valley, some like fire-flies beating their wing and palpitating among the trees, and others stretching in parallel lines and curves, like the street-lamps of a city. Somewhere, far off, a band was playing, at intervals it seemed; and now and then, nearer to, a silvery strain from a bugle shot sharply up through the night, and seemed to lose itself like a rocket among the stars,—the patient, untroubled stars. Suddenly a hand was laid upon my arm.

"I'd like to say a word to you," said Bladburn.

With a little start of surprise, I made room for him on the fallen tree where I was seated.

"I mayn't get another chance," he said. "You and the boys have been very kind to me, kinder than I deserve; but sometimes I've fancied that my not saying anything about myself had given you the idea that all was not right in my past. I want to say that I came down to Virginia with a clean record."

"We never really doubted it, Bladburn."

"If I didn't write home," he continued, "it was because I hadn't any home, neither kith nor kin. When I said the old folks were dead, I said it. Am I boring you? If I thought I was—"

"No, Bladburn. I have often wanted you to talk to me about yourself, not from idle curiosity, I trust, but because I liked you that rainy night when you came to camp, and have gone on liking you ever since. This isn't too much to say, when Heaven only knows how soon I may be past saying it or you listening to it."

"That's it," said Bladburn, hurriedly, "that's why I want to talk with you. I've a fancy that I sha'n't come out of our first battle."

The words gave me a queer start, for I had been trying several days to throw off a similar presentiment concerning him,—a foolish presentiment that grew out of a dream.

"In case anything of that kind turns up," he continued, "I'd like you to have my Latin grammar here,—you've seen me reading it. You might stick it away in a bookcase, for the sake of old times. It goes against me to think of it falling into rough hands or being kicked about camp and trampled under foot."

He was drumming softly with his fingers on the volume in the bosom of his blouse.

"I didn't intend to speak of this to a living soul," he went on, motioning me not to answer him; "but something took hold of me to-night and made me follow you up here. Perhaps if I told you all, you would be the more willing to look after the little book in case it goes ill with me. When the war broke out I was teaching school down in Maine, in the same village where my father was school-master before me. The old man when he died left me quite alone. I lived pretty much by myself, having no interests outside of the district school, which seemed in a manner my personal property. Eight years ago last spring a new pupil was brought to the school, a slight slip of a girl, with a sad kind of face and quiet ways. Perhaps it was because she wasn't very strong, and perhaps because she wasn't used over well by those who had charge of her, or perhaps it was because my life was lonely, that my heart warmed to the child. It all seems like a dream now, since that April morning when little Mary stood in front of my desk with her pretty eyes looking down bashfully and her soft hair falling over her face. One day I look up, and six years have gone by,—as they go by in dreams,—and among the scholars is a tall girl of sixteen, with serious, womanly eyes which I cannot trust myself to look upon. The old life has come to an end. The child has become a woman and can teach the master now. So help me Heaven, I didn't know that I loved her until that day!

"Long after the children had gone home I sat in the school-room with my face resting on my hands. There was her desk, the afternoon shadows falling across it. It never looked empty and cheerless before. I went and stood by the low chair, as I had stood hundreds of times. On the desk was a pile of books, ready to be taken away, and among the rest a small Latin grammar which we had studied together. What little despairs and triumphs and happy hours were associated with it! I took it up curiously, as if it were some gentle dead thing, and turned over the pages, and could hardly see them. Turning the pages, idly so, I came to a leaf on which something was written with ink, in the familiar girlish hand. It was only the words 'Dear John,' through which she had drawn two hasty pencil lines—I wish she hadn't drawn those lines!" added Bladburn, under his breath.

He was silent for a minute or two, looking

off towards the camps, where the lights were fading out one by one.

"I had no right to go and love Mary. I was twice her age, an awkward, unsocial man, that would have blighted her youth. I was as wrong as wrong can be. But I never meant to tell her. I locked the grammar in my desk and the secret in my heart for a year. I couldn't bear to meet her in the village, and kept away from every place where she was likely to be. Then she came to me, and sat down at my feet penitently, just as she used to do when she was a child, and asked what she had done to anger me; and then, Heaven forgive me! I told her all, and asked her if she could say with her lips the words she had written, and she nestled in my arms all a trembling like a bird, and said them over and over again.

"When Mary's family heard of our engagement, there was trouble. They looked higher for Mary than a middle-aged school-master. No blame to them. They forbade me the house, her uncles; but we met in the village and at the neighbours' houses, and I was happy, knowing she loved me. Matters were in this state when the war came on. I had a strong call to look after the old flag, and I hung my head that day when the company raised in our village marched by the school-house to the railroad station; but I couldn't tear myself away. About this time the minister's son, who had been away to college, came to the village. He met Mary here and there, and they became great friends. He was a likely fellow, near her own age, and it was natural they should like one another. Sometimes I winced at seeing him made free of the home from which I was shut out; then I would open the grammar at the leaf where 'Dear John' was written up in the corner, and my trouble was gone. Mary was sorrowful and pale these days, and I think her people were worrying her.

"It was one evening two or three days before we got the news of Bull Run. I had gone down to the burying-ground to trim the spruce hedge set round the old man's lot, and was just stepping into the enclosure, when I heard voices from the opposite side. One was Mary's, and the other I knew to be young Marston's, the minister's son. I didn't mean to listen, but what Mary was saying struck me dumb. *We must never meet again*, she was saying in a wild way. *We must say good by here, forever,—good by, good by!* And I could hear her sobbing. Then, presently, she said, hurriedly, *No, no; my hand, not my lips!* Then it seemed he kissed her hands, and the two parted, one going towards the parsonage, and the other out by the gate near where I stood.

"I don't know how long I stood there, but



the night-dews had wet me to the bone when I stole out of the graveyard and across the road to the school-house. I unlocked the door, and took the Latin grammar from the desk and hid it in my bosom. There was not a sound or a light anywhere as I walked out of the village. And now," said Bladburn, rising suddenly from the tree-trunk, "if the little book ever falls in your way, won't you see that it comes to no harm, for my sake, and for the sake of the little woman who was true to me and didn't love me? Wherever she is to-night, God bless her!"

As we descended to camp with our arms resting on each other's shoulder, the watch-fires were burning low in the valleys and along the hillsides, and as far as the eye could reach the silent tents lay bleaching in the moonlight.

### III.

WE imagined that the throwing forward of our brigade was the initial movement of a general advance of the army; but that, as the reader will remember, did not take place until the following March. The Confederates had fallen back to Centreville without firing a single shot, and the National troops were in possession of Lewinsville, Vienna, and Fairfax Court-House. Our new position was nearly identical with that which we had occupied on the night previous to the battle of Bull Run,—on the old turnpike road to Manassas, where the enemy was supposed to be in great force. With a field-glass we could see the Rebel pickets moving in a belt of woodland on our right, and morning and evening we heard the spiteful roll of their snare-drums.

Those pickets soon became a nuisance to us. Hardly a night passed but they fired upon our outposts, so far with no harmful result; but after a while it grew to be a serious matter. The Rebels would crawl out on all-fours from the wood into a field covered with underbrush, and lie there in the dark for hours, waiting for a shot. Then our men took to the rifle-pits,—pits ten or twelve feet long by four or five deep, with the loose earth banked up a few inches high on the exposed sides. All the pits bore names, more or less felicitous, by which they were known to their transient tenants. One was called "The Pepper-Box," another "Uncle Sam's Well," another "The Reb-Trap," and another, I am constrained to say, was named after a not to be mentioned tropical locality. Though this rude sort of nomenclature predominated, there was no lack of softer titles, such as "Fortress Matilda" and "Castle Mary," and one had, though unintentionally, a literary flavour to it, "Blair's Grave," which was not

popularly considered as reflecting unpleasantly on Nat Blair, who had assisted in making the excavation.

Some of the regiment had discovered a field of late corn in the neighbourhood, and used to boil a few ears every day, while it lasted, for the boys detailed on the night-picket. The corn-cobs were always scrupulously preserved and mounted on the parapets of the pits. Whenever a Rebel shot carried away one of these *barbette* guns, there was swearing in that particular trench. Strong, who was very sensitive to this kind of disaster, was complaining bitterly one morning, because he had lost three "pieces" the night before.

"There's Quite So, now," said Strong, "when a Minie-ball comes *ping!* and knocks one of his guns to flinders, he merely smiles, and doesn't at all see the degradation of the thing."

Poor Bladburn! As I watched him day by day going about his duties, in his shy, cheery way, with a smile for every one and not an extra word for anybody, it was hard to believe he was the same man who, that night before we broke camp by the Potomac, had poured out to me the story of his love and sorrow in words that burned in my memory.

While Strong was speaking, Blakely lifted aside the flap of the tent, and looked in on us.

"Boys, Quite So was hurt last night," he said, with a white tremour to his lip.

"What!"

"Shot on picket."

"Why, he was in the pit next to mine," cried Strong.

"Badly hurt?"

"Badly hurt."

I knew he was; I need not have asked the question. He never meant to go back to New England!

Bladburn was lying on the stretcher in the hospital-tent. The surgeon had knelt down by him, and was carefully cutting away the bosom of his blouse. The Latin grammar, stained and torn, slipped, and fell to the floor. Bladburn gave me a quick glance. I picked up the book, and as I placed it in his hand, the icy fingers closed softly over mine. He was sinking fast. In a few minutes the surgeon finished his examination. When he rose to his feet there were tears on the weather-beaten cheeks. He was a rough outside, but a tender heart.

"My poor lad," he blurted out, "it's no use. If you've anything to say, say it now, for you've nearly done with this world."

Then Bladburn lifted his eyes slowly to the surgeon, and the old smile flitted over his face as he murmured, "Quite So."

—From "*Marjorie Daw, and other People.*"

## COURTSHIP IN FRANCE.

BY LADY POLLOCK.

IT would be thought a strange thing to ask a young lady to marry a chair or a table, a park or a forest; or if a mother exhorted a daughter to incline her heart towards such and such suites of apartments, she might without difficulty be proved a lunatic; yet, under a slight disguise, such things are done every day in Spain, Italy, and France. It is in the last-named country that we know most of these arrangements, and that we hear most of their results, partly because the English and Americans make Paris so frequently their residence, and partly because of the activity of French novelists, who naturally choose the most familiar of domestic infelicities for their favourite theme. A romance writer must have a misfortune and a fault at his command, and what misfortunes and what faults are there which can excite a more universal interest than those of an unhappy marriage?

Does not the village gossip in our own highly respectable English country life walk with a brisker step, give a tighter twist to her umbrella, and bear her whole body more seemly, if she has such welcome news to bear to her neighbour, as that Mr. and Mrs. B., severally reported to be so happy and virtuous, are, in truth, living most miserably, and that the lady is no better than she should be? and if this idea is so pleasant among proverbially moral English, can it be less agreeable to the less eminently estimable French?

It seems worth while to pause here and meditate upon the cause or causes of that delight which a great failure in the matrimonial venture brings to the human heart. Is it the irony of the deeply-sworn fidelity followed by the broken promise, or is it resentment at the pretence of extra felicity, which masks eternal bickerings or utter despair, or simply a satisfaction which warms the general hearer, when he finds out that his neighbour is not so very much happier than his rather uncomfortable self. If such is the common sentiment, a deeper feeling may move sensitive minds upon the sound of a marriage peal or the sight of a wedding procession.

Not long ago one of the most charming of English humourists, whose sensibility was as acute as his power of perception, forcibly expressed his emotion when he was present at the marriage of a young lady in whose happiness he was much interested. His face grew sadder as the ceremony proceeded, and at last when the bride left the church, surrounded by a congratulating crowd, his eyes assumed the fixed

look of a doomed man. Observing his expression, a friend questioned him. "Why do you look so despairing?"—"Why?" replied he, "how can you ask me; do you not hear, as I do, how that cruel service goes on, at every word, steadily, rigidly, drawing the knot tighter round their necks, and can you listen to it without a shudder?" Such were the apprehensions of a spectator at a love marriage; what, then, must be those which attend the eternal riveting of the chain upon victims who do not even pretend to love, when the matter is merely arranged by notaries, parents, and busy aunts and uncles? The meetings are long and frequent between these relations before the marriage is fixed; short and constrained between the young people who are bound by an irrevocable religious vow to be all and all to each other for evermore. Not unfrequently, in Paris, a friendly *godmother* interests herself in a young man's future, invites him to meet the young lady whose position seems best to accord with his own, and straightway concludes an alliance. In Octave Feuillet's recent novel, called "*Un Mariage dans le Monde*," the marriage is made in this way, and in the following characteristic passage Madame de V——, a well-known matchmaker, suggests the idea of it to her godson, a dissipated young man, whose way of life she desires to alter.

As a rule (she says), I only unite people who have in them the elements of suitability and domestic happiness. Suppose, for instance, that I happen to know a young lady, well-born, and with charming qualities, who is likely to make an excellent wife, and that I am also acquainted with a young man, distinguished, honourable, and rather agreeable, such as yourself, it then becomes my immediate concern to bring these two together, and to arrange a marriage;—as for the result, they must look to that.

Madame de V—— is represented as a person singularly blessed in her own married life, and, therefore, she goes a step further in the contemplation of possible conjugal happiness than is usual in the matrimonial diplomacy of France. But diplomacy, whether of statesmen or matchmakers, must occasionally be thwarted by the existence of human affections, and romance will thus force its way into marriage as into history. The slight record which follows of an actual fact, determining the fate of two people, both distinguished in their own circle, though never known to the bigger world, might make the foundation of a charming novel

of one volume in France, and of three dreary ones in England.

It was towards the close of the last century, before the great revolution had brought its reform and its horror into French society, while the Bastille still stood erect and Marie Antoinette was still happy and beautiful, that Berthe de Lusignan found herself on the eve of quitting for ever the pension in the ancient city of Tours where she had been brought up. The school which was an apanage of the convent of St. Croix, overlooked the Loire, and was flanked by the public promenade, stiff and straight, which dragged its slow length along between two rows of carefully trimmed elms, whose stems reached a considerable height before they were allowed to wear their leafy crowns. In this avenue, arm in arm with her teacher, Madame Rédot, better known as Madame Elizabeth, Berthe dwelt upon the mixture of feelings which disturbed her upon the approaching departure. She watched the setting sun, pushed away with her foot the falling leaves, and after some minutes of silence fixed her dark soft eyes upon the kindly face of her friend, and said, "Lisbeth, I don't know what to feel."

"My child," replied Madame Rédot, "feel happy."

"I have tried and I can't do it. I am not happy: I was happy a week ago, before this letter came, but now——"

"Your mother's letter is not unkind," replied Madame Rédot.

"Not, perhaps, intentionally so," said Berthe, "but it is substantially so."

"You must not say that," rejoined the teacher.

"I will," said Berthe, "to you, whom I love more than any one else; to you, who have taught me to think and feel."

"Stop, dear child. Ah! have I taught you too much?"

"No, for I was made to learn; you have said so yourself."

"That is true—you are made as others are not; my child, you have gifts indeed."

"I have; for I was made with a heart; and this order to marry a man whom I have never seen, whose name even my proud mother does not deign to tell me, rouses in me something like rebellion."

"My darling, your mother is like all others in that respect. It is the way things are done. You belong to the aristocracy, and an aristocratic marriage is arranged for you. You could not stay here all your life."

"No, I wish I could."

"Listen to me, my Berthe; don't determine to resist a will or a fate that may be for your good. This man chosen by your parents may be high-minded no less than well-born. He may be generous no less than rich. And

then, I shall, perhaps, see my chosen, my favourite pupil, taking up the case of the unfortunate, helping on those less happily placed, remembering, what so few remember, the claims of humanity."

"Ah," cried Berthe, with a glow on her cheeks, "you have drawn a fine picture; and, after all, it is perhaps the pang of parting from you;—but how coldly the wind begins to blow; we must go in. See how the dead leaves dance."

Clouds threatening a storm darkened the twilight as the two friends returned home to make preparations for the next day's journey.

Berthe was not wrong in saying that her mother's letter was strange; even for those days it was haughty, peremptory, and stiff. Madame de Lusignan was of the *haute noblesse*, she was among the most severe of those who condemned the liberal ideas of Marie Antoinette, and she took every possible occasion of protesting against them. Her life was passed in political intrigue, and she held a stately salon in direct opposition to the more familiar *réunions* of the Queen and her friends. The recollection of her daughter only occurred to her when it was time to think of a suitable alliance, and her respect for the name of Lusignan was so profound, that, in her brief note of command, she desired Berthe to travel not only under the protection of Madame Rédot, but, for the time being, under the disguise of her name, assuming the character of her niece.

Such arrangements were not then absurd as they would be now, but Berthe had read and thought with Madame Rédot, and taken into her eager mind many new doctrines. The affection between teacher and pupil was such that Berthe looked upon her dear Lisbeth as her actual mother, and upon the Countess de Lusignan as a kind of stage representative of the part.

The trouble which she, at present, realised most was that of a long separation from her teacher, but mixed with it was the pleasure of a journey with her; and, as youth naturally delights in change, she looked forward with hope to the sight of a new horizon, and a return to Paris, of which she only dimly remembered the towers of Notre Dame. There were three days of travelling before her, for the posting of that time was by no means a quick proceeding, and there was a great deal of preparation for a whole week before the event took place: there were many presents made to despairing school friends; and many tears shed, for Berthe was actually more loved than envied.

An expected pleasure rarely equals its anticipation, and accordingly it happened that Berthe's journey was troubled by heavy storms, by bad accommodation, and careless postilions,

till the last stage was reached which was Fontainebleau.

The heavens poured down their darkest, cruellest, coldest rain as she, clinging close to Madame Rédot in their chilly landau, entered this pretty place, which seems made to charm, and which ought always to look sunny. Its aspect now, however, can give little idea of what it was then, when its Château, the favourite retreat of royalty, was not merely the nucleus of the town, but might be said to constitute the town itself. Besides this, there were only a few cottages and the Hôtel de la Couronne, which was often occupied by some of the Queen's attendants whom it was convenient to lodge outside the palace.

When Madame Rédot and the so-called Mademoiselle Rédot drove into the courtyard of the hotel in rain and darkness they found that there was only one small bedroom vacant, and that they could not obtain a private sitting-room. The fat landlord regretted, with proper courtesy, that the place was so crowded, but there was to be a royal promenade through the forest in the course of the week, and a ball at the Château the very next night, and that was the reason of an unusual demand upon his apartments. "Well," said Madame Rédot kindly, "we are glad enough of any shelter in this deluge; but I could have wished that Mademoiselle, my niece, had had a better prospect of rest for to-night."

"Don't distress yourself," said Berthe, with her bright smile, "you and I might be good company for each other in a prison, and Monsieur's apartments are none of them so very bad."

At this moment, a gentleman, who was standing at the foot of the staircase waiting to go up, signed to the landlord that he wished to speak with him, and through his medium he communicated to Madame Rédot his intention of giving up his own room, which he said was really too large for him.

The landlord was profuse in his acknowledgments. Madame Rédot's attempts at a denial were faint. Mademoiselle Berthe made a profound courtesy and Monsieur bowed down to the ground.

This was the slight beginning of an important acquaintance. The storm of rain continued without abatement, and the public salle was crowded. It happened that the gentleman who had given up his room to them was seated near Madame Rédot and Berthe all the evening, and it happened also that when the clock struck twelve at night they were all three deep in conversation, and would hardly believe that the time was come for retiring.

"Oh, Lisbeth," said Berthe, when they were alone together in their bedroom, "what an agreeable man that is: how well he talks; how interesting he makes all his travels seem."

"True, my child; but don't be too much interested in him."

"No—not that—but I like his name, Monsieur de Valmont, and how well he described his sister—I thought I saw her."

"When he described her," said Madame Rédot, "I thought I saw you."

"Good night," said Berthe, in answer.

She had promised her teacher not to be too much interested, and had not Monsieur de Valmont made the same promise to himself?

How are such revolutions kept by two young people thrown together under circumstances which not only bring out all their most charming qualities, but attach to everyone of these a special value. The rain which Berthe had disliked during her journey was very welcome now that it flooded the roads, and for two whole days made an onward progress impossible. Monsieur de Valmont was always at her side, and she never moved away. An occasional anxious moan from Madame Rédot was silenced by a kiss; and when, at eleven o'clock on the third morning of the sojourn at Fontainebleau, the sun shone, and it was announced that a dry windy night had made the roads passable, Berthe and Monsieur de Valmont knew that they were lovers, and each saw and understood the changing colour on the other's face. Berthe went to the window, Madame Rédot followed her. Berthe said, "There is still a black hovering cloud coming up from the horizon." Madame Rédot answered with unusual asperity, "If there were twenty black hovering clouds threatening a deluge such as shut up Noah in his ark, it would be my duty to take you on to Paris to-day."

A deep voice behind them said, "It is too soon, and too late." The door of the salle was quickly opened and shut, and Berthe felt that the man she loved was no longer there.

French postilions in those days took their time to get ready, and Madame Rédot had good leisure for packing, while the harnessing and the talking were going on in the courtyard. But when she went out to see her boxes fitted upon the landau, she looked in vain for Berthe. Anxious questions followed. A lively chambermaid had seen Mademoiselle walking towards the public gardens. A gentleman's valet had seen her pass through the Court of the Château, and added that probably it was Monsieur her brother who accompanied her. Madame Rédot tried to look easy in her mind, but nevertheless the whole domestic establishment, collected round her carriage, saw right through it. Luckily, a tame raven hopping from one to another enabled the wretched teacher to cover up her feelings by divers chirpings to this cold-hearted pet of the house; but if she dared to hope that the rest knew nothing, she was certain that that malignant bird knew all. Painfully her





A BATTLE ON THE ROOFS OF STRASBURG.—See MISCELLANEA.

whole art of dissembling was exhausted by the time that Berthe arrived accompanied by Monsieur de Valmont.

Berthe's face glowed, Monsieur de Valmont was pale.

"I have been waiting," said Madame Rêdot.

"I am sorry," said Berthe, and instantly got into the carriage. Madame Rêdot followed. Monsieur de Valmont closed the door after her. The postilion cracked his whip, with many sounding flourishes; the horses neighed in turns. Berthe covered her face with her hands, and Fontainebleau, its storms and its beauty, were left behind. For some time there was total silence; but before the end of the long day's journey the sympathising teacher had heard her pupil's story of love confessed, had been told that Monsieur de Valmont had spoken words not to be misunderstood, that Berthe had silenced him by saying that she was already pledged, but that, though she had thought it her duty to restrain him, she was all the time resolved to love no other man, and that she was certain of his devotion.

"I know nothing about his devotion," said Lisbeth—whose manner became unusually sharp from the effects of fear, as they drew nearer to Madame de Lusignan's abode—"but this I know, that it was a fault, a great fault, I might say, almost a crime, in you to walk with Monsieur de Valmont. I don't know any young lady of your condition, I don't think there is another in all France, who would do such a thing."

Berthe fixed her large eyes steadily on her teacher's face and said: "It was a fault;" and then, after a pause, added, "but have not you told me, and have not your favourite writers told me, that girls are too tightly bound in our country, and that our parents try to press the hearts out of our bodies?"

"Well; what do you mean to do?" replied Lisbeth.

"I don't know; but this I mean, not to be married against my will; not to be sold like a slave in a market-place; whatever else may be asked of me, I shall accept my fate."

Another long silence ensued, the postilion's whip began to crack more noisily, they were close to the *porte-cochère* of the Maison Lusignan. Berthe threw her arms round Madame Rêdot's neck, and said, "Be kind to me again"—and Lisbeth wept and kissed her many times.

By a happy chance, Madame de Lusignan was out at a political *réunion* when her daughter entered her home after an absence of nine years, and the next morning, Berthe pleading excessive fatigue, kept to her own bedroom. She received there a message from her mother to come down at three o'clock, as her future husband was then expected. The elaborate toilet she had to undergo was a relief

from the perplexity and pain of long self-communings; with courage wound up to the highest point, pale and determined, leaning on the arm of her teacher, she entered her mother's salon. It was empty—nothing there but its cold and lordly furniture, and its air of desolate grandeur; her heart fluttered and sank within her; her knees shook; the very flowers which decorated the room looked sternly and stiffly out of their vases of Sèvres china, and the long windows curtained in rich brocade seemed to admit no light. There was a stir outside, a sound of approaching steps; the folding doors leading to the ante-room were flung open and Monsieur de Valmont was announced.

Berthe started, and stood transfixed looking at him. What was she to think? His eyes were cast upon the ground; he seemed resolved not to look before him. Madame Rêdot moved forwards, he heard the rustle of her dress, he lifted his eyes, and then sprang towards Berthe. "Mademoiselle Rêdot," he cried—"and here—how is this?" but Madame Rêdot threw herself between them. "Stop," she said, "you will not speak a word to this young lady till you have told me what brings you to this house."

"You are right, Madame," replied de Valmont, with a profound salutation; "you have a just claim to my answer: and I give it you at once, without circumlocution. I am come here with the purpose of rejecting an alliance which has been arranged for me, which I cannot now accept. I have come to request that Mademoiselle de Lusignan destined to me may be married to some other fitter man who may be free to love her. You know that I am not that man." This explanation was enough. Madame Rêdot no longer stood between the lovers, and when the Countess entered, almost hidden in the pomp of flowing silks and fluttering lace, but contriving to move grandly through it all, she found Monsieur de Valmont at her daughter's feet—and said with a tranquil smile, "I am three minutes late, and you would not wait so long."

So, for once, there was a happy romance in real life. Monsieur de Valmont had loved Berthe Rêdot, and he married Berthe de Lusignan.

It is well when passion moves thus to the right goal, but such a case is evidently exceptional, and, on the whole, marriages made to suit estates do not prosper, though they are not often so miserable as the French dramatists would have us believe, and there is more often indifference in the conjugal life of France than abhorrence or despair: neither is indifference the necessary result of a diplomatic union. There are some peaceful establishments full of affection in Paris, and there are many in the provinces: and, on the other hand, it



must be admitted that love can make a mistake as easily as avarice, and that the disappointment which follows is more cruel. Samuel Rogers used to say that it didn't matter who was married to you, for you were sure to find the next day that it was somebody else. And this satirical jest of the poet's gives the true solution of many grave perplexities.

But we are not dealing now with serious mischances, and willingly turn to the comic side of the subject. There are farces in life no less than romances; a romantic adventure of the last century has just been told. Here is a farcical one of the present day,—recorded by the lady who was the nucleus of the transaction: this lady shall be called here Madame Enault; she is wife of M. le Sous-préfet of Rouen, and her kind heart and charming manners have made her the centre of a select society in that pleasant town. She is not only an agreeable woman, but one that can be trusted, and then her position has its own importance. One day last summer, as she was sitting in her husband's library, occupied in completing his catalogue of books, she was informed that three persons were waiting to see her in the salon, and with this a card was presented to her—the card of Madame Simon, the wine-merchant's wife. This lady lived at X—, twenty miles from Rouen, and was not in the habit of visiting Madame Enault, who, indeed, did not remember that she had ever even seen her. However, she left her catalogue and went to the salon. There she found, sitting in a row, a short, plump Madame Simon, with a young man and young woman of almost gigantic proportions on either side of her. All three rose on her entrance, and Madame Simon offered her a tightly-gloved fat hand to shake. The first salutations over, Madame Enault asked to what happy circumstance she was indebted for the pleasure of this visit. Upon this question, Madame Simon smiled knowingly, and patted her daughter on the shoulder. Mademoiselle blushed crimson. She was of a fresh complexion, with golden hair, and might have been handsome, but for cheeks too prominent and ruddy, a slight cast in the eye, and a general air of having too much of everything. She now looked down attentively upon the carpet. Adalbert, her brother, put his hands on his knees with determination, and said, "It is proper that I should speak on this subject. You must know, Madame Enault, that my sister here has a very pretty marriage portion, that she is eighteen, extremely accomplished in music, and, as you see, not other than attractive in appearance; under these circumstances, it is not surprising that eligible marriages should be offered to her. She has at this moment two desirable suitors,

both eager, and both, as I believe, much enamoured."

"Oh, Adalbert," said Mademoiselle with a nervous laugh, "you really make me blush." But Madame Enault looked for the blush in vain, and Adalbert went on—"These suitors both occupy considerable positions at X—. The one is Monsieur Jules Berthier, the Notary; the other, Monsieur Perrin, the Doctor, they are worthy men, both, but——"

"But—" interrupted Madame Simon, tired of her son's discourse, "but—my daughter thinks them both hideous."

"The one," said Mademoiselle eagerly, "is as round as a wine barrel, and the other as attenuated as a withered grape-skin. Can you wonder that I don't wish for either as a husband? it is the Doctor who is so fat, and the Notary who is so thin."

"But how," asked Madame Enault, "am I to assist you?"

"It is now my turn to speak," said Adalbert, and with his hands again upon his knees, he resumed—he was not pleasant to listen to, for he spoke with a thick utterance, and rolled his r's—"My father," said he, "being much occupied in business, it has naturally fallen upon me to assist my mother in these difficult, and, I may say, delicate transactions; we have no desire to force my sister's inclinations."

"Certainly not," said Mademoiselle.

Adalbert continued—"We wish that the number of eligible proposals should not be too limited, and with this view we have set a-foot many inquiries on her behalf."

"That we have," said Madame Simon, "and I assure you that it is no easy matter. It is a small town, and we have made a strict search in the environs; it has cost us many railway journeys."

"None so long as this," said Mademoiselle.

"Permit me to continue," said Adalbert. "You have asked me, Madame, how you could assist us in our perplexity. I will tell you. In the course of our researches we have discovered that a highly respectable Notary has recently arrived at Rouen, unmarried, and making a good income, having sown his wild oats, and therefore anxious to settle in life. Now this sounds very suitable; but, before any decided measures are taken, before negotiations are opened, it is desirable that my sister, who is so particular as to looks, should see the individual in question."

"I am not so particular as to looks," said Mademoiselle; "the gentlemen proposed to me are caricatures of humanity."

"I really," said the fatigued Madame Simon, "cannot go about any more; this is our fourth expedition of investigation, and I am as tired as if I had been to the North Pole."

"Permit me to continue," said Adalbert, "we are taking up too much of Madame

Enault's time." Madame Enault, politely, but feebly, protested, and Adalbert went on.

"We have," said he, "no personal acquaintance with Monsieur Chevalier, the Notary of whom I have just spoken, and we come to ask Monsieur le Sous-préfet to contrive some seemingly accidental meeting for us this afternoon. We must return to X— by the six o'clock train."

"Yes, we must positively return," said Madame Simon.

Madame Enault, in spite of the tiresome manner of Monsieur Adalbert Simon, was amused by his narration, and between her love of fun, and her desire to oblige, she became eager to carry on the matter to the satisfaction of all parties. But she had to regret that Monsieur le Sous-préfet was absent on business, and that only her son Maurice was at home. But Maurice would escort them to the courts of law, and it was very likely that Monsieur Chevalier would be found there, indeed, it was most likely. Maurice only knew him by sight—but he could point him out at once; on this she rang the bell and requested that Maurice would come to her immediately. He duly appeared, and after the proper salutations were over, his mother took him aside, and in a few low words explained the situation to him.

Maurice Enault was a charming young man of about eighteen, handsome and courteous, with a smile of which the grace to a keen observer but thinly veiled the irony. However, the family of Monsieur Simon, the wine-merchant, was not composed of keen observers, and the warmth of his expressions, and readiness to assist, delighted them, as he led the way on this singular enterprise. While they walked, Madame Simon confided to him all her difficulties with alternate admiration of her daughter's charms and regret at her contumacy, enlivened by stringent remarks upon the personal appearance of her suitors.

By the time the court was reached, Mademoiselle's expectations had risen high; and when they entered, her eyes glanced rapidly from one official to the other, seeking the possible man. Maurice surveyed the assembly with equal ardour, but Monsieur Chevalier was not present. "How unlucky!" said Adalbert, "we positively must find him, for my mother cannot, and will not, submit to any more travelling." Maurice begged them to wait, while he made inquiries for the missing Notary. He left them for a few minutes, and returned with the message that Monsieur Chevalier was not likely to be in court that day; he was engaged on business about the sale of some newly-built houses half a mile away from the court. Madame Simon was ill with fatigue, and fanned herself violently. Mademoiselle was flushed too much for her complexion, and there

was a spark of ill-temper in that eye which looked straight. Monsieur Adalbert alone was equal to the occasion.

"It is evident," said he, "that we must now go on to the new houses, and appear to be anxious to look over them."

"What, another walk?" said poor Madame Simon.

A ten minutes' walk brought them to the site of the new houses, some of which were not yet completed, and heaps of stones, rubbish, and a cart and truck here and there, with a bit of neglected ground in which it was difficult to see a future garden, had a truly dreary aspect. Up and down the slushy ground trudged a dirty, slovenly, paunchy man, with a greasy complexion, which was marked with small-pox; he walked with his hands in his pockets, and whistled a tune.

Mademoiselle Simon paused in her march towards the new buildings, and said in a low tone to Maurice Enault, "You must ask that workman whether Monsieur Chevalier is to be seen within."

"That is Monsieur Chevalier," replied Maurice; and as he said the name, the individual in question lifted his hat, and showed a round smooth bald head.

Mademoiselle Simon exclaimed with sudden energy, "I will marry the Doctor."

\* \* \* \* \*

And so she married the Doctor, and, contrary to all expectations, this union furnished no subject for scandal in the town of X—. So it may be that chance will furnish favourable circumstances to support unlikely beginnings, while fair hopes lead to grief. But Madame Enault was not always so fortunate in her protégés. A notable example of domestic infelicity was Monsieur de la Guérivière a handsome young officer, whose friends informed him of a considerable *dot* in the daughter of a retired shop-keeper, residing in a house nearly opposite to that of the Sous-préfet, and who, upon this great news, applied to Madame Enault's kindness to obtain for him a view of the young lady. "One would like," said he, "to see her before entering upon any serious project, and to see her freely without being seen."

"You can do that," said Madame Enault, "by looking out of my son's bedroom window at eleven o'clock in the morning, for his window commands M. Provost's garden and there Mademoiselle Amélie, every day at that precise hour, exercises her lap dog."

"A thousand thanks," said la Guérivière; and accordingly every morning during a whole week he mounted to the attic occupied by Maurice, and there brought his field-glass to bear upon the rather pretty person of Mademoiselle Amélie: it was a *piquant soubrette*



kind of beauty, and unconscious of observation she ran, and leapt, and frisked with her poodle with an animation which enhanced what youthful attraction she possessed. The handsome officer began by saying, "*Elle n'est pas mal,*" and ended with "*Elle est même très-bien.*" The week over, he persuaded Madame Enault to give a party for the sake of introducing her to him, and the result of this party was a formal proposal of marriage which was at

once accepted, for the Provosts rejoiced in an alliance with the Guérivières.

In a pleasing novel the curtain would drop here, but in a plain history it must be acknowledged that Madame Enault has it much on her conscience that she was the means of promoting a marriage which has exemplified every possible form of domestic discomfort.

—*Temple Bar.*

## MISCELLANEA.

GAINSBOROUGH'S "DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE."—(*See Frontispiece.*)—This picture, which had already become famous for having been sold for 10,100 guineas (10,605*l.*), the highest price ever paid at an auction for a portrait, has been rendered still more so by having been stolen from the gallery in which it had only recently been placed for exhibition, known as the New British Institution, Old Bond Street, London. The greatest excitement arose in the neighbourhood when it became known that this extraordinary and daring robbery had been committed. The large printed placards in the windows inviting attention to the picture were soon surrounded by little crowds who read with no small astonishment the written notice that during the night some malicious person had cut the picture from the frame, and stolen it. From inquiries made on the spot, it was found that the picture had been very neatly cut from the stretching frame after it had been removed from the gilt frame, in which it hung against the wall, near the window above the doorway on the first floor. The stretching frame was seen leaning against a sofa opposite the now empty gilt frame, and it showed that no unpracticed hand had operated upon the canvas, as the picture itself had been completely removed, leaving nothing but the clean-cut canvas at the edges on which it had been mounted when lined. The gilt frame had the nails simply bent back, and not extracted, so that the thief or thieves lost no time in needless trouble. The apartment in which the picture was exhibited showed scarcely any marks of what had been done, beyond some crumpling of the drapery hung in front of the picture. This room is not more than ten feet square, having only one window opening into Bond Street, the other being blocked and covered with cloth hangings like the walls of the room. A passage opens on to it from the large gallery where the water-colour drawings are hung belonging to Messrs. Agnew. But the one window was found open about two feet, and on examining the lead outside there was distinctly visible the mark of a nailed shoe. It is conjectured that some one, having entered the exhibition-room as a visitor, contrived to secrete himself in some part of the premises; but, having succeeded in putting the picture into the hands of a confederate by the window, it is difficult to see how he could himself escape without detection, whether in the night by the window, or after the place was opened in the morning. Messrs. Agnew having offered the large reward of 1000*l.* for information leading to the recovery of the stolen picture, some speedy intelligence may be looked for. It must be tolerably evident that such a robbery was not contrived with a view of selling the picture, as that would be a thing next to impossible, and the mere offer of it would be certain to bring the thieves to detection in any part of the world. The description of

the picture given at the time of the sale, and the engraving in the *Illustrated News*, which is reproduced in our columns, have made it known far and wide.

THE CENTENNIAL HORTICULTURAL HALL.—(*Illustration, Page 549.*)—No site on the Centennial grounds at Philadelphia could have been more happily selected for the magnificent Flower-palace, a view of which we have in our illustration. The building occupies a bluff overlooking the Schuylkill river a hundred feet below, and commanding a fine view of the adjacent landscape. The entire dimensions of the edifice are three hundred and eighty by one hundred and ninety-three feet, the two ends being used for restaurants, reception-rooms, and offices. This great floral conservatory is the largest in America, and but little inferior in height to the famous palm-houses in Kew and Chatsworth. Four outside promenades, each a hundred feet long, lead along the roofs of the forcing-houses, and enable the visitor to enjoy, in an artificial garden-ramble, the lovely views of the surrounding park. This magnificent structure, as well as the Art Palace, is designed to remain at the close of the exposition, and for years to come these twin palaces will conserve the choicest beauties of Nature and Art.

MICHEL ANGELO'S "MOSES."—(*Illustration, Page 557.*)—This colossal statue, which Herman Grimm calls "the crown of modern sculpture," is the chief artistic treasure of the church of San Pietro in Vinculis at Rome. It was originally designed to form a portion of a magnificent mausoleum for Pope Julius the Second, and, had the completion of the entire structure not been interrupted by the caprices of this powerful potentate, it would probably have been one of the most costly and splendid sepulchres ever built. The great Jewish lawgiver is represented as about springing to his feet and dashing to earth the tables of the Decalogue in indignation at sight of the Israelites worshipping the golden calf. Every feature of judicial majesty and righteous anger against evil-doing is here reproduced with masterly effect. It is by far the grandest single creation of the artist who pronounced sculpture to be his favourite art, but who was likewise one of the greatest masters of all time in architecture and painting.

A BATTLE ON THE ROOFS OF STRASBURG, by Theophilus Schuler. (*Illustration, Page 565.*)—Strasburg has an ancient fame as

a favourite resort of storks who, from time immemorial, have built their nests on the roofs of the city. Here is a neighbourhood quarrel which is not without precedent in the human as well as the animal kingdom. Two mother birds have built their nests and reared their broods on the turrets of adjoining roofs, each maintaining for some time friendly relations to the other. At length, however, a family feud has arisen, from what cause the picture does not explain. Not unlikely, however, there may have been a misunderstanding between the two matrons regarding the beauty of their respective children, a not uncommon occasion of jealousy between neighbouring families. Whatever be the question in dispute, it is referred to no arbitrator or judge for settlement, but mesdames fight it out together, one, however, having called in the help of a relative or neighbour, which reinforcement ensures her an easy victory.

**PRESENTATION TO WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.**—W. C. Bryant, who has now passed four score years, and still retains his physical and mental vigour, is justly the pride of American literature. His countrymen have lately manifested their affectionate appreciation of their great poet by presenting him with a silver commemoration vase, the cost of which was five thousand dollars. The gift was the occasion of a public demonstration in the poet's honour, held in Chickering Hall, on the evening of the 20th of June. More than a thousand persons were present, representing the wealth and culture of New York, and each emulating the other in rendering respect to one who may properly be called the Father of American Poetry. The vase, which was designed by Mr. James H. Whitehouse, and manufactured by Tiffany & Co., is pronounced by competent judges to be a fine work of art. It has been sent to Philadelphia, where it will remain for the inspection of the public until the close of the Centennial Exposition.

**RICHARD WAGNER'S** latest work, "Der Ring der Nibelungen," which comprises four separate operas—"Das Rheingold," "Die Walküre," "Siegfried," and "Götterdämmerung," is at last to see the light. The dates of the performance at Bayreuth, Bavaria, have now been definitely fixed as follows:—"Das Rheingold," on the 13th, 20th, and 27th of August; "Die Walküre," on the 14th, 21st, and 28th of August; "Siegfried," on the 15th, 22d, and 29th of August; "Götterdämmerung," on the 16th, 23d, and 30th of August of the present year.

**TWO GREAT AUTHORESSSES GONE.**—Death has lately removed two great lights from the world of literature, viz.:—Harriet Martineau, who died on the 27th of June at her residence, "The Knolls," Westmoreland County, England, and Georges Sand (Madame Dudevant), the distinguished French writer, of whom Victor Hugo says, "She had the heart of a *Barbès*, the wit of a *Balzac*, the soul of a *Lamartine*."

**REFINING EFFECTS OF INSANITY.**—The influence of insanity is usually sympathetic. It has been said that genius is a disease of the nerves, and one of the compensations that Providence makes for the sufferings that arise from exquisite sensitiveness. Be that as it may with the intellect, insanity seems to refine the affections, to enlarge one's charity, and to endow one with clearer perceptions of the sorrows and anxieties that rob life of its common comforts and privileges. It gives one a responsive nature; it untunes the harp, but

it tunes it again. It is a curious fact that the best-read authors during the reign of George III. seem to have derived their enlarged sympathies with mankind from this extraordinary discipline. Old Burton was long dead, but his "Anatomy of Melancholy," which was written to lift the vapours from his own mind still retained its popularity. The "Odes" of Collins, which were just rising into appreciation, were written in the lucid intervals of madness. Dr. Johnson, whose voluntary testimonies to the King's private virtues and goodness of heart have been named by Thackeray as one of the props of the throne, was a most unhappy victim of the English malady, and wrote "Rasselas" and "The Vanity of Human Wishes" under a cloud which for full half a century threatened the destruction of his intellect. Gay and jolly Oliver Goldsmith, pedantic Boswell, and even Garrick had their moods. The poetry of Cowper embodied the most sorrowful of all experiences. Haley wrote with the shadow of insanity upon his hearthstone, and Beattie with the recollection of his insane wife ever in his mind. The discipline of insanity has refined many rough natures and quickened many cold hearts that otherwise might have passed as misanthropes in the world. Among these may fairly be placed George III. "Few princes," says Lord Brougham, "have been more exemplary in their domestic habits or in the offices of private friendship. But the instant his prerogative was concerned, or his bigotry interfered with, or his will thwarted, the most bitter animosity, the most calculating coldness of heart, took possession of his breast, and swayed it by turns." This disposition made him unpopular at times, and, but for a correcting providence, the chastisement of his constantly threatening affliction, might have lost him his throne. His frequent mental distresses made him humble, and kept his heart open to the unfortunate and the poor. Like *Lear*, he could look upon the meanest of his subjects and say,—

"Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel."

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

**SEVERAL STATUES** will be set up in the Central Park, New York, during the present season, among which may be mentioned the Marquis de Lafayette, by Bartholdt, a gift from France; Daniel Webster, by Thomas Ball; William H. Seward, and Fitz-Greene Halleck, by Macdonald, the latter the first statue erected in the United States to an American poet.

**FEBRUARY, 1877,** is the bicentenary of Spinoza's death, and it is proposed to erect a statue of Spinoza at the Hague, if possible, in sight of the spot where he spent the last ten or twelve years of his short life, and wrote the words that were to be his legacy to mankind.

**ACHENBACH'S** great painting of "The Storm" is among the most valuable works of German art in the American Centennial. It is offered for sale at the price of fifteen thousand dollars.

**A CONSCIENTIOUS DOG.**—I had had this dog for several years, and had never, even in his puppyhood, known him to steal. On the contrary, he used to make an excellent guard to protect property from other animals, servants, &c., even though these were his best friends. [Mr. Romanes here adds in a note: "I have seen this dog escort a donkey which had baskets on its back filled with apples. Although the dog

did not know that he was being observed by anybody, he did his duty with the utmost faithfulness; for every time the donkey turned back its head to take an apple out of the basket, the dog snapped at his nose; and such was his watchfulness that, although his companion was keenly desirous of tasting some of the fruit, he never allowed him to get a single apple during the half hour they were left together. I have also seen this terrier protecting meat from other terriers (his sons) which lived in the same house with him, and with which he was on the very best of terms. More curious still, I have seen him seize my wristbands while they were being worn by a friend to whom I had temporarily lent them." Nevertheless, on one occasion he was very hungry, and in the room where I was reading and he was sitting, there was, within easy reach, a savoury mutton chop. I was greatly surprised to see him stealthily remove this chop and take it under a sofa. However, I pretended not to observe what had occurred, and waited to see what would happen next. For fully a quarter of an hour this terrier remained under the sofa without making a sound, but doubtless enduring an agony of contending feelings. Eventually, however, conscience came off victorious, for, emerging from his place of concealment, and carrying in this mouth the stolen chop, he came across the room and laid the tempting morsel at my feet. The moment he dropped the stolen property he bolted again under the sofa, and from his retreat no coaxing could charm him for several hours afterward. Moreover, when during that time he was spoken to or patted, he always turned away his head in a ludicrously conscience-stricken manner. Altogether I do not think it would be possible to imagine a more satisfactory exhibition of conscience by an animal than this, for it must be remembered that the particular animal in question was never beaten in his life.

—*Quarterly Journal of Science.*

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**BENJAMIN WEST'S MARRIAGE.**—About the middle of the eighteenth century young West had an obscure lodging in Strawberry Alley, and painted portraits at a guinea a head; painted signs, too, for a few shillings, when portraits and guineas were not to be had—"The Cask of Beer," or "The Jolly Fiddlers." A picture of St. Ignatius, after Murillo, having been captured on a Spanish brigantine by the *Brittania*, fell into the possession of Governor Hamilton of Bush Hill. West copied it, and humoured some of his portly patrons by painting them in the attitude of the saint. Mad Anthony Wayne, then a handsome, gallant, showily dressed young fellow, was often seen on the streets with the mild-mannered, apple-cheeked Quaker lad. He brought as many of his fashionable friends as he could persuade to sit for their portraits to the hungry young artist, and it is hinted not only made a military man of him, but introduced him to charming Miss Betty Shewell, with whom West, in his orderly, proper way, fell in love. Miss Shewell's brother, however, being a man with an income, had no mind that his pretty sister should marry a man who had none, and whose occupation was held to be not half so genteel as that of a tailor. He therefore locked Miss Betty up in her room, just about the time that one of the Allens, who was sending a ship laden with grain to the starving Italians, offered Benjamin a passage on her to Leghorn. But love laughed at locksmiths then as now. The Quaker Romeo and his Juliet saw each other, though one was in the garden and the other in the window, and vowed eternal faith. West promised to win fame and money, and his sweetheart promised to come to him to the ends of the earth as soon as he should send her word he had enough of the latter necessary to keep them from starvation. The remainder of the story Bishop White told to Dr. Swift, of Easton, Pennsylvania.

West, as we all know, succeeded rapidly in winning both the fame and money, and as soon as he was established first favourite at Hampton Court, sent to Miss Shewell to claim her part of the promise. Her brother was still inexorable, and did not consider a painter, though he were George's Own, a fit match for the daughter of a blue-blooded Philadelphia family. He locked Miss Betty up again in her chamber. The story went out through the town. Popular sympathy was with the lovers; Stephen Shewell was denounced as a tyrant, and many glances of pity and encouragement were cast at the high-latticed window behind which was the fair captive maiden. The ship was in the harbour, ready to sail, in which West had arranged that his bride should come to him, under the escort of his father. The day arrived for the departure. At this crisis Dr. Franklin appeared as the good angel, and proved himself quite as competent to direct a love affair as the lightning or the draught in a stove. With Bishop White, then a lad of eighteen, and Francis Hopkinson, he went to the ship's Captain, and arranged with him to delay starting until night, but to be ready to weigh anchor at a moment's warning. Old Mr. West was then taken on board, and at midnight Franklin, young White, and Hopkinson repaired to Stephen Shewell's house, fastened a rope-ladder to Miss Betty's window, held it while she descended, and conducted her safely to the ship, which set sail as soon as she was on board. The lovers were married when she landed, and lived long and happily together. But Stephen Shewell never forgave his sister, nor did she or her husband ever return to this country. The story is romantic enough for fiction, but bears every weight of authority. Dr. Swift states that when he rallied the venerable Bishop on his part as knight-errant to this modern Dolorida, he replied that he had done right, adding, with warmth, that "if it were to do over again, I should act in precisely the same way. God meant them to come together."

—*Harper's New Monthly Magazine.*

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**A MAN** in America has constructed a wooden watch, which is thus described by a newspaper of that country:—"The case is made of briar-root, and the inside works, all except three of the wheels and the spring—which are metal—are made of boxwood, while the face is made from a piece of the shoulder-blade of a cow. It is an open-faced watch, with a glass crystal, and is an elegant piece of workmanship, displaying wonderful talent in the maker. It does not weigh more than an ounce. The maker says the watch keeps good time.

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**NAPOLEON'S TREATMENT OF HIS GENERALS.**—He was born a king, if to command the obedience of men be the whole art of kingship, which may, perhaps, be doubted. He seems in general to have acted on the plan of Frederick the Great; that is, he demanded nothing but success from his lieutenants, and was careless of the means they took to obtain it. Only failure he would never forgive. It was a favourite saying of his that he never judged men but by results. It was to no purpose that Massena gave excellent reasons for his defeat by Wellington; Napoleon wanted victories, and not explanations. There is a foolish story, to which so eminent a man as Southey could give credence, to the effect that Admiral Villeneuve was assassinated by order of the Emperor after his disgrace at Trafalgar. There can be no serious doubt that the unfortunate commander committed suicide in sheer terror at the idea of an interview with the stern master whose plans he had caused to miscarry. It is fair to add that those of his captains who were successful had no need to complain that their services were insufficiently

appreciated. Even Massena had acquired an income of \$100,000 while his star was in the ascendant. Soult had \$60,000 a year; Ney nearly \$150,000; Davoust \$180,000; while Berthier, Prince of Neuchatel, enjoyed a princely revenue of some \$270,000. "They will no longer fight," Napoleon said in a moment of dejection, referring to his Generals; "I have made them too rich." It may be suspected that it was rather from motives of policy than of gratitude that Napoleon thus created the fortunes of his Marshals in a day. He was anxious to establish as a support to his throne a powerful aristocracy, which in splendour and (to do him justice) in the brilliancy of its achievements should rival the old nobility of France. He forgot, however, that though monarchy and democracy can exist and have existed without prescription, an aristocracy, to be venerable, must absolutely bear the seal of antiquity. In none of his projects had Cromwell failed more hopelessly than in his attempt to reconstruct the House of Lords in England. Napoleon, it is true, did not propose to confer legislative functions on his nobles as such; nevertheless he intended them to be a privileged class, and this alone was a more courageous than wise idea on the morrow of 1789.

—*The Galaxy.*

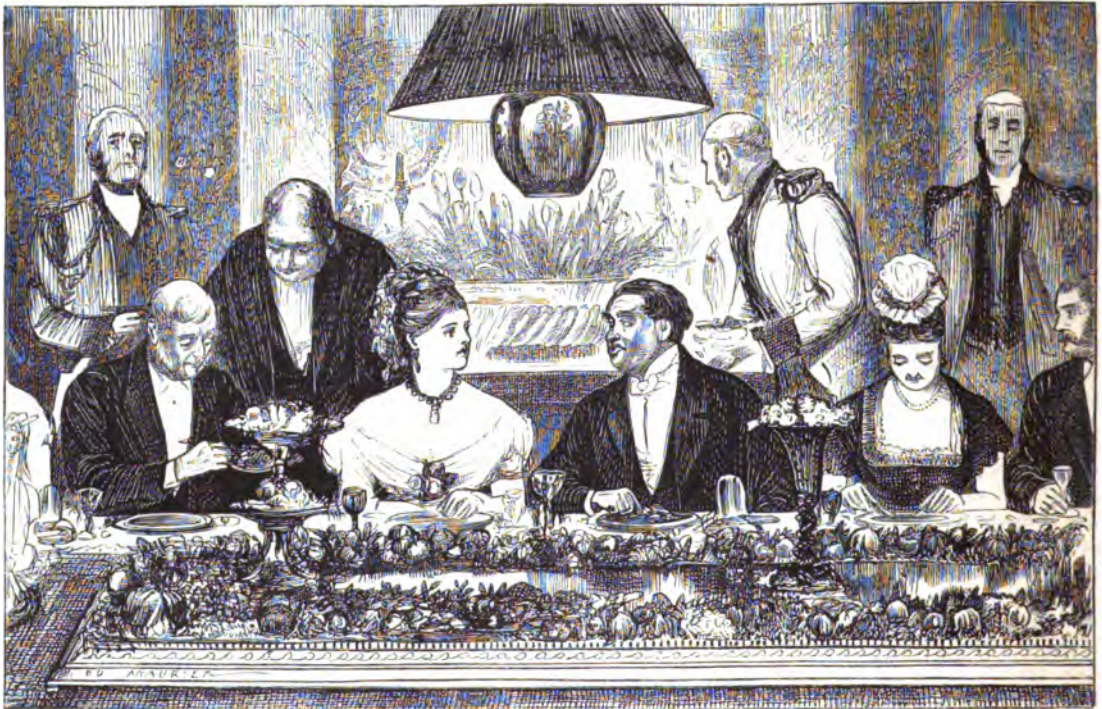
#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\*\*\* Our fair correspondent in Frankfort, to whom we tender our thanks for her kind interest in our *MAGAZINE*, is informed that the volume entitled "Pictures from English Literature" is published both at London and New York, by the firm of Cassell, Petter & Galpin.

**ART LOVER.**—The Americans are great picture-buyers, and probably pay higher prices for works of art than any other people. They are liberal patrons both of German and French masters, and sometimes in their purchases are more generous than discriminating. Probably the highest price ever paid by an American for a single work of art was three hundred thousand francs, or sixty thousand dollars in gold, the sum given by Mr. Alexander T. Stewart for a painting by Meissonier. This, however, though an enormous amount for a private purse, is not quite half the sum paid by the French government to Marshal Soult for the "Immaculate Conception," by Murillo, now in the gallery of the Louvre at Paris.

Other correspondents shall receive attention in the next number of our *MAGAZINE*.

#### OUR HUMOROUS PORTFOLIO.



#### THE BUSINESS OF PLEASURE.

*Professor Guzzleton (to Fair Chatterbox).* "ARE YOU AWARE THAT OUR HOST HAS A FRENCH COOK?"

*Fair Chatterbox.* "SO I HEAR!"

*Professor Guzzleton.* "AND THAT THAT FRENCH COOK IS THE BEST IN LONDON?"

*Fair Chatterbox.* "SO I BELIEVE!"

*Professor Guzzleton.* "THEN DON'T YOU THINK WE HAD BETTER DEFER ALL FURTHER CONVERSATION TILL WE MEET AGAIN IN THE DRAWING-ROOM?"







LILY AND HER BUTTERFLIES.

(SEE MISCELLANEA.)

# HALLBERGER'S ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

## JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

BY

M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

"A STORM WAS COMING,  
BUT THE WINDS WERE  
STILL."



LIFE could have been more self-contained than Naomi's in this fair summer time. She claimed sympathy from no one, but bore the anguish of her widowed heart in a resolute silence. From Cynthia she shrank, with a feeling that was more nearly akin

to aversion than she would have liked to confess to herself. Womanly instinct had fathomed the mystery of Oswald's defection. She had looked back, and remembered, and weighed looks and tones of his, which had but faintly impressed her at the time, but which now, considered by the light of his subsequent conduct, had fullest significance. His heart had gone astray, and it was to Cynthia, her father's wife, that truant heart had wandered—not with deliberate sinfulness; she could not believe him deliberately wicked. The tempter had set this snare for him, and he had weakly yielded. Cynthia's childish beauty, Cynthia's innocently simple ways, had allured him from the straight path of righteous dealing. He had struggled, poor sinner, fought and striven with the Evil One, and, finding the powers of darkness too

strong for him, had turned and fled. It was wisest, it was best so.

Naomi loved him with so fondly indulgent an affection—a passion so unselfish—that she could find it in her heart to forgive him for having fallen away from her. She could pardon and pity him, though he had taken the light and glory out of her life, and left her world empty as an exhausted crater. But she could not so easily forgive Cynthia. Her father's wife should have been above suspicion. unassailable by temptation. And if Cynthia had not shown some tokens of weakness, Oswald would surely have been stronger. Cynthia, the wandering waif, cherished and garnered by the most generous of men, should have loved her husband with a love strong enough to shield her from the possibility of temptation; and yet in this false wife's pallid face, in the heavy eyes, and sad set lips, Naomi read the secret of a guilty sorrow. She, Cynthia, grieved for the absent one—she shared Naomi's sacred grief, she intruded upon that privileged domain of fond regret. The knowledge of this silent distress made Naomi angry and unforgiving.

One evening in the beginning of August, soon after Joshua's reading of "Werther," Naomi walked alone in Pentreath Wood. Such lonely evening rambles were her melancholy comfort, and this wood her favourite resort. Her wild garden had been neglected of late. It was too narrow for her grief. Jim, or Aunt Judith, or Cynthia, might intrude upon her at any moment. But here, in this wide shadowy wood, she was really alone—no one to spy out her tears or offer humiliating pity—no companions but the stars high up yonder, shining through over-arching

beech and oak—the unknown life in brambles and underwood, dry fern, and last year's leaves, which were stirred now and then mysteriously by those unfamiliar creatures that make merry at nightfall, or by the distant hoot of some ancient owl, sounding ghostlike in the dimness, or the red-brown cattle lying in the grassy hollows and sheltered corners, restful but un-sleeping.

Here Naomi could nurse her grief as she pleased. She could bring forth her sorrow from its hiding-place, and cherish and caress it, as if it had been a fondly-loved child. Here she recalled Oswald's looks and tones, when she had believed him true, and lived over again the happy days in which he had been all her own, the time before Cynthia came and brought sorrow and shameful thoughts into Joshua Haggard's peaceful home. Every turn and wind of the dear old wood, every veteran oak, ferny bank, and knoll and hollow, was associated with that lost lover, and aided fancy to conjure up his image. Here he had read "*Ivanhoe*," here "*Marmion*." Here, in a lazy mood, he had lain stretched at full length, and told her the story of Caleb Williams, and how he had once seen Kean play the part of Sir Edward Mortimer, in the *Iron Chest*, at the little theatre in Exeter. Here, leaning against the silvery bark of this giant beech, he had recited Byron's "*Isles of Greece*"—thrilled with a fervour which was almost inspiration. Oh, happy, irredeemable hours—the dead departed delights of life!

Here, on this August evening, Naomi walked and meditated. It was a dim and hazy twilight, with a pale new moon shining faintly behind the tree-tops in a sky of translucent gray. The young trees, and the underwood beneath them, had a ghostly look in this half light. It might have been a scene made up of shadows.

Bitter, beyond all measure of common bitterness, to remember the days—but a little while ago—when Naomi and her lover had roamed in this very wood, when there was but the red-brown glow of coming foliage on the leafless beech boughs, and the chestnut fans were still unfolded, and the anemones whitened the hollows, and the blue dog-violets smiled up at the blue April sky. Cynthia had been with them always—the fair young sick-nurse in her neat gray gown and little Quaker cap. She had been with them, sharing all their talk; and Naomi had nothing suspected, nothing doubted. It was only now that she understood the drama in which her own part had been so sad a one—only now that she could fathom the meaning of that low subdued voice—those pauses of silence, and lapses into dreamy thoughtfulness, which had marked Oswald's manner during this time.

"It was then he began to care for her."

she told herself. "God help and pardon them both! I do not believe that either entered deliberately upon this path of sin. But if Cynthia saw that he was so weak—so wicked—she ought to have left the Grange at once; she ought never to have seen him again. It was her duty."

Easy enough to say this, but a moment's reflection showed Naomi that it would have been no easy thing to do. To avoid temptation thus would have been to create a scandal. And Oswald had made no confession of his weakness. Those subtle differences in his tones and looks may have been meaningless for Cynthia.

"No," thought Naomi, with a burst of very human passion, "she must have understood them; his words and looks must have been clear to her—for she loves him."

Pondering thus—as she had pondered on many an evening since her lover's desertion, travelling over and over again the same sad pathway of thought—Naomi came to the skirt of the wood, and from the wood into the park, where the trees stood far apart, and the smooth sward rose and fell in gentle undulations. She could see the house from this point. How lonely it looked, how deserted; a gloomy dwelling that might have been so bright!

"I was to have been a fine lady, with a drawing-room and a conservatory," Naomi said to herself, full of bitterness; "and coaches were to come rolling over that gravel drive, where the weeds grow so thickly. And there were to be lights in all those windows; and music sounding in the night—a life like fairy-land. Poor Oswald! How he used to talk of our future! And he was true then—he meant all he said. Oh, my dearest, my dearest," she murmured, with clasped hands; "I wanted no lights or music; I wanted no grand visitors—no bliss other than this common world can give, while I had you! My life would have been all happiness, had Providence made you the poorest of God's poor, and our home a hovel, and our days full of toil, if we had only spent them together—if you had only been true to me."

She stopped, with tears rolling down her cheeks—tears that gushed forth unawares at the sweet sad thought of what life might have been. She stood looking straight before her with those tear-dimmed eyes,—looking at the dull old house.

Not a gleam of light! Yes; the heavy hall door opens slowly, and she sees the dim lamp within. A figure comes out of the dusky porch, and walks at a leisurely pace along the broad gravel terrace at the side of the house.

Naomi gave a faint awe-stricken cry, as if she had seen a ghost—a cry so faint that it could not reach the ears of yonder solitary muser, pacing the gravel path with bent head.



She turned, and hurried back to the wood, and was quickly lost in the darkness of that green mystery of oak and beech; and then, secure from observation, walked slowly home, meditating upon what she had seen.

He had come back—he who had said his path of life was to lie in other lands—he, the self-banished exile, the new Childe Harold. Why had he come? and was it for long? How was it that the village had not been aware of his coming, and made his return common talk—an inevitable consequence of such knowledge? Had he any purpose in returning secretly—in hiding himself from his little world? Naomi was perplexed and troubled by these unanswerable questions.

It was late when she entered the little parlour at home. Prayers were over, and the family were seated in the usual formal array round the temperately furnished board. The huge junk of single Gloucester, about the size and shape of one of those granite slabs which bestrew the path of the adventurous tourist who tempts the perils of the Loggan Rock, stood up in the centre of the table like a family idol, round which the family had assembled for evening worship. The brown beer-jug—simulating a portly figure in a three-cornered hat—occupied its accustomed corner. Everything was precisely as Naomi remembered it in her earliest childhood. The quiet monotony of life had never been disturbed by new crockery, or a change of form and colour in the vulgar details of existence. The Druids could hardly have lived more simply than this Methodist household.

And now that the mainspring of life was broken, this sordid sameness seemed odious; nay, almost unbearable. Naomi looked at the familiar home picture with a shudder. Affection gave it no beauty in her eyes to-night. A fair enough picture of domestic peace from the outside, if there had been anyone in the street to contemplate that candle-lit circle through the window; some vagabond, perchance, homeless, and deeming that there must be bliss in a home. Yet, save honest Jim, who sat munching his bread-and-cheese with a countenance of equable discontent, there was no member of that family circle whose bosom was not racked by anguish or passion.

"Half-past nine, Naomi!" exclaimed Joshua, looking up reproachfully, as his daughter came into the room. "The first time I've read prayers without you since I can remember—except when you've been ill. What has kept you so long?"

"I've been frightened," answered Naomi, looking not at her father, but at Cynthia. "I was in Pentreath Park, and I thought I saw a ghost."

"A ghost, Naomi? I thought you were too good a Christian to believe in such folly."

"Saul saw a ghost," interjected Jim, with

his mouth full of lettuce, "and you wouldn't say that was folly."

"Saul lived in days when God taught His children by miracles."

"And if Providence chose to send a ghost to Combhollow, who's to hinder it?" cried Jim, with unconscious irreverence. "I'm sure ghosts are wanted—people are wicked enough. I dare say the Cock Lane ghost would have done a deal of good if a pack of busybodies hadn't made her out an impostor. And there are the ghosts that worried the Wesley family. You can't fly in *their* faces."

"Sit down to your supper, Naomi," said Joshua, rebuking Jim's flippancy by a grave disregard which was more crushing than remonstrance; "you ought not to be wandering about so late of nights. It is not respectable."

Naomi sighed and made no answer. Those weary ghosts in Dante's nether world wandering in their circles of despair might have felt very much as she did, had any accuser charged them with levity or unseemly conduct. She looked at her father with eyes full of a wondering reproachfulness, as if she would have said, "Can you, who know my burden, upbraid me?"

"What about the ghost?" asked Aunt Judith, sweeping her crumbs into a neat little heap with the back of her knife. "Don't tell me it was Mr. Trimmer. Sally had the impudence to hint at his walking, only last Sunday night; but I think I stopped her tongue."

Mr. Trimmer was a retired miller who had died of dropsy "up street," and who was supposed to be not quite comfortable in his mind about the division of the property which he had left behind him, about which there had been some squabbling among his nephews and nieces. This disagreement of the miller's heirs had given rise to the report of ghostly visitations—of an erratic and unconsecutive character—on the part of the miller.

"I won't swear to his having walked," cried Jim, eagerly; "but there have been groans heard down at the red mill. *That* I can vouch for, because Joe Davis's father heard it coming home from his work last Saturday night."

"Why, Trimmer had not worked the mill for ten good years," exclaimed Aunt Judith. "What could he want down there?"

"To look after the money he'd buried," replied Jim, with conviction. "You may depend that what he's left behind him above ground isn't half what he's left beneath."

"Was it Trimmer?" asked Judith, letting her natural love of the marvellous get the better of common sense.

"No," answered Naomi; "it was nothing but fancy, I daresay. The mists were rising—white clouds of vapour that looked like the shadows of the dead."

"Let there be no more said upon the subject," said Joshua, sternly. "It is sinful to dwell upon such folly. Eat your supper, Naomi, and let there be none of these evening wanderings."

It is not easy to eat when one is bidden. The home-made bread, sweet as it was, seemed bitter to Naomi's parched mouth. She drank a long draught of water and held her peace, and there was silence till the end of the meal. Naomi lifted her downcast eyelids once or twice, and looked at Cynthia with thoughtful scrutiny. There was nothing in the young wife's countenance to betray any knowledge of Oswald's return to the Grange. There was only that settled sadness which had become a part of the sweet face lately.

"She will know very soon, I daresay," thought Naomi, bitterly. "It is not to see me that he has come back."

Her heart burned with indignation, as if Cynthia had, by some unholy witchcraft, some subtle silent exercise of womanly artifice, lured the false lover back to her net. She could not give her credit for innocence, or even for helpless unconscious yielding to a guilty love. No, it was her fault that Oswald had gone astray. Had she been strong in purity of heart, Oswald would never have been so weak.

When the time came for bidding good night, and Cynthia approached with her pretty pleading look and rose-bud mouth ready to kiss, Naomi turned away from her stepmother with a stony face and left the room in silence. Cynthia looked after her wonderingly, but said not a word. She knew but too well what it meant. Oswald's treachery had made a lasting breach between them. Her only hope was that Joshua had not seen that cruel repulse. But he had seen it, and formed his own conclusions thereupon.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### FULL OF SCORPIONS.

"WILL he come, will he come to see me?"

This was the question which Naomi asked herself when she arose next morning, to see another peerless summer day smiling at her, but to feel none of the joy of harvest, only a heart as dull and desolate as if she had awakened to find herself amidst some dwindled hope-forsaken band hemmed round by cruel Arctic seas. What was summer to her, or harvest, or all the common joys of life—joys that gladden hearts which are *not* broken?

All through the feverish wakeful night the same doubt had agitated Naomi's mind. Might not her lover have repented and returned to her? So blessed a thing was just possible. He had loved her dearly once; surely that

old love could not die. He had often told her that love was deathless. Fancy had gone astray, perhaps, and love had been true all the time. Absence had taught him that she was still dear. Oh, how tenderly she would have welcomed the returning prodigal, could she but be sure of his repentance, sure that her love could even yet make him happy! Thus argued hope; but despair took the other side. He had come back in secret, for some evil purpose. He had come back to see Cynthia.

This day would show if he meant well or ill. If well, he would not fear to show himself at Mr. Haggard's house. He would come, and make peace with his betrothed. Oh! long hours of waiting, between morning prayer and noontide—hours in which the simple household tasks were performed while the girl's heart was given to alternate hope and despair. Would he come? Would he prove true and good, despite of all that had gone before?

Noon came, and dinner, and afternoon, and he did not appear. Hope died in Naomi's breast. She went about the house listlessly, yet was too restless to sit long at her work. It happened to be a busy afternoon in the drapery department, and Aunt Judith was too well employed behind the counter to observe her niece's idle moving to and fro, or else there would have been the small bitterness of that maiden lady's lectures superadded to the great bitterness of Naomi's despair.

Cynthia and Jim were in the garden. Those two were very friendly just now. The poor little stepmother clung to the honest outspoken lad in this time of cloud and brooding storm. Naomi's coldness cut her to the heart. She felt that there was a great gulf between her and her husband. Of Judith's dislike and distrust she was inwardly assured.

But Jim seemed fond of her, and he was of her husband's flesh and blood. The poor little timid soul went out to him in its loneliness.

"Do you really like me, James?" she asked to-day, as they were tying up the carnations in the long garden border, Cynthia's small face shaded by a big dimity sun-bonnet.

"Liking isn't the word, Cynthia," answered the boy. "I'm uncommonly fond of you; and if you'd only summon up a little spirit and make Aunt Judith give up the housekeeping, I should have a still better opinion of you. Why should she stint us to one or two puddens a week, and those as hard as brickbats; and a fruit pasty once in a blue moon, when the garden's running over with gooseberries and may-dukes? It isn't her place to order the puddens. It's yours. It was all very well to be trodden under her foot when we were orphans, but you're our mother now, and you

ought to stand by us. Why don't we have bacon and fried potatoes for breakfast, like Christians? She'd let a whole side go rusty before she'd give us the benefit of it. And my father sits at the table and starves himself, and quotes William Law to show that starvation is a Christian duty. I've no patience! I'm sure I wonder I've grown up the fine young man I am, upon such short commons."

Jim came into the house half-an-hour later, and found Naomi in the parlour. She was standing by the window, idle, her work in her hands, staring absently at the bend in the road yonder, by which Oswald used to come, on Herne the Hunter. Poor old faithful Herne! the tears came into her eyes when she thought of him. He had been turned out to grass, and she had seen him looking over gaps in the hedge, a haggard, unkempt beast. She had called him, and coaxed him, and held out her hand to invite his approach, and he had come with a shy, sidelong gait close up to her, and then shot off like a sky-rocket before she could caress his honest gray nose.

Jim burst into the parlour like a whirlwind.

"I thought you was fond of those hart's-tongues I got for you?" he exclaimed, breathless with indignation.

"So I am, Jim; very fond of them."

"Then you'd better get a bit of black stuff out of the shop and make yourself a mourning gown!"

"Are they dead?"

"They're as near it as anything in the fern line can be—as yellow as the inside of a poached egg, and half eaten by snails. How long is it since you've been in the wilderness?"

"I don't know: a few days—a week, perhaps."

"You're a nice young woman for an industrious brother to toil for! The place is as dry as an ash-pit. What's the use of my getting you fine specimens, if this is the way you treat 'em? There's the parsley fern crinkled up like a bit of whitey-brown paper. Cynthia and I have been giving the things a good dowsing; but they're been shamefully neglected. I should have thought you could have found time to look after them. You're not in the business," concluded Jim, with a superior air.

"Don't be cross, Jim," faltered Naomi, gently. "It was wrong of me to neglect the ferns that you've taken such trouble to set for me; but I have not done any gardening lately; I have not been feeling well enough—"

And here Naomi burst into tears—Naomi, with whom tears were so rare.

Jim had his arms round her in a moment, and was hugging her like an affectionate bruin.

"There, there, there!" he cried; "don't fret. I oughtn't to have been so cross. You've had

your troubles lately—father going and breaking off your marriage without rhyme or reason. Nobody ever heard of such tyranny. I'll be sworn William Law, the father of Methodism, is at the bottom of it. Suffering is good for us. It's blessed to deny ourselves. And my poor little sister mustn't marry the man she loves! Cheer up, Naomi; it will all come right in the end, I daresay, though things are going crooked now. Don't worry about the wilderness. Cynthia and I are making things tidy—weeding and watering, and training the creepers over the rock-work. You can come down and look at us, if you like. It will cheer you up a bit!"

"I'll come presently, Jim, dear," answered Naomi, drying her tears.

"Be sure you do," said Jim; and then he hurried back to his work.

Naomi sat in the parlour for a quarter of an hour or so. She shed no more tears, but sat with dry eyes looking straight before her.

Why had he come back? Not for her—oh, not for her!

The day was nearly done. She could hear the rattling of tea-cups in the pantry. Sally was getting her tray ready. That meant half-past four o'clock. Naomi rose, with a long heavy sigh, and went out into the garden. It was to please her brother she went. There was no pleasure or interest for her in earth or sky.

She walked slowly down the long straight garden path, where the clove carnations and double stocks were in their glory, and through the little orchard to the wilderness. Jim was hard at work—the perspiration running down his forehead, his coat off and his shirt-sleeves rolled up to the elbow—dividing great tufts of primroses and overgrown hart's-tongue. Cynthia was on her knees weeding, a pretty picture of youth and fairness in the yellow sunlight.

Naomi stood and looked at her. What was the charm in her which had lured that false lover? Could the eye of another woman see the bait that had won weak and fickle man, the enchantment which had wrought alike upon the strong man in his meridian of knowledge and wisdom and the youth in his folly?

Yes; the charm revealed itself even to the cold eye of a resentful rival. It was not so much absolute beauty which allured in this nameless waif as a soft and gracious innocence, a flower-like loveliness, that stole upon mind and heart unawares.

She charmed the senses, as roses and lilies do in the early morning, while the dew is still on them. She appealed to the eye, and held it, like some picture which, in a long gallery, stands out from all other images, and transfixes the spectator. She stole upon the soul like music.

Nor was it this outward charm of perfect fairness and grace only which attracted. The soft loveableness of her disposition accorded with the tender grace of her beauty. She had the clinging affectionateness of a soft and yielding nature; a humility of spirit which made her ready to reverence the strong; a tenderness of heart which inclined her to pity the weak. In one word, she was loveable—a woman created to be adored.

Naomi stood and looked at her, full of bitter thoughts. For the first time in her life she envied the gifts of another. She felt all the good things that Providence had given her of no account when weighed against the bewitchment of fair looks and winning ways.

"How wicked I am growing!" she thought, shocked at her own bitterness.

"There!" exclaimed Jim, pulling down his shirt-sleeves; "I think I've done a tidy afternoon's work. You'll have oceans of primroses next year, Sis."

"If they don't all die," said Naomi, not hopefully. "Do you think it's quite the right time for moving them?"

"Primroses!" cried Jim. "As if you could hurt a primrose! I know what I'm about, sister. They wouldn't take any harm by my moving if they were the delicatest flowers in a hot-house."

He pulled on his coat, put away trowel and rake, and came out of the wild garden into the orchard. Cynthia rose too, with an absent-minded sigh, and followed him.

"Now, look here, little stepmother," he said, in his patronising way, "you'd better go in and make yourself tidy for tea, while I show Naomi what I've done to her primroses."

Cynthia obeyed without a word, and left them. Jim tucked his sister's arm under his own, and began to perambulate the orchard.

"What's the matter, Jim?"

"Cheer up, old woman; I've got some good news for you. I won't see you trampled upon, not if I can help it. I won't have your early affections blighted, and young Pentreath sent to the right-about, if I can prevent it. Don't be afraid, Sis. I'll stand by you."

"Jim, what do you mean?" cried Naomi, piteously.

"I've got a letter for you."

Naomi's heart leapt with sudden overwhelming joy. He had written. Thank God, thank God! She was not utterly forgotten.

"A letter, Jim?" clasping his arm rapturously. "How did it come?"

"How should it come? He brought it himself, of course."

"And gave it to you? You saw him? Dear, dear Jim, tell me all about it. How is he looking? Ill or well?"

"White and fagged; as if he'd been going to the—well, you know—all the time he's been

in London. I only just caught a glimpse of him above the wall."

"And he gave you the letter——"

"No, that's the fun of it. He didn't see me. It was just as I came back to the wilderness after I left you in the parlour. Cynthia was sitting reading on the bench yonder. Just as I came to the gate, I saw a pale face look over the wall; and then a white hand went up and threw something over. It fell among the ferns, not a yard from stepmother. But she never saw it; that was the lark. Her nose was in her book—poetry or some such trash. I gave a whistle, and off went my gentleman like a shot—scared away."

"And what became of the letter?"

"Why, I picked it up unbeknown to Cynthia, when her back was turned. It's wrapped round a stone. There's no address on it—too artful for that—but I knew the party it was meant for."

"Are you sure it's for me?" asked Naomi, trembling a little. That exceeding great joy fainted in her heart. A letter unaddressed—and thrown at Cynthia's feet!

"Of course it's for you. Stepmother sat with her back to the wall, and her head and shoulders smothered in that great sun-bonnet of hers. He might easily take her for you."

"Give me the letter, dear," said Naomi, with suppressed eagerness.

He handed her a little parcel—a goodish-sized pebble packed neatly in a sheet of letter paper, and carefully sealed with the well-known coat-of-arms which had hung a year ago from the Squire's fob.

"Ain't you going to read it?" demanded Jim, as his sister stood looking at the packet.

"Not just yet, dear. I had rather read it when I'm quite alone."

"Oh my!" ejaculated Jim. "For fear some of the love should run over, like clouted cream that hasn't set properly. What it is to be in love! Well, Sis, I'll leave you to the enjoyment of your love-letter, while I go and clean myself."

He ran off, leaving Naomi alone in the orchard. Fear held her hand for a moment, though hope whispered that this little packet was full of comfort and sweetness. It had fallen at Cynthia's feet, said fear. Was it not possible that it had been meant for Cynthia?

She broke the seal and carefully unfolded the sheet of Bath post—the fair white paper which our forefather's used when letters were worth having.

It was a letter of three pages, written by a hand which betrayed its owner's emotion. Naomi's eyes shone with an angry light as they hurried over the lines. There was a name written here and there—a hateful name that told her the letter was not for her. "My



Cynthia." "My Cynthia—mine by that mutual love which is our mutual sorrow."

"Villain and traitor!" cried Naomi, with a burst of passion which transformed her.

Had he stood before her in that moment, and she armed, she could have stabbed him. This Naomi, who could have laid down her life to accomplish some good and great thing, was—for this one instant—capable of murder.

Such cruel perfidy, such heartless treachery, such shameless iniquity, outraged her sense of justice. It seemed to her as if Heaven had created a monster.

She had not yet read the letter, but Cynthia's name stood out from the tremulous lines as if it had been written in fire. Slowly, with her hand pressed against her burning forehead, in the effort to keep brain and understanding clear, she addressed herself to the hateful task.

She would know the lowest deep of man's infamy: a lover who could forsake his sworn love; a man, calling himself gentleman, who could try to seduce a good man's wife.

The letter was incoherent, passionate—despair's foolish appeal against fate:

I must see you once again—yes, dearest, at whatever hazard to you or me—at whatever cost. I have made up my mind to live and die far away from the dear place that holds you. The white, bleak, barren sea shall roll between me and my beloved. I am going to America: that is far enough, surely! Death could part us no wider than the Atlantic. I shall look at that great sea and think how the green waves roll up the golden sands of home and kiss your feet; how the white spray blows into your hair and caresses you like a cloud; and I am no Jove to be in that cloud, love. I shall be severed from you for ever. But before I sail for the other side of the sea I must see you once more; yes, Cynthia—my Cynthia—mine by that mutual love which is our mutual sorrow—I must see you once more, clasp your hand and say farewell; bless you, and be blessed by you. Trust me—trust me—my beloved—with but one meeting. There shall no evil word be spoken; you shall not even hear me complain against fate. I will only take your hand in mine and say good-bye. Vain blessing, you will say; but, dearest love, the memory of that moment will comfort me in weary days and nights to come. I would but know that you pity, and forgive, and pray for me; and that—if Fate had willed it so—you might have loved me. It will be like a parting between two friends when one is doomed to die. I shall think the executioner is waiting at the door and the death-bell ready to toll. Oh, dear love, by thy tender and pitying heart, I adjure thee, grant me this last prayer! Thy Werther, despairing unto death, pleads to thee!

I have come back to Devonshire for this only—to see thee once more. I have taken my passage for New York. All is settled; nothing can alter my decision. I am not weak enough, or guilty enough, to remain within reach of thee. I thought that in London I might forget, but your image followed me everywhere I went; in crowds or in solitude you were always near; nothing but a lifelong exile can cure my wound, or expiate my guilt.

Let me see you, beloved one. I shall contrive to convey this letter to you by some means in the course of to-day. Meet me to-morrow afternoon; and to-morrow night, by the coach which starts from the First and Last at eight o'clock, I will leave Combhollow for ever. Your afternoons are always free; I shall wait for you, from two to four o'clock, on the common beyond Matherly Wood, near the old shaft. It is rather far for you to come, but I think it is the safest place for our meeting. No one ever comes there but a stray cow-boy in quest of his cattle.

Come, dearest; it is the only boon you can bestow upon one whose heart you have broken unawares.

Yours till death,

OSWALD.

This was the letter. Naomi read it slowly to the end, then folded it neatly and put it in her pocket.

A shrill shriek from the house door roused her from abstraction.

"Naomi, are you coming?" at the top of Aunt Judith's high-pitched voice.

"We never do have our teas like Christians, nowadays!" complained Miss Haggard, as Naomi came into the parlour breathless. "Have you seen another ghost, girl?" she asked, staring at her niece. "You look as white as a yard of calico. Here's your father not home to his tea again; that makes the third time this week."

"He is attending to his duty, no doubt, aunt."

"Who says he isn't? But I wish he could contrive to combine duty with punctuality at meals. I hate a disorderly table."

Joshua came in just as they had finished their meal. His large cup of tea had been put on one side for him, covered with a saucer. He sat down in his arm-chair and drank his tea in silence. He was looking exhausted and weary.

"I am afraid you have had a hard afternoon's work, Joshua," Cynthia said, sitting down beside him timidly.

"I have been in the house of death, my dear; that is always trying to weak humanity. And I have walked a long way in the sun."

Naomi sat by the window darning Jim's stockings. Aunt Judith washed her tea-things, and then retired to the drapery department. Joshua leant back in his chair, with closed eyes. Cynthia took up a book; it was Milton's "Paradise Lost," one of the few imaginative works of which Mr. Haggard did not disapprove.

They sat thus for some time, in a silence only broken by the lowing of distant cattle and the gentle lapping of summer waves upon the pebbly beach. Then Jim looked in at the door and called Cynthia. She rose quickly and went out to him, and Naomi was alone with her father.

This was the opportunity she had been waiting for. After reading Oswald's letter she had come to a desperate resolve. These lofty natures have a touch of hardness in their composition sometimes; a sense of immunity from sin and weakness makes them stony-hearted judges of erring humanity. Oswald's wrongdoing had awakened that latent element of hardness in Naomi's nature. She thought she was only doing her duty in taking desperate measures. Or was it jealousy which put on a mask and called itself justice? She took the letter out of her pocket, and looked at her father. He was not asleep, only resting with closed eyes.

"Father," said Naomi, in a low voice, "here

is a letter which has come to me by accident, and which I think you ought to see. It is from Oswald to your wife."

She put the letter into his hand and left him; she dared not await the issue of her act.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### "FAREWELL, CONTENT."

JOSHUA read the letter slowly, every word going to his heart like the thrust of a knife. He had been told that a man had addressed a confession of guilty love to his wife, and the knowledge that this thing had been had preyed upon him like a corroding poison. But, even in all he had suffered since Judith's revelation, he had never realised the greatness of the wrong as he did now with the betrayer's letter in his hand, the audacious confession deliberately set down in black and white.

"He dared to write this!" he muttered. "He dared—to my wife! Oh, God! how low she must have fallen in his esteem before he wrote this letter."

Here was the cruellest sting. Could Oswald have penned this passionate appeal had he not been sure of a hearing? Did not this letter imply that he knew himself beloved? Ay, there were the abhorrent words burning the paper: "Our mutual love, which is our mutual sorrow!" This villain made very sure that he was loved. Must he not have been so assured before he dared to ask an honest woman to grant him a secret meeting?

Joshua Haggard sat with the letter in his hand, and a look in those dark eyes of his—a lurid fire under black, lowering brows—which would have struck terror to the hearts of his admiring flock could they have seen their shepherd in his lonely agony. What was he to do—how find revenge great enough for this gigantic wrong? Revenge was not the thought in his mind; retribution, justice, rather, was what he demanded. He felt himself like Orestes, privileged, nay appointed, to slay. The furies might come afterwards, but in this present hour it seemed to him that he might claim this man's blood.

That gentlemanlike institution, the duel, was in full force in Joshua's day. Had he been a man of the world, nothing would have been clearer or more easy than his course. But for the shepherd of souls, the preacher of peace, to take up the sword! Would it not be the renunciation of those principles for which he had lived? How often from his pulpit had he anathematised the slayer of his brother, hurled his thunders against that corrupt society in which murder could be deemed honourable!

He sat with the letter in his hand, and all was dark before him. Could he ever trust his

wife again?—believe in her purity, cherish with a fond and almost fatherly pride that sweet and girlish innocence, that utter ignorance of evil, the freshness and beauty of life's morning, which had first won his love? Never more; never more! His Eve had gathered the fatal fruit; the serpent had lifted his venomous crest from among the flowers; the glory of life's paradise had faded. Never more could he love, or worship, or trust. Henceforth he must hold her loathly. If this letter had reached her, how would she have received it? Would she have listened to the tempter's pleading? Would she have stolen in secret to meet him, to hear his poisonous vows, to pity his weak unmanly lamentings?

"I should like to know that," he said to himself; "I should like to know how she would have answered this letter."

And then it occurred to him that he might easily put her to the test. The seal had been broken, but the paper round it was unturned. It would be easy to re-seal the letter, making the second seal just a little larger than the first. And Cynthia would not examine the outside of the letter too closely.

He lighted a candle and re-sealed the violated letter; then paused for a moment or so, wondering how he should get it conveyed to his wife. "She shall find it somewhere," he thought. "Her guilty conscience will tell her it is from her lover. He may have written to her before, perhaps. God only knows the greatness of her sin—God who made us, and knows the blackness of our unregenerate hearts. And I thought that there could be one exempt—one free from humanity's universal taint. Fool, fool, fool!"

He went slowly upstairs to the bedchamber, the airy, orderly room, with its substantial old-fashioned furniture, and look of homely comfort—the room that had once been his father's. There hung the old grocer's turnip-shaped silver watch on the mahogany stand upon the mantelpiece, ticking with as lusty a beat as when its sturdy proprietor carried it in his ample drab-cloth fob. There were the samplers which testified to the industry and skill of Joshua's mother and Joshua's wife—the pyramidal apple-trees innocent of leaves—the angular figures of Adam and Eve in the garden, with a curly serpent standing on tip-tail between them. The evening sun shone into the room, and glorified the gaudy sunflowers on the chintz bed furniture, and glittered on the brazen handles of Joshua's escritoire. A bowl of freshly-gathered roses and carnations on the table perfumed all the room. Joshua knew whose busy hand had plucked the flowers, and the sight of them smote him with an aching pain. Oh, wounded heart, for which every new thought was a new torture!





THE LITTLE GOOSE-TENDER.—SEE MISCELLANEA.



The escritoire stood open, and there was "The Sorrows of Werther," lying where he had placed it after his long night of waking. There had been no need for Cynthia to hide the book any more. It had told its story.

Joshua's sombre glance lighted on the volume. "Accursed book that taught them to sin!" he exclaimed; "they might never have fathomed the wickedness of their own hearts but for thee."

This was hard upon the innocent and noble Charlotte, the misguided but generous Werther.

A thought full of bitterness and anger came into Joshua's mind as he looked at "Werther." He would put Oswald's letter between the leaves of that detested book. She would find it there, he felt assured; the book was her own love story, it talked to her of her lover. He could fancy her hanging over the pages—sucking poisonous sweetness from every line. Werther and Oswald were, in Joshua's mind, one.

He put the letter in the book, and was going slowly downstairs, when he stopped, with his hand upon the banisters, and pondered for a minute or so.

The thought came over him that he could not pray with his household, or teach, or exhort them to-night. It was as if an evil spirit were at his shoulder forbidding him that holy and familiar exercise. He felt that it would have been a kind of profanation to lay his hand upon the Bible, that anchor of his life, which had never before seemed insufficient mooring for his wind-driven bark.

"Not to-night," he muttered to himself—"not to-night."

He called over the stairs to his daughter, who had just come in from the garden.

"Tell your aunt to read a chapter and a psalm, Naomi," he said; "I am too ill to come downstairs again to-night."

Naomi hurried to him, full of apprehension.

"Dearest father, what is the matter? Can I do anything? can I get you anything?"

Conscience smote her. Why had she afflicted him by the sight of that wicked letter? It would have been better to have taken it to Cynthia and spoken words of Christian reproof and warning. Why had she made him, her dearest upon earth, to suffer?

"No, my dear, you can do nothing. It is the mind that is ill at ease, not the body. My soul is too dark to hold communion with her God. The blow has been heavy."

"Dear father, it was so wicked of me to show you the letter—an evil, revengeful act. And, after all, the sin may not be so deep as it seems to us. They are but children—weak, foolish, easily led astray. Let us pity and forgive them."

"I may come—some day when I am old and doting—to pity her. I can never forgive him." He put his daughter aside, went into his bedroom, and shut the door. Naomi dared not follow him. She went slowly downstairs, greatly troubled.

It is one thing to launch the thunderbolt, and another to survey the ruin the bolt has made.

Joshua Haggard turned his face to the wall and gave himself up to darkest thoughts. He rose soon after daybreak, and his first look was direct to "Werther." The letter was gone. Yes; there was nothing now between the pages but a few faded rose-leaves, and withered fern tendrils, which marked a favourite passage here and there.

He looked from the book to his wife, lying with her face turned from the light, and one round white arm, dimpled like a young child's, thrown above her head. Was she sleeping placidly with that guilty secret in her breast, or only pretending to sleep? He could not tell.

"She is all dissimulation," he thought, "fairest seeming, sweetest show—bitter as ashes within!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

## A FAMILIAR LETTER.

TO SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS. BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



ES, write, if you want to, there's nothing like trying;  
Who knows what a treasure your casket may hold?  
I'll show you that rhyming's as easy as lying  
If you'll listen to me while the art I unfold.

Here's a book full of words; one can choose as he fancies,  
As a painter his tint, as a workman his tool;  
Just think! all the poems and plays and romances  
Were drawn out of this, like the fish from a pool!

You can wander at will through its syllabled mazes,  
And take all you want,—not a copper they cost,—  
What is there to hinder your picking out phrases  
For an epic as clever as *Paradise Lost*?

Don't mind if the index of sense is at zero,  
Use words that ran smoothly, whatever they mean;  
Leander and Lillian and Lillibullero  
Are much the same thing in the rhyming machine.



There are words so delicious their sweetness will smother  
That boarding-school flavour of which we're afraid,—  
There is "lush" is a good one, and "swirl" is another,—  
Put both in one stanza, its fortune is made.

With musical murmurs and rhythmical closes  
You can cheat us of smiles when you've nothing to tell;  
You hand us a nosegay of milliner's roses  
And we cry with delight, "Oh, how sweet they *do* smell!"

Perhaps you will answer all needful conditions  
For winning the laurel to which you aspire  
By docking the tails of the two prepositions  
I' the style o' the bards you so greatly admire.

As for subjects of verse, they are only too plenty  
For ringing the changes on metrical chimes,  
A maiden, a moonbeam, a lover of twenty  
Have filled that great basket with bushels of rhymes.

Let me show you a picture—'tis far from irrelevant—  
By a famous old hand in the arts of design;  
'T is only a photographed sketch of an elephant,—  
The name of the draughtsman was Rembrandt of Rhine.

How easy! no troublesome colours to lay on,  
It can't have fatigued him,—no, not in the least,—  
A dash here and there with a hap-hazard crayon,  
And there stands the wrinkled-skinned, baggy-limbed beast.

Just so with your verse—'tis as easy as sketching,—  
You can reel off a song without knitting your brow,  
As lightly as Rembrandt a drawing or etching  
It is nothing at all, if you only know how.

Well; imagine you've printed your volume of verses;  
Your forehead is wreathed with the garland of fame,  
Your poems the eloquent school-boy rehearses,  
Her album the school-girl presents for your name;

Each morning the post brings you autograph letters;  
You'll answer them promptly—an hour isn't much  
For the honour of sharing a page with your betters,  
With magistrates, members of Congress, and such.

Of course you're delighted to serve the committees  
That come with requests from the country all round  
You would grace the occasion with poems and ditties  
When they've got a new school-house, or poor-house, or pound.

With a hymn for the saints and a song for the sinners,  
You go and are welcome wherever you please;  
You're a privileged guest at all manner of dinners,  
You've a seat on the platform among the grandees.

At length your mere presence becomes a sensation,  
Your cup of enjoyment is filled to its brim  
With the pleasure Horatian of digit-monstration,  
As the whisper runs round of "That's he!" or "That's him!"

But remember, O dealer in phrases sonorous,  
So daintily chosen, so tunelessly matched,  
Though you soar with the wings of the cherubim o'er us,  
The *ovum* was human from which you were hatched.

No will of your own with its puny compulsion  
Can summon the spirit that quickens the lyre;  
It comes, if at all, like the Sibyl's convulsion,  
And touches the brain with a finger of fire.

So, perhaps, after all, it's as well to be quiet,  
If you've nothing you think is worth saying in prose,  
As to furnish a meal of their cannibal diet  
To the critics, by publishing, as you propose.

But it's all of no use, and I'm sorry I've written,—  
I shall see your thin volume some day on my shelf;  
For the rhyming tarantula surely has bitten,  
And music must cure you, so pipe it yourself.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

## GABRIEL CONROY.

BY

BRET HARTE.

### CHAPTER XLVI.

#### COLONEL STARBOTTLE ACCEPTS AN APOLOGY.



FOR once, by a cruel irony, the adverse reports regarding the stability of the Conroy Mine were true! A few stockholders still clung to the belief that it was a fabrication to depress the stock; but the fact, as stated in Mr. Dumphy's dispatch to Donna Maria, was in possession of the public. The stock fell to \$35, to \$30, to \$10—to nothing! An hour after the earthquake it was known in One Horse Gulch that the "lead" had "dropped" suddenly, and that a veil of granite of incalculable thickness

had been upheaved between the seekers and the treasure, now lost in the mysterious depths below. The vein was gone! Where, no one could tell. There were various theories, more or less learned. There was one party who believed in the "subsidence" of the vein; another who believed in the "interposition" of the granite, but all tending to the same conclusion—the inaccessibility of the treasure. Science pointed with stony finger to the evidence of previous phenomena of the same character visible throughout the Gulch. But the grim "I told you so" of nature was, I fear, no more satisfactory to the dwellers of One Horse Gulch than the ordinary prophetic distrust of common humanity.

The news spread quickly, and far. It overtook several wandering Californians in Europe,

and sent them to their bankers with anxious faces; it paled the cheeks of one or two guardians of orphan children, frightened several widows, drove a confidential clerk into shameful exile, and struck Mr. Raynor in Boston with such consternation, that people for the first time suspected that he had backed his opinion of the resources of California with capital. Throughout the length and breadth of the Pacific slope it produced a movement of aggression which the earthquake had hitherto failed to cover. The probabilities of danger to life and limb by a recurrence of the shock had been dismissed from the public consideration, but this actual loss of characteristic property awakened the gravest anxiety. If nature claimed the privilege of, at any time, withdrawing from that implied contract under which so many of California's best citizens had occupied and improved the country, it was high time that something should be done. Thus spake an intelligent and unfettered press. A few old residents talked of returning to the East.

During this excitement Mr. Dumphy bore himself toward the world generally with perfect self-confidence, and, if anything, an increased aggressiveness. His customers dared not talk of their losses before him, or exhibit a stoicism unequal to his own.

"It's a blank bad business," he would say; "what do you propose?" And as the one latent proposition in each human breast was the return of the money invested, and as no one dared to make that proposition, Mr. Dumphy was, as usual, triumphant. In this frame of mind Mr. Poinsett found him, on his return from the Mission of San Antonio, the next morning.

"Bad news, I suppose, down there," said Mr. Dumphy briskly; "and I reckon the widow, though she has been luckier than her neighbours, don't feel particularly lively, eh? I'm dev'lish sorry for you, Poinsett, though, as a man, you can see that the investment was a good one. But you can't make a woman understand business, eh? Well, the Rancho's worth double the mortgage, I reckon, eh? Ugly, ain't she?—of course! Said she'd been swindled? That's like a woman! You and me know 'em, eh, Poinsett?"

Mr. Dumphy emitted his characteristic bark, and winked at his visitor.

Arthur looked up in unaffected surprise.

"If you mean Mrs. Sepulveda," he said coldly, "I haven't seen her. I was on my way there when your telegram recalled me. I had some business with Padre Felipe."

"You don't know, then, that the Conroy Mine has gone up with the earthquake, eh? Lead dropped out, eh, and the widow's fifty-six thousand?" (Here Mr. Dumphy snapped his finger and thumb to illustrate the lame and impotent conclusion of Donna Maria's investment.) "Don't you know that?"

"No," said Arthur, with perfect indifference and a languid abstraction that awed Mr. Dumphy more than anxiety; "no, I don't. But I imagine that isn't the reason you telegraphed me."

"No," returned Dumphy, still eying Poinsett keenly for a possible clew to this singular and unheard-of apathy to the condition of the fortune of the woman his visitor was about to marry. "No, of course!"

"Well," said Arthur, with that dangerous quiet which was the only outward sign of interest and determination in his nature. "I'm going up to One Horse Gulch to offer my services as counsel to Gabriel Conroy. Now for the details of this murder, which, by the way, I don't believe Gabriel committed, unless he's another man than the one I knew! After that you can tell me *your* business with me, for I don't suppose you telegraphed to me on his account solely. Of course, at first you felt it was to your interest, to get him and his wife out of the way, now that Ramirez is gone. But now, if you please, let me know what *you* know about this murder?"

Mr. Dumphy, thus commanded, and completely under the influence of Arthur's quiet will, briefly recounted the particulars already known to the reader, of which he had been kept informed by telegraph.

"He's been recaptured," added Dumphy, "I learn by a later dispatch; and I don't reckon there'll be another attempt to lynch him. I've managed *that*," he continued, with a return of his old self-assertion. "I've got some influence there!"

For the first time during the interview Arthur awoke from his preoccupation and glanced keenly at Dumphy.

"Of course," he returned coolly, "I don't suppose you such a fool as to allow the only witness you have of your wife's death to be sacrificed, even if you believed that the impostor who was personating your wife had been charged with complicity in a capital crime and had fled from justice. You're not such a fool as to believe that Mrs. Conroy won't try to help her husband, that she evidently loves, by every means in her power; that she won't make use of any secret she may have that concerns you to save him and herself. No, Mr. Peter Dumphy," said Arthur, significantly, "no, you are too much of a business man not to see that."

As he spoke, he noted the alternate flushing and paling of Mr. Dumphy's face, and read (I fear with the triumphant and instinctive consciousness of a superior intellect) that Mr. Dumphy *had* been precisely such a fool, and had failed!

"I reckon nobody will put much reliance on the evidence of a woman charged with a capital crime," said Mr. Dumphy, with a show of confidence he was far from feeling.

"Suppose that she and Gabriel both swear that *she* knows your abandoned wife, for instance; suppose that they both swear that she and you connived to personate Grace Conroy for the sake of getting the title to this mine; suppose that she alleges that she repented and married Gabriel, as she did, and suppose that they both admit the killing of this Ramirez, and assert that you were persecuting them through him, and still are. Suppose that they show that he forged a second grant to the mine—through *your* instigation?"

"It's a lie," interrupted Dumphy, starting to his feet, "he did it from jealousy."

"Can you *prove* his motives?" said Arthur.

"But the grant was not in my favour—it was to some old Californian down in the Mission of San Antonio. I can prove that," said Dumphy excitedly.

"Suppose you can. Nobody imagines you so indiscreet as to have had another grant conveyed to *you directly*, while you were negotiating with Gabriel for *his*. Don't be foolish! I know you had nothing to do with the forged grant. I am only suggesting how you have laid yourself open to the charges of a woman of whom you are likely to make an enemy, and might have made an ally. If you calculate to revenge Ramirez, consider first if you care to have it proved that he was a confidential agent of yours—as they will, if you don't help *them*. Never mind whether they committed the murder. You are not their judge or accuser. You must help them for your own sake. No!" continued Arthur after a pause, "congratulate yourself that the Vigilance Committee did not hang Gabriel Conroy, and that you have not to add revenge to the other motives of a desperate and scheming woman."

"But are you satisfied that Mrs. Conroy is really the person who stands behind Col. Starbottle and personates my wife?"

"I am," replied Arthur positively.

Dumphy hesitated a moment. Should he tell Arthur of Col. Starbottle's interview with him, and the delivery and subsequent loss of the mysterious envelope? Arthur read his embarrassment plainly, and precipitated his decision with a single question.

"Have you had any further interview with Col. Starbottle?"

Thus directly adjured, Dumphy hesitated no longer, but at once repeated the details of his late conversation with Starbottle, his successful bribery of the Colonel, the delivery of the sealed envelope under certain conditions, and its mysterious disappearance. Arthur heard him through with quiet interest, but when Mr. Dumphy spoke of the loss of the envelope, he fixed his eyes on Mr. Dumphy's with a significance that was unmistakable.

"You say you lost this envelope trusted

to your honour!" said Arthur with slow and insulting deliberation. "Lost it, without having opened it or learned its contents? That was very unfortunate, Mr. Dumphy, very unfortunate!"

The indignation of an honourable man at the imputation of some meanness foreign to his nature, is weak compared with the anger of a rascal accused of an offence which he might have committed, but didn't. Mr. Dumphy turned almost purple! It was so evident that he had not been guilty of concealing the envelope, and did not know its contents, that Arthur was satisfied.

"He denied any personal knowledge of Mrs. Conroy in this affair?" queried Arthur.

"Entirely! He gave me to understand that his instructions were received from another party unknown to me," said Dumphy; "look yer, Poinsett, you're wrong! I don't believe it is that woman."

Arthur shook his head. "No one else possesses the information necessary to blackmail you. No one else has a motive in doing it."

The door opened to a clerk bearing a card. Mr. Dumphy took it impatiently and read aloud, "Col. Starbottle of Siskiyou!" He then turned an anxious face to Poinsett.

"Good," said that gentleman quietly, "admit him!" As the clerk disappeared, Arthur turned to Dumphy—"I suppose it was to meet this man you sent for me?"

"Yes," returned Dumphy, with a return of his own brusqueness.

"Then hold your tongue, and leave everything to me!"

The door opened as he spoke, to Col. Starbottle's frilled shirt and expanding bosom, followed at a respectful interval by the gallant Colonel himself. He was evidently surprised by the appearance of Mr. Dumphy's guest, but by no means dashed in his usual chivalrous port and bearing.

"My legal adviser, Mr. Poinsett," said Dumphy, introducing Arthur briefly.

The gallant Colonel bowed stiffly, while Arthur, with a smile of fascinating courtesy and deference that astonished Dumphy in proportion as it evidently flattered and gratified Col. Starbottle, stepped forward and extended his hand.

"As a younger member of the profession I can hardly claim the attention of one so experienced as Col. Starbottle, but as the friend of poor Henry Beeswinger I can venture to take the hand of the man who so gallantly stood by him as his second, two years ago."

"Ged, sir," said Col. Starbottle, absolutely empurpling with pleasure, and exploding his handkerchief from his sweltering breast. "Ged! you—er—er do me proud! I am—er—gratified, sir, to meet any friend of er—er—gentleman like Hank Beeswinger—blank me! I re-

member the whole affair, sir, as if it was yesterday. I do, blank me! Gratifying, Mr. Poinsett, to every gentleman concerned. Your friend, sir—I'm proud to meet you—I am, blank me,—killed, sir, second fire! Dropped like a gentleman, blank me. No fuss; no reporters; no arrests. Friends considerate. Blank me, sir, one of the finest—blank me, I may say, sir, one of the very finest—er—meetings in which I have—er—participated. Glad to know you, sir. You call to mind, sir, one of the—er—highest illustrations of a code of honour—that—er—er—under the present—er—degrading state of public sentiment is—er—er—passing away. We are drifting, sir, drifting—drifting to—er—er—political and social condition where the Voice of Honour, sir, is drowned by the blank—er—Yankee watchword of Produce and Trade. Trade, sir, blank me!"

Col. Starbottle paused with a rhetorical full stop, blew its nose, and gazed at the ceiling with a plaintive suggestion that the days of chivalry had indeed passed, and that American institutions were indeed retrograding; Mr. Dumphy leaned back in his chair in helpless irritability; Mr. Arthur Poinsett alone retained an expression of courteous and sympathizing attention.

"I am the more gratified at meeting Col. Starbottle," said Arthur gravely, "from the fact that my friend and client here, Mr. Dumphy, is at present in a condition where he most needs the consideration and understanding of a gentleman and a man of honour. A paper, which has been intrusted to his safe keeping and custody as a gentleman, has disappeared since the earthquake, and it is believed that during the excitement of that moment it was lost! The paper is supposed to be intact, as it was in an envelope that *had never been opened, and whose seals were unbroken*. It is a delicate matter, but I am rejoiced that the gentleman who left the paper in trust is the honourable Col. Starbottle, whom I know by reputation, and the gentleman who suffered the misfortune of losing it is my personal friend Mr. Dumphy. It enables me at once to proffer my services as mediator, or as Mr. Dumphy's legal adviser and friend, to undertake *all* responsibility in the matter."

The tone and manner were so like Col. Starbottle's own, that Dumphy looked from Arthur to Col. Starbottle in hopeless amazement. The latter gentleman dropped his chin and fixed a pair of astonished and staring eyes upon Arthur.

"Do I understand—that—er—this gentleman, Mr. Dumphy, has placed you in possession of any confidential statement—that—er—"

"Pardon me, Colonel Starbottle," interrupted Arthur, rising with dignity; "the facts I have just stated are sufficient for the responsibility

I assume in this case. I learn from my client that a sealed paper placed in his hands is missing. I have from him the statement that I am bound to believe, that it passed from his hands unopened; where, he knows not. This is a matter, between gentlemen, serious enough without further complication!"

"And the paper and envelope are lost?" continued Col. Starbottle, still gazing at Arthur.

"Are lost," returned Arthur quietly. "I have advised my friend, Mr. Dumphy, that, as a man of honour and a business man, he is by no means freed through this unfortunate accident from any promise or contract that he may have entered into with you concerning it. Any deposit as a collateral for its safe delivery which he might have made, or *has promised to make*, is clearly forfeited. This, he has been waiting only for your appearance to hand to you."

Arthur crossed to Mr. Dumphy's side and laid his hand lightly upon his shoulder, but with a certain significance of grip palpable to Mr. Dumphy, who after looking into his eyes drew out his check-book. When he had filled in a duplicate of the check he had given Col. Starbottle two days before, Arthur took it from his hand and touched the bell.

"As we will not burden Col. Starbottle unnecessarily, your cashier's acceptance of this paper will enable him to use it henceforth at his pleasure, and as I expect to have the pleasure of the Colonel's company to my office, will you kindly have this done at once."

The clerk appeared, and at Mr. Poinsett's direction took the check from the almost passive fingers of Mr. Dumphy.

"Allow me to express my perfect satisfaction with—er—er your explanation!" said Col. Starbottle, extending one hand to Arthur while at the same moment he gracefully readjusted his shirt-bosom with the other. "Trouble yourself no further—regarding the—er—er paper. I trust it will—er—yet be found, if not, sir, I shall—er—er—" added Colonel with honourable resignation, "hold myself *personally responsible* to my client, blank me!"

"Was there no mark upon the envelope by which it might be known without explaining its contents?" suggested Arthur.

"None, sir,—a plain yellow envelope. Stop!" said the Colonel, striking his forehead with his hand. "Ged, sir! I do remember now that during our conversation, I made a memorandum, blank me, a memorandum upon the face of it, across it, a blank name, Ged, sir, the very name of the party you were speaking of—Gabriel Conroy!"

"You wrote the name of Gabriel Conroy upon it! Good! That may lead to its identification without exposing its contents," returned Arthur. "Well, sir?" The last two



words were addressed to Mr. Dumphy's clerk, who had entered during the Colonel's speech and stood staring alternately at him and his employer, holding the accepted check in his hand.

"Give it to the gentleman," said Dumphy, curtly.

The man obeyed. Col. Starbottle took the check, folded it and placed it somewhere in the moral recesses of his breast pocket. That done, he turned to Mr. Dumphy.

"I need not say—er—that—er—as far as my personal counsel and advice to my client can prevail, it will be my effort to prevent litigation in this—er—delicate affair, blank me! Should the envelope—er—er—turn up! you will of course—er—send it to me who am—er—personally responsible for it. Ged, sir," continued the Colonel, "I should be proud to conclude this affair, conducted as it has been on your side with the strictest honour, over the—er—festive board; but—er—business prevents me! I leave here in one hour for One Horse Gulch!"

Both Mr. Dumphy and Poinsett involuntarily started.

"One Horse Gulch?" repeated Arthur.

"Blank me! yes; Ged, sir, I'm retained in a murder case there; the case of this man Gabriel Conroy."

Arthur cast a swift precautionary look at Dumphy.

"Then perhaps we may be travelling companions?" he said to Starbottle, smiling pleasantly; "I am going there too. Perhaps my good fortune may bring us in friendly counsel. You are engaged—"

"For the prosecution, interrupted Starbottle, slightly expanding his chest. "At the request of relatives of the murdered man, a Spanish gentleman of—er—er—large and influential family connections, I shall assist the District Attorney, my old friend Nelse Buckthorne!"

The excitement kindled in Arthur's eyes luckily did not appear in his voice. It was still pleasant to Col. Starbottle's ear, as, after a single threatening glance of warning at the utterly mystified and half-exploding Dumphy, he turned gracefully toward him.

"And if, by the fortunes of war, we should be again on opposite sides, my dear Colonel, I trust that our relations may be as gratifying as they have been to-day. One moment! I am going your way. Let me beg you to take my arm a few blocks and a glass of wine afterward as a stirrup-cup on our journey." And, with a significant glance at Dumphy, Arthur Poinsett slipped Col. Starbottle's arm deftly under his own, and actually marched off with that doughty warrior, a blushing, expanding, but not unwilling captive.

When the door closed, Mr. Dumphy resumed his speech and action in a single ex-

pletive! What more he might have said is not known, for at the same moment he caught sight of his clerk, who had entered hastily at the exit of the others, but who now stood awed and abashed at Mr. Dumphy's passion.

"Dash it all! what in dash are you dashingly doing here, dash you?"

"Sorry sir," said the unlucky clerk, "but overhearing that gentleman say there was writing on the letter that you lost by which it might be identified, sir,—we think we've found it—that is, we know where it is!"

"How!" said Dumphy, starting up eagerly.

"When the shock came that afternoon," continued the clerk, "the express bag for Sacramento and Marysville had just been taken out by the expressman, and was lying on top of the wagon. The horses started to run at the second shock, and the bag fell and was jammed against a lamp-post in front of our window, bursting open as it did so, and spilling some letters and papers on the sidewalk. One of our night watchmen helped the expressman pick up the scattered letters, and picked up among them a plain yellow envelope with no address but the name of Gabriel Conroy written in pencil across the end. Supposing it had dropped from some package in the express bag, he put it back again in the bag. When you asked about a blank envelope missing from your desk, he did not connect it with the one he had picked up, for *that* had writing on it. We sent to the express office just now, and found that they had stamped it, and forwarded it to Conroy at One Horse Gulch, just as they had always done with his letters sent to our care. That's the way of it. Daresay it's there by this time, in his hands, sir, all right!"

## CHAPTER XLVII.

### MR. POINSETT, OF COUNSEL.

GABRIEL's petition on behalf of Mr. Hamlin was promptly granted by the sheriff. The wagon was at once put in requisition to convey the wounded man—albeit screaming and protesting—to the Grand Conroy Hotel, where, in company with his faithful henchman, he was left, to all intents a free man, and half an hour later a demented one, tossing in a burning fever.

Owing to the insecure condition of the county jail at One Horse Gulch, and possibly some belief in the equal untrustworthiness of the people, the sheriff conducted his prisoner, accompanied by Olly, to Wingdam. Nevertheless, Olly's statement of the changed condition of public sentiment, or rather its preoccupation with a calamity of more absorbing interest, was in the main correct. The news of the recapture of Gabriel by his legal guardian

awoke no excitement nor comment. More than this, there was favourable feeling toward the prisoner. The action of the Vigilance Committee had been unsuccessful, and had terminated disastrously to the principal movers therein. It is possible that the morality of their action was involved in their success. Somehow the whole affair had not resulted to the business interests of the Gulch. The three most prominent lynchers were dead—and clearly in error! The prisoner, who was still living, was possibly in the right. The *Silveropolis Messenger*, which ten days before had alluded to the “noble spectacle of a free people, outraged in their holiest instincts, appealing to the first principles of Justice and Order, and rallying as a single man to their support,” now quietly buried the victims and their motives from the public eye beneath the calm statement that they met their fate “while examining the roof of the Court House, with a view to estimate the damage caused by the first shock of the earthquake.” The *Banner* favoured the same idea a little less elegantly, and suggested ironically that hereafter “none but experts should be allowed to go foolin’ round the statue of Justice.” I trust that the intelligent reader will not accuse me of endeavouring to cast ridicule upon the general accuracy of spontaneous public emotion, or the infallibility of the true democratic impulse, which (I beg to quote from the *Messenger*) “in the earliest ages of our history enabled us to resist legalized aggression, and take the reins of government into our own hands,” or (I now refer to the glowing language of the *Banner*) “gave us the right to run the machine ourselves and boss the job.” And I trust that the reader will observe in this passing recognition of certain inconsistencies in the expression and action of these people, only the fidelity of a faithful chronicler, and no intent of churlish criticism nor moral or political admonition, which I here discreetly deprecate and disclaim.

Nor was there any opposition when Gabriel, upon the motion of Lawyer Maxwell, was admitted to bail, pending the action of the grand jury, nor any surprise when Mr. Dumphy’s agent and banker came forward as his bondsman for the sum of fifty thousand dollars. By one of those strange vicissitudes in the fortunes of mining speculation, this act by Mr. Dumphy was looked upon as an evidence of his trust in the future of the unfortunate mine of which Gabriel had been the original locator and superintendent, and under that belief the stock rallied slightly. “It was a mighty sharp move of Pete Dumphy’s bailin’ thet Gabe, right in face of that there ‘dropped lead’ in his busted-up mine! Oh, you’ve got to set up all night to get any points to show *him!*” and to their mutual surprise Mr. Dumphy found

himself more awe-inspiring than ever at One Horse Gulch, and Gabriel found himself a free man, with a slight popular flavour of martyrdom about him.

As he still persistently refused to enter again upon the premises which he had deeded to his wife on the day of the murder, temporary lodgings were found for him and Olly at the Grand Conroy Hotel. And here Mrs. Markle, although exhibiting to Lawyer Maxwell the greatest concern in Gabriel’s trouble, by one of those inconsistencies of the sex which I shall not attempt to explain, treated the unfortunate accused with a degree of cold reserve that was as grateful, I fear, to Gabriel, as it was unexpected. Indeed, I imagine that if the kind-hearted widow had known the real comfort and assurance that the exasperating Gabriel extracted from her first cold and constrained greeting, she would have spent less of her time in consultation with Maxwell regarding his defence. But, perhaps, I am doing a large-hearted and unselfish sex a deep injustice. So I shall content myself with transcribing part of a dialogue which took place between them at the Grand Conroy.

Mrs. Markle (loftily, and regarding the ceiling with cold abstraction): “We can’t gin ye here, Mister Conroy, the French style and attention ye’re kinder habitooal to in yer own house on the Hill, bein’ plain folks and mounting ways. But we know our place and don’t reckon to promise the comforts of a home! Wot with lookin’ arter forty reg’lar and twenty-five transient—ef I don’t happen to see ye much myself, Mr. Conroy, ye’ll understand. Ef ye ring thet there bell one o’ the help will be always on hand. Yer lookin’ well, Mr. Conroy. And bizness, I reckon” (the reader will here observe a lady-like ignoring of Gabriel’s special trouble), “ez about what it allers waz, though, judging from remarks of transients, it’s dull!”

Gabriel (endeavouring to conceal a large satisfaction under the thin glossing of conventional sentiment): “Don’t let me nor Olly put ye out a cent, Mrs. Markle—a change bein’ ordered by Olly’s physicians—and variety bein’, so to speak, the spice o’ life! And ye’re lookin’ well, Mrs. Markle; thet ez” (with a sudden alarm at the danger of compliment), “so to speak, ez peart and strong-handed ez ever! And how’s thet little Manty o’ yours gettin’ on? Jist how it waz thet me and Olly didn’t get to see ye before, ez mighty queer! Times and times agin” (with shameless mendacity) “hez me and thet child bin on the p’int o’ coming, and suthin’ hez jest chipped in and interfered!”

Mrs. Markle (with freezing politeness): “You do me proud! I jest dropped in ez a matter o’ not bein’ able allers to trust to help. Good-night, Mister Conroy. I hope I see you well!”

Ye kin jest" (retiring with matronly dignity), "ye kin jest touch onto that bell thar, if ye're wantin' anything, and help'll come to ye! Good-night!"

Olly (appearing a moment later at the door of Gabriel's room, truculent and suspicious): "Afore I'd stand thar—chirpin' with thet crockidill—and you in troubil, and not knowin' wot's gone o' July—I'd pizen myself!"

Gabriel (blushing to the roots of his hair, and conscience-stricken to his inmost soul): "It's jest passin' the time o' day, Olly, with old friends—kinder influencin' the public sentyment and the jury. Thet's all. It's the advice o' Lawyer Maxwell, ez ye didn't get to hear, I reckon—thet's all!"

But Gabriel's experience in the Grand Conroy Hotel was not, I fear, always as pleasant. A dark-faced, larged-featured woman, mani-

festly in mourning, and as manifestly an avenging friend of the luckless deceased, in whose taking off Gabriel was supposed to be so largely instrumental, presently appeared at the Grand Conroy Hotel, waiting the action of the Grand Jury. She was accompanied by a dark-faced elderly gentleman, our old friend, Don Pedro—she being none other than the unstable-waisted Manuela of Pacific street—and was, I believe, in the opinion of One Horse Gulch supposed to be charged with convincing and mysterious evidence against Gabriel Conroy. The fallow-faced pair had a way of meeting in the corridors of the hotel and conversing in mysterious whispers in a tongue foreign to One Horse Gulch, and to Olly, strongly suggestive of revenge and concealed *stiletto*s that was darkly significant! Happily, however, for Gabriel, he was presently relieved from their



MATTHEW VASSAR.



MISS MARYA MITCHELL, PROFESSOR OF ASTRONOMY.

VASSAR COLLEGE.—See Page 597.

gloomy *espionage* by the interposition of a third party—Sal Clark! That individual, herself in the deepest mourning and representing the deceased in his holiest affections, it is scarcely necessary to say, at once resented the presence of the strangers! The two women glared at each other at the public table, and in a chance meeting in the corridor of the hotel.

"In the name of God, what have we here in this imbecile and forward creature, and why is this so, and after this fashion?" asked Manuela of Don Pedro.

"Of a verity, I know not!" replied Don Pedro; "it is most possibly a person visited of God!—a helpless being of no brains. Peradventure a person filled with *aguardiente* or the whisky of the Americans. Have a care, little one, thou smallest Manuela" (she weighed at least three hundred pounds), "that she does no harm!"

Meanwhile Miss Sarah Clark relieved herself to Mrs. Markle in quite as positive language:

"Ef that black mulattar and that dried up old furriner reckons they're going to monopolize public sentyment in this yer way they're mighty mistaken. Ef thar ever was a shameless piece et's thet old woman; and, goodness knows! the man's a poor critter enyway! Ef anybody's goin' to take the word of thet woman under oath, et's mor'n Sal Clark would do—that's all! Who ez she, enyway? I never heard her name mentioned afore!"

And, ridiculous as it may seem to the unprejudiced reader, this positive expression and conviction of Miss Clark, like all positive convictions, was not without its influence on the larger unimpanelled Grand Jury of One Horse Gulch, and, by reflection, at last on the impanelled Jury itself.

"When you come to consider, gentlemen," said one of those dangerous characters, a sagacious, far-seeing juror, "when you come to consider that the principal witness o' the prosecution and the people at the inquest don't know this yer Greaser woman, and kinder throws off her testimony, and the prosecution don't seem to agree, it looks mighty queer. And I put it to you as far-minded men, if it ain't mighty queer? And this yer Sal Clark one of our own people."

An impression at once inimical to the new mistress and stranger, and favourable to the accused Gabriel, instantly took possession of One Horse Gulch.

Meanwhile the man who was largely responsible for this excitement and these conflicting opinions, maintained a gravity and silence as indomitable and impassive as his alleged victim then slumbering peacefully in the little cemetery on Round Hill. He conversed but little even with his counsel and friend, Lawyer Maxwell, and received with his usual submissiveness and gentle deprecatoriness the statement of that gentleman that Mr. Dumphy had already bespoken the services of one of the most prominent lawyers of San Francisco, Mr. Arthur Poinsett, to assist in the defence. When Maxwell added that Mr. Poinsett had expressed a wish to hold his first consultation with Gabriel privately, the latter replied with his usual simplicity:

"I reckon I've now't to say to him ez I hain't said to ye; but it's all right!"

"Then I'll expect you over to my office at eleven to-morrow?" asked Maxwell.

"Thet's so," responded Gabriel, "though I reckon thet anything you and him might fix up to be dumped onto thet jury, would be pleasin' and satisfactory to me."

At a few minutes of eleven the next morning Mr. Maxwell, in accordance with a previous understanding with Mr. Poinsett, put on his hat and left his office in the charge of that gentleman, that he might receive and entertain Gabriel in complete privacy and confidence. As Arthur sat there alone, fine gentleman as he was and famous in his profession, he was conscious of a certain degree of nervousness that galled his pride greatly. He was about to meet the man whose cherished sister six years ago he had stolen! Such at least Arthur felt was Gabriel's opinion! He had no remorse nor consciousness of guilt or wrongdoing in that act! But in looking at the fact, in his professional habit of viewing both sides of a question, he made this allowance for the sentiment of the prosecution; and putting himself, in his old fashion, in the position of his opponent, he judged that Gabriel might consistently exhibit some degree of indignation at their first meeting. That there was, however, really any *moral* question involved, he did not

believe. The girl, Grace Conroy, had gone with him readily, after a careful and honourable statement of the facts of her situation, and Gabriel's authority or concern in any subsequent sentimental complication he utterly denied. That he, Arthur, had acted in a most honourable, high-minded, and even weakly generous fashion toward Grace, that he had obeyed her frivolous whims as well as her most reasonable demands, that he had gone back to Starvation Camp on a hopeless quest just to satisfy her, that everything had happened exactly as he had predicted, and that when he had returned to her he found that *she* had deserted *him*. These, these were the facts that were incontrovertible! Arthur was satisfied that he had been honourable and even generous; he was quite convinced that this very nervousness that he now experienced was solely the condition of a mind too sympathetic even with the feelings of an opponent in affliction. "I must not give way to this absurd Quixotic sense of honour," said this young gentleman to himself, severely.

Nevertheless, at exactly eleven o'clock, when the staircase creaked with the strong, steady tread of the giant Gabriel, Arthur felt a sudden start to his pulse. There was a hesitating rap at the door—a rap that was so absurdly inconsistent with the previous tread on the staircase—as inconsistent as were all the mental and physical acts of Gabriel, that Arthur was amused and reassured.

"Come in," he said, with a return of his old confidence, and the door opened to Gabriel, diffident and embarrassed.

"I was told by Lawyer Maxwell," said Gabriel slowly, without raising his eyes and only dimly cognizant of the slight, strong, elegant figure before him. "I was told that Mr. Arthur Poinsett reckoned to see me to-day, at eleving o'clock—so I came. Be you Mr. Poinsett?" (Gabriel here raised his eyes) "be you, eh? Why it's—eh?—why, I want to know! it can't be! yes, it is!"

He stopped; the recognition was complete!

Arthur did not move. If he had expected an outburst from the injured man before him he was disappointed. Gabriel passed his hand vaguely and confusedly across his forehead and through his hair, and lifted and put back behind his ears two tangled locks. And then, without heeding Arthur's proffered hand, yet without precipitation, anger or indignation, he strode toward him, and asked calmly and quietly, as Arthur himself might have done:

"Where is Grace?"

"I don't know," said Arthur, bluntly. "I have not known for years. I have never known her whereabouts, living or dead, since the day I left her at a logger's house to return to Starvation Camp to bring help to you."



(Arthur could not resist italicizing the pronoun, nor despising himself for doing it when he saw the full significance of his emphasis touched the man before him.) "She was gone when I returned; where, no one knew! I traced her to the Presidio, but there she had disappeared."

Gabriel raised his eyes to Arthur's. The impression of nonchalant truthfulness which Arthur's speech always conveyed to his hearer, an impression that he did not prevaricate because he was not concerned sufficiently in his subject, was further sustained by his calm, clear eyes. But Gabriel did not speak, and Arthur went on:

"She left the logger's camp voluntarily, of her own free will, and doubtless for some reason that seemed sufficient to her. She abandoned me—if I may so express myself—left my care, relieved me of the responsibility I held toward her relatives—" he continued, with the first suggestion of personal apology in his tones—"without a word or previous intimation. Possibly she might have got tired of waiting for me. I was absent two weeks. It was the tenth day after my departure that she left the logger's hut."

Gabriel put his hand in his pocket and deliberately drew out the precious newspaper slip he had once shown to Olly.

"Then thet thar 'Personal' wozent writ by you, and thet P. A. don't stand for Philip Ashley?" asked Gabriel, with a hopeless dejection in his tone.

Arthur glanced quickly over the paper and smiled.

"I never saw this before," he said. "What made you think *I* did it?" he asked curiously.

"Because July—my wife that was—said that P. A. meant you," said Gabriel, simply.

"Oh! *she* said so, did *she*?" said Arthur, still smiling.

"She did. And ef it wasn't you, who was it?"

"I really don't know," returned Arthur, carelessly; "possibly it might have been herself. From what I have heard of your wife I think this might be one, and perhaps the most innocent of her various impostures."

Gabriel cast down his eyes, and for a moment was gravely silent. Then the look of stronger inquiry and intelligence that he had worn during the interview faded utterly from his face, and he began again in his old tone of apology:

"For answerin' all my questions, I'm obliged to ye, Mr. Ashley, and it's right good in ye to remember ol' times, and ef I hev often thought hard on ye, ye'll kinder pass that by ez the nat'el allowin's of a man ez was worried about a sister ez hasn't been heer'd from sens she left with ye. And ye mustn't think this yer meetin' was o' my seekin'. I kinder dropped in yer," he added wearily, "to see a

man o' the name o' Poinsett. He allowed to be yer at eleving o'clock—mebbe it's airly yet—mebbe I've kinder got wrong o' the place!" and he glanced apologetically around the room.

"*My* name is Poinsett," said Arthur, smiling; "the name of Philip Ashley, by which you knew me, was merely the one I assumed when I undertook the long overland trip." He said this in no tone of apology or even explanation, but left the impression on Gabriel's mind that a change of name, like a change of dress, was part of the outfit of a gentleman emigrant. And looking at the elegant young figure before him, it seemed exceedingly plausible. "It was as Arthur Poinsett, the San Francisco lawyer, that I made this appointment with you, and it is now as your old friend Philip Ashley, that I invite your confidence, and ask you to tell me frankly the whole of this miserable business. I have come to help you, Gabriel, for your own—for your sister's sake. And I think I can do it!" He held out his hand again, and this time not in vain; with a sudden frank gesture it was taken in both of Gabriel's, and Arthur felt that the greatest difficulty he had anticipated in his advocacy of Gabriel's cause had been surmounted.

"He has told me the whole story, I think," said Arthur, two hours later, when Maxwell returned and found his associate thoughtfully sitting beside the window alone. "And I believe it. He is as innocent of this crime as you or I. Of that I have always been confident. How far he is accessory *after* the fact—I know he is not accessory *before*—is another question. But his story, that to me is perfectly convincing, I am afraid won't do before a jury and the world generally. It involves too much that is incredible, and damning to him secondarily if believed. We must try something else. As far as I can see, really, it seems that his own suggestion of a defence, as you told it to me, has more significance in it than the absurdity you only saw. We must admit the killing, and confine ourselves to showing excessive provocation. I know something of the public sentiment here, and the sympathies of the average jury, and if Gabriel should tell them the story he has just told me, they would hang him at once! Unfortunately for him, the facts show a complication of property interests and impostures on the part of his wife, of which he is perfectly innocent, and which are not really the motive of the murder, but which the jury would instantly accept as a sufficient motive. We must fight, you understand, this very story, from the outset; you will find it to be the theory of the prosecution, but if we can keep him silent it cannot be proved except by him. The facts are such that if he had really committed the murder he could have defied prosecution, but

through his very stupidity and blind anxiety to shield his wife, he has absolutely fixed the guilt upon himself."

"Then you don't think that Mrs. Conroy is the 'culprit'?" asked Maxwell.

"No," said Arthur, "she is capable but not culpable. The real murderer has never been suspected nor his presence known to One Horse Gulch. But I must see Gabriel again and Olly, and you must hunt up a Chinaman—one Ah Ri—who, Gabriel tells me, brought him the note, and who is singularly enough missing, now that he is wanted."

"But you can't use a Chinaman's evidence before a jury?" interrupted Maxwell.

"Not directly; but I can find Christian Caucasians who would be willing to swear to the facts he supplied them with. I shall get at the facts in a few days—and then, my dear fellow," continued Arthur, laying his hand familiarly and patronizingly on the shoulder of his senior, "and then you and I will go to work to see how we can get rid of them."

When Gabriel recounted the events of the day to Olly, and described his interview with Poinsett, she became furiously indignant.

"And did that man mean to say he don't know whether Gracy is livin' or dead? And he pertendin' to hev bin her bo?"

"In course," explained Gabriel; "ye disremember, Olly, thet Gracy never hez let on to me, her own brother, war she ez, and she wouldn't be goin' to tell a stranger. Thar's them 'Personals' as she never answered!"

"Mebbe she didn't want to speak to him agin," said Olly, fiercely, with a toss of her curls. "I'd like to know what he'd bin sayin' to her—like his impudence. Enny how he ought to hev found her out, and she his sweetheart! Why didn't he go right off to the Presidio? What did he come back for? Not find her—indeed? Why, Gabe, do you suppose as July won't find *you* out soon—why, I bet anythin' she knows jest whar you are," (Gabriel trembled and felt an inward sinking), "and is on'y waitin' to come forward to the trial. And yer you are taken in agin and fooled by these yer lawyers!—you old Gabe, you. Let me git at thet Philip—Ashley Poinsett—thet's all!"

#### CHAPTER XLVIII.

##### WHAT AH RI DOES NOT KNOW.

THUS admonished by the practical-minded Olly, Gabriel retired precipitately to the secure fastnesses of Conroy's Hill, where, over a consolatory pipe in his deserted cabin, he gave himself up to reflections upon the uncertainty of the sex and the general vagaries of womanhood. At such times, he would oc-

asionally extend his wanderings to the gigantic pine-tree, which still towered preëminently above its fellows in ominous loneliness, and seated upon one of its outlying roots, would gently philosophise to himself regarding his condition, the vicissitudes of fortune, the awful prescience of Olly, and the beneficence of a Creator who permitted such awkward triviality and uselessness as was incarnate in himself to exist at all! Sometimes, following the impulse of habit, he would encroach abstractedly upon the limits of his own domain, and find himself under the shadow of his fine house on the hill; from which, since that eventful parting with his wife, he had always rigidly withheld his foot. As soon as he would make this alarming discovery he would turn back in honourable delicacy, and a slight sense of superstitious awe.

Retreating from one of these involuntary incursions one day, in passing through an opening in a little thicket of "buckeye" near his house, he stumbled over a small work-basket lying in the withered grass, apparently mislaid or forgotten. Gabriel instantly recognized it as the property of his wife, and as quickly recalled the locality as one of her favourite resorts during the excessive midday heats. He hesitated and then passed on, and then stopped and returned again awkwardly and bashfully. To have touched any property of his wife's, after their separation, was something distasteful and impossible to Gabriel's sense of honour; to leave it there the spoil of any passing Chinaman, or the prey of the elements, was equally inconsistent with a certain respect which Gabriel had for his wife's weaknesses. He compromised, by picking it up with the intention of sending it to Lawyer Maxwell, as his wife's trustee. But in doing this, to Gabriel's great alarm (for he would as soon have sacrificed the hand that held this treasure as to have exposed its contents in curiosity or suspicion), part of the multitudinous contents overflowed and fell on the ground, and he was obliged to pick them up and replace them. One of them was a baby's shirt—so small it scarcely filled the great hand that grasped it. In Gabriel's emigrant experience, as the frequent custodian and nurse of the incomplete human animal, he was somewhat familiar with those sacred, mummy-like inwrappings usually unknown to childless men, and he recognized it at once.

He did not replace it in the basket, but with a suffused cheek and an increased sense of his usual awkwardness, stuffed it into the pockets of his blouse. Nor did he send the basket to Lawyer Maxwell, as he had intended, and in fact omitted any allusion to it in his usual account to Olly of his daily experience. For the next two days he was peculiarly silent and thoughtful, and was

sharply reprimanded by Olly for general idiocy and an especial evasion of some practical duties.

"Yer's them lawyers hez been huntin' ye to come over and examine that there Chinaman. Ah, Ri, ez is just turned up agin, and you ain't no whar to be found; and Lawyer Maxwell sez it's a most important witness. And war 'bouts was ye found? Down in the Gulch chirpin' and gossipin' with that Arkansas family, and totin' round Mrs. Welch's baby. And you a growed man, with a famerly of yer own to look after. I wonder ye ain't got more *sabe!*—prancin' round in this yer shiftless way, and you on trial, and accused o' killin' folks. Yer a high ole Gabe—rentin' yerself out fur a dry nuss for nothin'!"

Gabriel (colouring and hastily endeavouring to awaken Olly's feminine sympathies): "It waz the powerfulest smallest baby—ye oughter get ter see it, Olly! 'Tain't bigger nor a squirrel—on'y two weeks old yesterday!"

Olly (outwardly scornful, but inwardly resolving to visit the phenomenon next week): "Don't stand yowpin' here, but waltz down to Lawyer Maxwell and see thet Chinaman."

Gabriel reached the office of Lawyer Maxwell just as that gentleman and Arthur Poinsett were rising from a long, hopeless and unsatisfactory examination of Ah Ri. The lawyers had hoped to be able to establish the fact of Gabriel's remoteness from the scene of the murder, by some corroborating incident or individual that Ah Ri could furnish in support of the detailed narrative he had already given. But it did not appear that any Caucasian had been encountered or met by Ah Ri at the time of his errand. And Ah Ri's memory of the details he had already described was apparently beginning to be defective; it was evident that nothing was to be gained from him even if he had been constituted a legal witness. And then, more than all, he was becoming sullen!

"We are afraid that we haven't made much out of your friend, Ah Ri," said Arthur, taking Gabriel's hand. "You might try if *you* can revive his memory; but it looks doubtful."

Gabriel gazed at Ah Ri intently; possibly because he was the last person who had spoken to his missing wife. Ah Ri returned the gaze, discharging all expression from his countenance except a slight suggestion of the habitual vague astonishment always seen in the face of a newborn infant. Perhaps this peculiar expression, reminding Gabriel as it did of the phenomenon in the Welch family, interested him. But the few vague wandering questions he put were met by equally vague answers. Arthur rose in some impatience; Lawyer Maxwell wiped away the smile that had been lingering around his mouth. This interview was ended.

Arthur and Maxwell passed down the narrow stairway arm in arm. Gabriel would have followed them with Ah Ri, but turning toward that Mongolian, he was alarmed by a swift spasm of expression that suddenly convulsed Ah Ri's face. He winked both his eyes with the velocity of sheet-lightning, nodded his head with frightful rapidity, and snapped and apparently dislocated every finger on his right hand. Gabriel gazed at him in open-mouthed wonder.

"All litye!" said Ah Ri, looking intently at Gabriel.

"Which?" asked Gabriel.

"All litye! You shabbee 'all litye!' *She* say 'all litye!'"

"Who's *she*?" asked Gabriel, in sudden alarm.

"You lifee!—shabbee?—Missee Conloy! *She* likee you—shabbee? *Me* likee you!—shabbee? Miss Conloy *she* say 'all litye!' You shabbee shelliff?"

"Which?" said Gabriel.

"Shelliff! Man plenty chokee bad man!"

"Sheriff, I reckon," suggested Gabriel with great gravity.

"Um! Shelliff. Mebbe you shabbee him bimeby. He chokee bad man. Much chokee. Chokey like hellee! *He no chokey you.* No. *She* say shelliff no chokey you. Shabbee?"

"I see," said Gabriel significantly.

"*She* say," continued Ah Ri, with gasping swiftness, "*she* say you talkee too much. *She* say *me* talkee too much. *She* say Maxwelllee talkee too much. All talkee too much. *She* say 'no talkee!' Shabbee? *She* say 'ash up!' Shabbee? *She* say 'dly up!' Shabbee? *She* say 'bimeby plenty talkee—bimeby all litye!' Shabbee?"

"But whar ez *she*—whar kin I git to see her?" asked Gabriel.

Ah Ri's face instantly discharged itself of all expression! A wet sponge could not have more completely obliterated all penciled outline of character or thought from his blank, slate-coloured physiognomy than did Gabriel's simple question. He returned his questioner's glance with ineffable calmness and vacancy, patiently drew the long sleeves of his blouse still further over his varnished fingers, crossed them submissively and orientally before him, and waited apparently for Gabriel to become again intelligible.

"Look yer," said Gabriel, with gentle persuasiveness, "ef it's the same to ye, you'd be doin' me a heap o' good ef you'd let on whar thet July—thet Mrs. Conroy ez. Bein' a man ez in his blindness bows down to wood and stun, ye ain't supposed to allow fur a Christ-*in's* feelings. But I put to ye ez a far-minded brethren—a true man and a man whatsoever his colour—that it's a square thing fur ye to allow to me whar thet woman ez ez my re-

lation by marriage ez hidin'! Allowin' it's one o' my idols—I axes you ez a brother Pagan—whar ez she?"

A faint, flickering smile of pathetic abstraction and simplicity, as of one listening to far-off but incomprehensible music, stole over Ah Ri's face. Then he said kindly, gently, but somewhat vaguely and unsatisfactorily:

"Me no shabbee Melican man. Me washee shirtee! dollah and hap dozen!"

## CHAPTER XLIX.

THE PEOPLE *vs.* JOHN DOE *alias* GABRIEL CONBOY,  
AND JANE ROE *alias* JULIE CONBOY. BEFORE  
BOOMPINTER, J.

THE day of the trial was one of exacting and absorbing interest to One Horse Gulch. Long before ten o'clock the court-room and even the halls and corridors of the lately rehabilitated court-house were thronged with spectators. It is only fair to say that, by this time, the main points at issue were forgotten. It was only remembered that some of the first notabilities of the State had come up from Sacramento to attend the trial; that one of the most eminent lawyers in San Francisco had been engaged for the prisoner at a fee variously estimated from fifty to one hundred thousand dollars, and that the celebrated Col. Starbottle, of Siskiyou, was to assist in the prosecution. That a brisk duel of words, and, it was confidently hoped, a later one of pistols, would grow out of this forensic encounter; that certain disclosures affecting men and women of high social standing were to be expected; and finally, that in some mysterious way a great political and sectional principle (Col. Starbottle was from the South and Mr. Poinsett from the North) was to be evolved and upheld during the trial,—these were the absorbing fascinations to One Horse Gulch.

At ten o'clock Gabriel, accompanied by his counsel, entered the court-room, followed by Col. Starbottle. Judge Boompinter, entering at the same moment, bowed distantly to Arthur and familiarly to Col. Starbottle. In his *otium*, off the bench, he had been chaffed by the District Attorney, and had lost large sums at play with Col. Starbottle. Nevertheless he was a trifle uneasy under the calmly critical eyes of the famous young advocate from San Francisco. Arthur was too wise to exhibit his fastidiousness before the Court; nevertheless, Judge Boompinter was dimly conscious that he would, on that occasion, have preferred that the Clerk who sat below him had put on a cleaner shirt, and himself refrained from taking off his cravat, and dollar, as was his judicial habit on the Wingdam circuit. There

was some slight prejudice on the part of the panel to this well-dressed young lawyer, which they were pleased to specify and define more particularly as his general "airiness." Seeing which, Justice, on the bench, became more dignified, and gazed severely at the panel and at Arthur.

In the selection of the jury there was some difficulty; it was confidently supposed that the prisoner's counsel would challenge the array on the ground of the recent vigilance excitement, but public opinion was disappointed when the examination by the defence was confined to trivial and apparently purposeless inquiry into the nativity of the several jurors. A majority of those accepted by the defence were men of Southern birth and education. Col. Starbottle, who, as a representative of the peculiar chivalry of the South, had always adopted this plan himself, in cases where his client was accused of assault and battery, or even homicide, could not in respect to his favourite traditions object to it. But when it was found that there were only two men of Northern extraction on the jury, and that not a few of them had been his own clients, Col. Starbottle thought he had penetrated the theory of the defence.

I regret that Colonel Starbottle's effort, admirably characterized by the *Banner* as "one of the most scathing and Junius-like gems of legal rhetoric ever known to the Californian bar," has not been handed down to me *in extenso*. Substantially, however, it appeared that Col. Starbottle had never before found himself in "so peculiar, so momentous, so—er—delicate a position. A position, sir, er—er—gentlemen, fraught with the deepest social, professional—er—er—he should not hesitate to say, upon his own personal responsibility, a position of the deepest political significance! Col. Starbottle was aware that this statement might be deprecated—nay, even *assailed* by some. But he did not retract that statement. Certainly not in the presence of that jury, in whose intelligent faces he saw—er—er—justice—inflexible justice!—er—er—mingled and—er—mixed with—with chivalrous instinct, and suffused with the characteristic—er—er—glow of—er—er—" (I regret to add that at this supreme moment, as the Colonel was lightly waving away with his fat right hand the difficulties of rhetoric, a sepulchral voice audible behind the jury suggested "Robinson County whisky" as the origin of the phenomena the Colonel hesitated to describe. The judge smiled blandly and directed the deputy sheriff to preserve order. The deputy obeyed the mandate by looking over into the crowd behind the jury and saying, in an audible tone, "You'd better dry up thar, Joe White, or git out o' that!" and the Colonel, undismayed, proceeded.) "He well



understood the confidence placed by the defense in these gentlemen. He had reason to believe that an attempt would be made to show that this homicide was committed in accordance with certain—er—er—principles held by honourable men—that the act was retributive, and in defense of an invasion of domestic rights and the sanctity of wedlock. But he should show them its fallacy. He should show them that only a base pecuniary motive influenced the prisoner. He should show them—er—er—that the accused had placed himself, first, by his antecedent acts, and secondly, by the manner of the later act, beyond the sympathies of honourable men. He should show them a previous knowledge of certain—er—er—indiscretions on the part of the prisoner's wife, and a condonation by the prisoner of those indiscretions, that effectually debarred the prisoner from the provisions of the code; he should show an inartistic—he must say, even on his own personal responsibility, a certain ungentlemanliness, in the manner of the crime that refused to clothe it with the—er—generous mantle of chivalry. The crime of which the prisoner was accused might have—er—er—been committed by a Chinaman or a nigger. Col. Starbottle did not wish to be misunderstood. It was not in the presence of—er—beauty—” (the Colonel paused, drew out his handkerchief, and gracefully waved it in the direction of the dusky Manuela and the truculent Sal—both ladies acknowledging the courtesy as an especial and isolated tribute, and exchanging glances of the bitterest hatred); “it is not, gentlemen, in the presence of an all-sufficient and enthralling sex that I would seek to disparage their influence with man. But I shall prove that this absorbing—er—er—passion, this—er—er—delicious,—er—er—fatal weakness that rules the warlike camp, the—er—er—stately palace, as well as the—er—er—cabin of the base-born churl, never touched the calculating soul of Gabriel Conroy! Look at him, gentlemen! Look at him, and say upon your oaths, upon your experience as men of gallantry, if he is a man to sacrifice himself for a woman. Look at him and say truly, as men personally responsible for their opinions, if he is a man to place himself in a position of peril through the blandishments of—er—er—beauty, or sacrifice himself upon the—er—er—altar of Venus!”

Every eye was turned upon Gabriel. And certainly at that moment he did not bear any striking resemblance to a sighing Amaryllis or a passionate Othello. His puzzled, serious face, which had worn a look of apologetic sadness, was suffused at this direct reference of the prosecution, and the long, heavy lower limbs, which he had diffidently tucked away under his chair to reduce the elevation of his

massive knees above the ordinary level of one of the court-room chairs, retired still further. Finding himself during the Colonel's rhetorical pause, still the center of local observation, he slowly drew from his pocket a small comb, and began awkwardly to comb his hair with an ineffective simulation of preoccupation and indifference.

“Yes, sir,” continued the Colonel, with that lofty forensic severity so captivating to the spectator, “you may comb yer hair” (hyar was the Colonel's pronunciation), “but yer can't comb it so as to make this intelligent jury believe that it is fresh from the hands of—er—Delilah.”

The Colonel then proceeded to draw an exceedingly poetical picture of the murdered Ramirez, “a native, appealing to the sympathies of every Southern man, a native of the tropics, impulsive, warm, and peculiarly susceptible, as we all are, gentlemen, to the weaknesses of the heart.”

The Colonel would not dwell further upon this characteristic of the deceased. There were, within the sound of his voice, visible to the sympathizing eyes of the jury, two beings who had divided his heart's holiest affections—their presence was more eloquent than words.

“This man,” continued the Colonel, “a representative of one of our oldest Spanish families—a family that recalled the days of—er—er—the Cid and Don John—this man had been the victim at once of the arts of Mrs. Conroy and the dastardly fears of Gabriel Conroy; of the wiles of the woman and the stealthy steel of the man.”

Colonel Starbottle would show that personating the character and taking the name of Grace Conroy, an absent sister of the accused, Mrs. Conroy, then really Madame Devarges, sought the professional aid of the impulsive and generous Ramirez to establish her right to a claim then held by the accused—in fact wrongfully withheld from his own sister, Grace Conroy; that Ramirez, believing implicitly in the story of Madame Devarges with the sympathy of an overflowing nature, gave her that aid until her marriage with Gabriel exposed the deceit. Col. Starbottle would not characterise the motives of such a marriage. It was apparent to the jury. They were intelligent men, and would detect the unhallowed combination of two confederates, under the sacrament of a holy institution to deceive the trustful Ramirez. “It was a nuptial feast,” continued the Colonel, “at which—er—er—Mercury presided, and not—er—er—Hymen. Its only issue was fraud and murder. Having obtained possession of the property in a common interest, it was necessary to remove the only witness of the fraud, Ramirez. The wife found a willing instrument in the husband. And how was the deed committed?

Openly and in the presence of witnesses? Did Gabriel even assume a virtue, and under the pretext of an injured husband, challenge the victim to the field of honour? No! No, gentlemen. Look at the murderer, and contrast his enormous bulk with the—er—slight, graceful, youthful figure of the victim, and you will have an idea of the—er—er—enormity of the crime."

After this exordium came the *testimony*; i. e., facts, coloured more or less unconsciously, according to the honest prejudices of the observer, his capacity to comprehend the fact he had observed, and his disposition to give his theory regarding that fact rather than the fact itself. And when the blind had testified to what they saw and the halt had stated where they walked and ran, the prosecution rested with a flush of triumph.

They had established severally: that the deceased had died from the effects of a knife wound; that Gabriel had previously quarreled with him and was seen on the hill within a few hours of the murder; that he had absconded immediately after, and that his wife was still a fugitive; and that there was ample motive for the deed in the circumstances surrounding the prisoner.

Much of this was shaken on cross-examination. The surgeon who made the autopsy was unable to say whether the deceased, being consumptive, might not have died from consumption that very night. The witness who saw Gabriel pushing the deceased along the road, could not swear positively whether the deceased were not pulling Gabriel instead, and the evidence of Mrs. Conroy's imposture was hearsay only. Nevertheless, bets were offered in favour of Starbottle against Poinsett—that being the form in which the interest of One Horse Gulch crystallised itself.

When the prosecution rested, Mr. Poinsett, of counsel for defense, moved for the discharge of the prisoner, no evidence having been shown of his having had any relations with or knowledge of the deceased until the day of the murder, and none whatever of his complicity with the murderess, against whom the evidence of the prosecution and the arguments of the learned prosecuting attorney were chiefly directed.

Motion overruled. A sigh of relief went up from the spectators and the jury. That any absurd technical objection should estop them from that fun, which as law-abiding citizens they had a right to expect, seemed oppressive and scandalous, and when Arthur rose to open for the defense, it was with an instinctive consciousness that his audience was eying him as a man who had endeavoured to withdraw from a race.

Ridiculous as it seemed in reason, it was enough to excite Arthur's flagging interest

and stimulate his combativeness. With ready tact he fathomed the expectation of the audience and at once squarely joined issue with the Colonel.

Mr. Poinsett differed from his learned friend in believing this case was at all momentous or peculiar. It was a quite common one—he was sorry to say a *very* common one—in the somewhat hasty administration of the law in California. He was willing to admit a peculiarity in his eloquent brother's occupying the line of attack, when his place was clearly at his, Mr. Poinsett's, side. He should overlook some irregularities in the prosecution from this fact, and from the natural confusion of a man possessing Col. Starbottle's quick sympathies, who found himself arrayed against his principles. He should, however, relieve them from that confusion, by stating that there really was no principle involved beyond the common one of self-preservation. He was willing to admit the counsel's ingenious theory that Mrs. Conroy—who was not mentioned in the indictment—or indeed any other person not specified, had committed the deed with which his client was charged. But as they were here to try Gabriel Conroy only, he could not see the relevancy of the testimony to that fact. He should content himself with the weakness of the accusation. He should not occupy their time, but should call at once to the stand, the prisoner; the man who, the jury would remember, was now, against all legal precedent, actually, if not legally, placed again in peril of his life, in the very building which but a few days before had seen his danger and his escape.

He should call Gabriel Conroy!

There was a momentary sensation in the court. Gabriel uplifted his huge frame slowly and walked quietly toward the witness box. His face slightly flushed under the half-critical, half-amused gaze of the spectators, and those by whom he brushed as he made his way through the crowd, noticed that his breathing was hurried. But when he reached the box, his face grew more composed, and his troubled eyes presently concentrated their light fixedly upon Col. Starbottle. Then the clerk mumbled the oath, and he took his seat.

"What is your name?" asked Arthur.

"I reckon ye mean my real name?" queried Gabriel, with a touch of his usual apology.

"Yes, certainly, your real name, sir," replied Arthur, a little impatiently.

Col. Starbottle pricked up his ears, and lifting his eyes met Gabriel's dull concentrated fires full in his own.

Gabriel then raised his eyes indifferently to the ceiling. "My real name—my genuine name is Johnny Dumbledee. J-o-n-n-y, Johnny, D-u-m-b-l-e-e, Johnny Dumbledee!"

There was a sudden thrill, and then a stony

silence. Arthur and Maxwell rose to their feet at the same moment. "What?" said both those gentlemen sharply, in one breath.

"Johnny Dumbledee," repeated Gabriel slowly, and with infinite deliberation, "Johnny Dumbledee ez my rele name. I hev frequent," he added, turning around in easy confidence to the astonished Judge Boompinter, "I hev frequent allowed I was Gabriel Conroy—the same not bein' the truth. And the woman

ez I married—*her* name was Grace Conroy, and the heap o' lies ez the God-forsaken old liar over thar—" (he indicated the gallant Col. Starbottle with his finger)—"hez told passes my pile! Thet woman, my wife ez was and ez—waz Grace Conroy. (To the Colonel gravely.) You hear me! And the only imposture, please your Honour and this yer Court, and you gentl'men, was ME!"

TO BE CONCLUDED.



## VASSAR COLLEGE.

**V**ASSAR COLLEGE is located near the city of Poughkeepsie in the State of New York, about half the distance on the Hudson River between the cities of New York and Albany. It is the first experiment on a large scale of the practicability of educating women according to the standard of university culture. America was a fit place for such a novel experiment as this, for it is the land where all novelties find hospitality, and almost any innovation upon established

ideas meets a kindly if not a welcome reception.

Matthew Vassar, the founder of the institution, who gave nearly a million of dollars for its endowment, was the son of an humble farmer in Norfolk, England, and was born in 1792. At the age of four years he was brought by his parents to America, where his life was spent, and where, by untiring industry and rigid economy, he accumulated the princely fortune which he consecrated to the higher

education of women. For a profession he took to brewing, and I have heard him say that it was his daily task in his boyhood to carry a barrel of beer on a hand-cart through the streets of Poughkeepsie, and sell it from door to door at the rate of a few cents per glass. Thus humble are often the beginnings of fortune and wealth. Everybody thought Matthew the luckiest boy in the town, with such steady pace did his pennies grow into dollars. But it is law more than luck which makes some men rich and others poor; and because the young brewer was loyal to the Fates, these airy goddesses were generally on his side. The fact is that Matthew made good beer, the best beer very likely to be found within a circuit of twenty miles, and all the people wanted it. Three barrels of the popular beverage were all the stock which his capital allowed him to keep on hand in those early days. But they gradually multiplied, until, by the time that young Vassar had reached manhood, he was no longer a pedlar, but a manufacturer, and had got a local fame for the excellence of his ale. It did not take him long to grow out of the retail trade, and his neighbours, to whom he had sold beer by the pint, pretty soon saw him selling it by the barrel.

It is needless to rehearse the career of the great brewer from these humble beginnings to the days when he was sending his casks with the Vassar brand all over the country by the ship and car load. It is the old, old story, the stuff that novels are made of, which people sometimes call fiction, but which is solid fact, and very stubborn fact too, to a large part of mankind, who cannot bribe the Fates with idleness and extravagance to rain silver dollars and gold sovereigns into their laps. Enough to say that, by the time that Matthew Vassar had reached middle life, he was the proprietor of one of the largest breweries in America, and was accounted to be one of the richest men of all that multitude of the princes of mammon who reside on the banks of the Hudson. It seems to be ordained by Nature that a certain number of wealthy men should be childless in order that the world may get the benefit of their accumulations. Matthew Vassar belonged to this predestinated minority, and it was a serious question with him for many years before a final decision was arrived at, what disposition he should make of his large fortune for the public good. Several circumstances conspired to lead to the result which has linked his name forever with the most magnificent institution for the education of women at present existing on the face of the earth. When he and his wife began life together, both of them were poor and uneducated. In the matter of culture, however, the wife, as is commonly the case, had the

harder fate of the two. His business brought him in daily contact with all classes of society, the educated and refined, as well as the poor and the ignorant. In this manner he unconsciously absorbed culture till, ere he reached middle age, he could speak and write his mother tongue as well as the average of men engaged in mercantile avocations. The case was quite otherwise with his wife. She was a recluse within the walls of their humble dwelling, knowing little or nothing of social enjoyment or culture. The natural consequence was that while Matthew Vassar became, according to the popular standard, a tolerably well educated man, his wife made little if any advance beyond their first starting point, and died, as she had lived, within the narrow restrictions of the mere housewife, without help or opportunity to emerge from this bondage into the position of a cultivated woman. That this contrast between his wife's privileges and acquisitions and his own—a spectacle which was hourly before his eyes, and from whose unwelcome presence he could not escape—that this gave Matthew Vassar a powerful impression of the educational needs of women is not to be wondered at.

One other circumstance must be mentioned as leading to the final result of his deliberations upon the question of a proper investment of his wealth in public beneficence. A near relative of his, Lydia Booth by name, urged, no doubt, in part by personal necessity, took up the profession of a school teacher, in the successful prosecution of which she was greatly aided by his liberal contributions. In how large a measure this worthy and excellent lady was supplied by the prosperous brewer with material help toward the successful realisation of her plans, the public has not been accurately informed. But it is well known that Lydia Booth kept one of the best schools for girls in Poughkeepsie at that early day, and that Matthew Vassar's generous purse was a bank where she kept an open account.

Thus, for a series of years, the rich brewer saw with his own eyes, and within his own domestic circle, both the blessings of education for women, and the misfortunes inseparable from a neglect of the same. The result of all was that, before he had reached his three score years and ten, Matthew Vassar had fully matured and begun to execute the design to build and endow the largest college for women on the Western Continent or in the world.

The college was formally incorporated by the Legislature of the State of New York on the 18th of January, 1861. In transferring to a board of trustees his first gift of four hundred thousand dollars for the erection of college buildings, a gift which was doubled for various endowments by his last will and testament, Mr. Vassar addressed to them the



following letter, which expresses more truthfully than any mere description can, the purposes and scope of the projected institution:—

"GENTLEMEN,—As my long-cherished purpose to apply a large portion of my estate to some benevolent object is now about to be accomplished, it seems proper that I should submit to you a statement of my motives, views, and wishes.

"It having pleased God that I should have no descendants to inherit my property, it has long been my desire, after suitably providing for those of my kindred who have claims on me, to make such a disposition of my means as should best honour God and benefit my fellow-men. At different periods I have regarded various plans with favour, but these have all been dismissed, one after another, until the subject of erecting and endowing a college for the education of young women was presented for my consideration. The novelty, grandeur, and benignity of the idea arrested my attention. The more carefully I examined it, the more strongly it commended itself to my judgment, and interested my feelings.

"It occurred to me that woman, having received from her Creator the same intellectual constitution as man, has the same rights as man to intellectual culture and development.

"I consider that the mothers of a country mould the character of its citizens, determine its institutions, and shape its destiny.

"Next to the influence of the mother is that of the female teacher who is employed to train young children at a period when impressions are most vivid and lasting.

"It also seemed to me that if woman were properly educated, some new avenues to useful and honourable employment, in entire harmony with the gentleness and modesty of her sex, might be opened to her.

"It further appeared there is not in our country, there is not in the world, so far as is known, a single fully endowed institution for the education of women.

"It was also in evidence that, for the last thirty years, the standard for the education of the sex has been constantly rising in the United States; and the great, felt, pressing want has been ample endowments to secure to female seminaries the elevated character, the stability and permanency, of our best colleges.

"And now, gentlemen, influenced by these and similar considerations, after devoting my best powers to the study of the subject for a number of years past, after duly weighing the objections against it, and the arguments that preponderate in its favour, and the project having received the warmest commendations of many prominent literary men and practical educators, as well as the universal approval of the public press, I have come to the conclusion that the establishment and endowment of a college for the education of young women is a work which will satisfy my highest aspirations, and will be, under God, a rich blessing to this city and State, and to our country and the world.

"It is my hope to be the instrument, in the hands of Providence, of founding and perpetuating an institution which shall accomplish for young women what our colleges are accomplishing for young men.

\* \* \* \* \*

"All sectarian influences should be carefully excluded; but the training of our students should never be intrusted to the skeptical, the irreligious, or the immoral.

"In forming the first Board of Trustees, I have selected representatives from the principal Christian denominations among us; and in filling the vacancies which may occur in this body, as also appointing the professors, teachers, and other officers of the college, I trust a like catholic spirit will always govern the trustees.

"It is not my purpose to make Vassar Female College a charity school, whose advantages shall be free to all without charge; for benefits so cheaply obtained are cheaply held. But it is believed the funds of the institution will enable it to offer to all the highest educational facilities at a moderate expense, as compared with the cost of instruction in existing seminaries. I earnestly hope the funds will also prove sufficient to warrant the gratuitous admission of a considerable number of indigent students annually—at least by regarding the amount remitted, in most cases, as a loan, to be subsequently repaid from the avails of teaching or otherwise. Preference should be given to beneficiaries of decided promise, such as are likely to distinguish themselves in some particular department or pursuit, and especially to those who propose to engage in the teaching of the young as a profession.

"I desire that the college may be provided with commodious buildings, containing ample apartments for public instruc-

tion, and at the same time affording to the inmates the safety, privacy, and purity of the family.

"And now, gentlemen of the Board of Trustees, I transfer to your possession and ownership the real and personal property which I have set apart for the accomplishment of my design."

After the transfer had been accomplished, Mr. Vassar thus expressed himself:—

"I beg permission to add a brief and general expression of my views in regard to the most judicious use and management of the funds. After the college edifice has been erected and furnished with all needful aids and appliances for imparting the most perfect education of body, mind, and heart, it is my judgment and wish that the amount remaining in hand should be safely invested, to remain as a principal, only the annual income of which should be expended in the preservation of the buildings and grounds, the support of the faculty, the replenishing and enlarging of the library, cabinet, art gallery, etc., and in adding to the capital on hand, so that the college, instead of being impoverished, and tending to decay from year to year, shall always contain within itself the elements of growth and expansion, of increasing power, prosperity, and usefulness.

"In conclusion, gentlemen, this enterprise, which I regard as the last great work of my life, I commit to you as a sacred trust, which I feel assured you will discharge with fidelity and uprightness, with wisdom and prudence, with ability and energy.

"It is my fervent desire that I may live to see the institution in successful operation, and if God shall give me life and strength, I shall gladly employ my best faculties in co-operating with you to secure the full and perfect consummation of the work before us."

The erection of the college buildings was commenced on the 4th of June, 1861, and through all the stormy years of the American civil war the work went steadily forward to completion. The principal edifice is about five hundred feet in length, with a depth through the center of about two hundred feet, and through the lateral wings of one hundred and sixty-four feet. Besides this, which is one of the largest buildings under a single roof on the Western Continent, there are separate buildings for the astronomical observatory and the art gallery, together with the scientific museums. Surrounding the whole is an extensive landed estate, supplying a vegetable garden for the five hundred inmates, with wooded walks and a little lake for aquatic sport and exercise. A gymnasium is an added appliance, and a riding school was formerly attached, but, according to our best information, this latter has been abandoned as a too costly luxury, and the building which was originally erected for it has been transformed to accommodate the collections of science and art.

As to the educational scope contemplated by the founder and the faculty of Vassar College it may be already said to be nearly equal to that of the best American universities. Latin, Greek, and the higher mathematics are taught here by learned professors, some of whom are women. Among the most celebrated of these latter is Miss Maria Mitchell, who has not only an American but a European reputation as an astronomer. I know some timid conservatives on the question

of woman's constitutional faculty and rightful claims in the world of culture will smile when I tell them that I have personal knowledge that young ladies in Vassar College read Cicero and Xenophon, yes, and even Plato, and make independent astronomical calculations with the telescope. Whether this is destined in the future to be the exception or the rule of woman's higher culture, who can predict?

Of one department of education in Vassar special mention must be made. I mean the department of Art. It is not to be wondered at that a new country like America should be comparatively poor in collections of art. Of original paintings by great masters the Vassar gallery has not many; but of copies representing the entire history of art of all ages and nations it has probably the best museum on the Western Continent. This fact is due in a large measure to the kindly sympathy of Professor William von Lübke, of Stuttgart, who gave the writer the guidance of his learning and taste in the purchase of an historical art gallery of more than a thousand pictures, which more than a year since crossed the sea, and is now the delight of the students and of visitors not a few from all parts of the country. Among these precious gems the portrait of Professor Lübke hangs in a place of prominence on the wall of the art gallery, and Vassar College almost counts this

distinguished scholar as a member of its faculty.

One of the favourite festivals at Vassar is what is called "Founder's Day," in which the birthday of Matthew Vassar is celebrated. During Mr. Vassar's life it was my privilege to attend one of these festivities, and it did one's heart good to see the gray-haired sire escorted to a throne-like seat in the chapel by a company of beautiful girls who chanted songs in his praise, and crowned his head with laurel wreaths.

These happy occasions passed away some years ago; for one day, as the noble founder was reading to the trustees, at the commencement convocation, a paper embodying his plans for the future welfare of the institution, the manuscript suddenly dropped from his hand, his head fell forward upon his chest, and, with a few faint gasps for breath, the spirit of Matthew Vassar took flight to the great Hereafter.

A marble bust of him, executed by a lady, stands in the public parlor of the college; but the institution which he founded is his fittest memorial, and one may write over the portal, as the tablet in St. Paul's Cathedral records the eulogy of its architect, "If you would see his monument, look around you."

JAMES LEONARD CORNING.

STUTTGART, August 1st, 1876.

## FOR THE LAST TIME.

BY DUDU FLETCHER.

(MISS HARDY TO JACK DESMOND.)

DEAR MR. DESMOND,—I knew I could trust you not to misunderstand me! I thank you a thousand times for the way in which you have accepted my letter; but why—why ask me now to keep that old promise of mine? You, a man, can afford to speak with a sneer of the "bonds of conventionality;" but I—

My window has just blown open and a flood of sunshine has rushed in, chased by the soft spring wind. The world is warm, and smells of violets. After all, why not take that "one last ride" with you? Why not bid a pleasant farewell to my Bohemian days? Let our little Roman world talk, if it pleases! I *will* go! Get me my favourite Olga, and let the horses be ready to-morrow morning at eight o'clock. I take you at your word and go, feeling quite safe from any allusion to the past.

Your friend as long as you like,

ELEANOR HARDY.

"Late? Of course you are late!" said Jack Desmond, at half past eight o'clock the next morning; "but why should you mind that? Punctuality is at once the most masculine and the most unsympathetic of virtues; how can punctuality and Miss Hardy be anything but incompatible terms? Mind you are light with your curb to-day, Miss Hardy. Olga has not been out for a week." He swung himself lightly into the saddle; the two horses threw up their heads impatiently, scrambled down the bank by the roadside, and started gayly off in the morning sunshine. The old carriage-road to Ostia is out of the Porta San Sebastiano. On either side of the way the high Roman walls shut out the indiscreet gaze of the passers-by. Here and there an arched stone gateway, surmounted by two moss-covered granite cannon-balls or a half-broken Greek vase, shows a glimpse of some old garden with stately cypress-trees and avenues of trimmed and fantastic box, at the farther end

of which some shattered marble figure gleams whitely through the shade.

Eleanor glanced shyly at her companion. "Is there much of this pavement?" she asked, with an elaborate attempt at establishing their conversation on an easy and impersonal footing; "I always feel a wild desire to gallop my horse over the stones, in spite of every one's warnings. Look at that dear Olga! she finds it as tiresome as I do, and is quite longing to make a bolt, at the risk of breaking both our necks!"

"As you are strong, be merciful," said Desmond, lightly. "Olga and yourself are both in my charge to-day, please remember, and Mrs. Van Cordtlandt will hold me responsible for all your joint misdemeanours. Try to curb your impatience as well as your horse until we have reached the church," he added, pointing forward with his whip; "there's a glorious place for a canter after that."

In a few moments more they had passed the rich façade of San Paolo fuori delle Mura, and had clattered along the stone colonnade; they settled themselves back in their saddles, the road gave a sweep, and in another instant the horses were cantering wildly over the strip of short, daisy-whitened turf that borders the foot-path.

"Ah, this is what I like!" said Eleanor; "now we are out of Rome!" The fresh morning wind blew back the blonde masses of her hair and brought a peach-blossom bloom to the pale, flower-like face. "Isn't this glorious, Mr. Desmond! I feel like an escaped prisoner. Think of all the poor people who are just getting up to dismal and tepid cups of coffee all over town!"

"Dismal? Perhaps! The sun is overcast enough to make an apartment in a narrow street the reverse of cheerful, this morning, but why should all the coffee be tepid, Miss Hardy? Is there anything in your being on horseback so early to account for such a change of temperature in everybody's breakfast? Or do you refer figuratively to the blight under which Rome is lying when you leave it?"

"You are pleased to be satirical as well as literal-minded, Mr. Desmond," retorted Eleanor. "As though you could hope to understand what I feel at the prospect of forty miles on horseback, and not a call to make, not a note to answer, not a stupid person to entertain, and, crowning joy of all, the whole day in a riding-habit, without one's dress to change!"

"But how you will miss your aunt!" said Desmond. They looked at each other, and both burst out laughing.

"That is exceedingly wrong of you," said Eleanor, becoming suddenly grave. "I only laughed because you took me by surprise. My aunt is very good."

"Very," said Desmond, quickly; "I am sure

no one can doubt that Mrs. Van Cordtlandt is a most interesting companion, and an invaluable authority in case a card is not returned in time, or the Van Rosevelts of Albany are in danger—horrible thought!—of being confounded with the *old* Van Rosevelts of New York. There is nothing narrow-minded, of course, in such a view of life."

"Indeed, that is more than can be said for your ideas of life," said Eleanor, flushing a little as she spoke. "Artists, and people generally who go in for being 'cultivated,' always pretend to be such broad-minded, tolerant men, and I don't believe I ever met one yet who could endure for half an hour a conversation on subjects of general interest without being bored,—yes, and showing it, too!"

"Subjects of general interest?" said Desmond, inquiringly; "and this includes all the artists and *littérateurs* of your acquaintance? Now do you know, Miss Hardy, I've always noticed that a woman's most sweeping attack, her most crushing generalization, is aimed at some particular man. I wonder if it is only my guilty conscience which makes me remember that last reception at the Whytes', where I had the pleasure of meeting you, and where that pretty Mrs. Dulman's dress, appearance, and manner, and the momentous question as to whether that exquisite complexion of hers is owing to cosmetics or to nature, were reviewed and criticised all the time we were there, to the exclusion of those other 'subjects of general interest' by which I and my unlucky friends are supposed to be bored?"

"That is not fair, Mr. Desmond!" cried Eleanor; "you select a—well, I will admit it!—a particularly silly conversation, and speak of it as of the type of what we talk about in society. You artistic people, as I said before, claim to monopolize all the tolerance, and yet you shut yourselves up in your shells like a small company of oysters who should agree together to consider all the other fish and sea-things like so many interlopers in their domains! You build a Chinese wall about yourselves, and the rest of the world become mere outsiders. Now I, for one, am a Philistine; and I'm not ashamed of it, either! I love the world. I belong to it, heart and soul. I have not made society, and I can see a hundred points in which I would alter it if I could, but I can't, and so I accept it and find the world a pleasant place, as it always is to the people who try to please it."

"Be witness, Miss Hardy, it was not I who made the discussion a personal one! May I ask, though, how it is that with such strong convictions you are not always of this delightfully optimistic opinion?"

"Because I am 'young and unreasonable,' as my aunt says, I suppose," said Eleanor, lightly; "I daresay it will pass with time!"

"I daresay it will," assented Desmond, gravely. "Honesty of impulse does not live long in the atmosphere of a ball-room. You must have had an uncommonly large quantity to start with."

"See here, Mr. Desmond," said Eleanor, facing square round in her saddle, "I won't pretend not to understand what you mean. I've that much honesty left, whatever you may think," she went on, indignantly. "You imagine because"—she hesitated—"because I may—well, probably I shall—marry a man older than myself, and very rich, that I can have no good left in me. It is not true! You are hard, you are unjust to me in every thought of yours! Don't you suppose I know myself, my own wants and needs, better than you can? Talk of giving up 'all for love and the world well lost' to a girl accustomed to a simple life, and what wonder if she listens to you, with everything to gain by it and nothing to peril? Talk of it to a girl in my position, brought up as I have been, and, if she is honest, she will answer you as I do: I am accustomed to extreme luxury, I have no fortune of my own, my happiness is centred on things which are offered me freely at the hands of a man for whom I have the utmost respect, and who, I believe, is very fond of me; why should I not accept them?"

"Why not, indeed?" echoed Desmond.

They rode on a few minutes in silence. His acquiescence had suddenly shocked and puzzled her. She had expected to be argued with vehemently when she threw down her gauntlet, and now the gage of defiance was returned to her with a polite bow by her adversary. Eleanor did not understand it, and, being disconcerted, began to lose her temper.

"It is so unjust!" she said, speaking very fast; "a man will give up anything, will work all his life long, to win a position and become wealthy, and you will all applaud him to the skies for doing it. And yet, let a woman have the same craving for power and influence and ease, let her have an ambition to be more than a cipher in the sum, let her bring into real life one out of the countless lessons she has received since she left the school-room, let her, too, make an effort to gain her ends, and where will you find epithets with which to qualify her unwomanly heartlessness, her mercenary lack of sentiment!"

Desmond struck his boot absently with his whip, and smiled. "There are just a few men in the world who do not count money as the crowning good of life, and who cling still to the exploded old belief that women, by the mere fact of their womanhood, are better, nobler, purer than they," he said. "And really, Miss Hardy, you exaggerate! Who ever gave anything but praise to a girl who made a 'good match' in society?"

The gentle mockery of his tone stung her to the quick. It is one thing to dismiss a lover, but quite another to have him accept his dismissal with equanimity. The woman who does not feel a secret joy and pride in being still "the one fair woman in all the world" to the man she has just refused to marry, and does not think of him with a tender, regretful approval, is as rare, perhaps, as the man who is not privately convinced that were merit the only test he would never meet with want of success. A pathetic "it might have been," the memory of some hour when it did not seem so improbable that this was to be the companion of her future life, casts its halo around many an otherwise commonplace rejected lover. Until he becomes consoled again, a man never finds a warmer, if need be, a more unscrupulous partisan than in the woman who has just assured him she was indifferent to his love.

A quick resentment of Desmond's self-possession seized Eleanor. "Very well! we will see if I cannot make him show he cares, before the day is over!" she thought revengefully. And she smiled innocently and sweetly, the while, upon her intended victim.

"Don't let us discuss," she said softly; "I never get the better when I quarrel with you, and so"—The blue eyes looked up to his appealingly and ended the sentence for her. She laughed and touched her horse with her whip; they dashed on up the hill, racing the fleet, light cloud-shadows that flitted over the fresh green of the fields. The sky had the pale, watery blue of an April day. Little gusts of the warm spring wind went and came, now bringing puffs of wild, faint fragrance, now wandering off until lost among the blossomy fields. On either side of the road a rose-flushed shower of perfumed snow covered the bushes of flowering thorn; the birds in the hedge-rows were twittering and trilling under the shelter of the small green leaves, every now and then a hurried rush of wings telling how the tramp of the horses had startled some brooding mother-bird from her nest.

As they rode on, the fields widened; the sky seemed to lift and the horizon to lower; the whole landscape took that indescribable look of being more open, more out-of-doors, which marks the approach to the sea. Behind the riders the sullen, tawny Tiber rolled slowly by, its wicked and reticent-looking waves the only thing in sight that did not seem to feel the gentle influence of the spring sunshine.

"Did you ever notice, Miss Hardy," asked Desmond, "how differently the Tiber flows from other rivers? On the surface it looks smooth enough; indeed, the strong tide hardly ripples the yellow water; but watch it a little while, and you will discover that it moves with a deep pulsation, a regular rhythmic effort,



as though the fierce old heart of old Rome were still beating under its waves."

"It is a cruel river, and always seems to me as though it were smiling grimly at the thought of the next inundation it means to have," said Eleanor. "What do you say to resting a moment, Mr. Desmond? I'm beginning to be a little tired." They dismounted, and Jack led the horses while Eleanor plucked long wreaths of the white stars of the blackberry-vine, and twisted them about her hat. "What a symbolical crown—thorns hidden under flowers!" she said, with a half sigh. They sat down a moment under the hedge, and listened in silence to all the sweet, small noises of the spring.

"I should like to be a gypsy!" said Eleanor.

"A gypsy *à la* Watteau, with pink satin boots, and a *château* to sleep in, you mean, of course," said Jack.

Eleanor laughed. "Well, yes, I suppose so! I don't think I should like the smoky fires and short rations of real gipsydom. I love the country, but then, my ideal landscapes are always landscapes with well-dressed people in the foreground."

They rode on again, past the long flat reaches of marsh; now and then some of the great white oxen of the Campagna lifted their heads from fields starred with the pale yellow blossoms of the wild narcissus, and looked at them with gentle and melancholy wonder; now and then a noisy *caretto* passed them, the driver dozing under the shelter of a sheepskin stretched over a bent pole at the top of the cart, quite away from the sturdy, thick-maned little Campagna horses, that tossed their betasseled heads impatiently and rattled the bells hung at their heavy collars.

"And there is Ostia!" said Desmond. "I wonder if Queen Eleanor will deign to alight and have some lunch?"

"Her Majesty is graciously pleased to be most plebeianly hungry," said Miss Hardy, laughing. "I shall make a state question of it if we find nothing eatable at that most unpromising of inns!"

They rode into the court-yard under a queer, pointed stone arch. Half a dozen peasants looked up from the bottle of wine they were drinking at a table outside the door; two or three fair-haired, ragged children ran up to see the beautiful lady dismount. Eleanor gathered up her trailing skirt about her and entered the kitchen; it was a high-ceiled, smoke-blackened room; at one end was a large brick fireplace; around the wall were ranged rows of tables and chairs; five or six hens wandered composedly about the stone floor, in supreme indifference of the old gray cat who came up purring and rubbed against Eleanor's feet. She stood tapping the table

with her whip, the image of amused perplexity. "But where shall we eat?" she said.

"There is a room up-stairs," suggested the hostess. "Clean? Blessed Saint Philomena! other than clean! But will the illustrious signora object to going up a ladder?"

Eleanor burst out laughing. "Oh, Mr. Desmond!" she cried, "how can I ever thank you enough for bringing me here? Fancy my aunt's face when I tell her of the ladder!"

The room up-stairs was scrupulously clean and bare. The only ornaments of the white-washed walls were a brass crucifix and a cup for holding holy water, but the table and wooden benches were spotless, and a cool breeze came in at the one small window. Their ride had given them an appetite, and they did full justice to the provisions that an extended experience of Campagna inns had induced Jack to send down the day before.

"As though you had been sure of my coming with you!" said Eleanor, half pleased and half provoked at the attention.

Jack laughed. "Do you imagine I could not ride down to Ostia without the protection of your escort?" he said, teasingly. "I am sure I could have found some one to take pity on me, had you been unkind enough not to come!"

The words in themselves were nothing, but the mere fact that he could speak jestingly of her gave Eleanor a curious feeling of blank surprise. He had accepted the situation, and she instantly resented his having done so; she felt injured that having once offered her his love he should so soon have become resigned to her rejection of it. With an odd, feminine inconsistency, the firmer she had been in her refusal of him the more she had secretly gloried in what she had imagined to be the strength of his passion. There had been a bitter-sweet satisfaction to her in the sacrifice of such a devotion on the altar of her worldly advancement. It had been a sort of test in her eyes, for she had argued with herself, If I can give up such love as this so easily, surely my future life promises me only pleasure. What is there left for me to renounce, after this? Ignoring her own insistence on the fact that all allusions to old times were to be banished from their conversation, she tried to lead Desmond into a vein of half-tender, half-cynical remembrance, and see if even yet she had not the power of awakening the dormant fires of a passion she had held but lightly while it was still hers. In other words, she was a woman, and could pardon her old lover anything—except his forgiving her.

"How long it seems since I have spent a day out of Rome!" she said. "The last time was at Porto d'Anzio. Do you remember the day we were there, Mr. Desmond? I have

never forgotten it. I can shut my eyes now, and hear quite plainly again the wash of the waves on the beach. Do you remember the moonlight on the water, coming back?" she went on dreamily; "and

'How near to the stars we seemed that night,  
We two, on the sands by the sea!'"

Her voice had sunk almost to a whisper, her cheek was resting on her hand, she seemed looking far back into the past with those sweet, wistful eyes. Desmond glanced at her a moment, his face turned very pale, and his hand clenched hard under the table; but his voice was calm and he smiled quietly as he answered,—

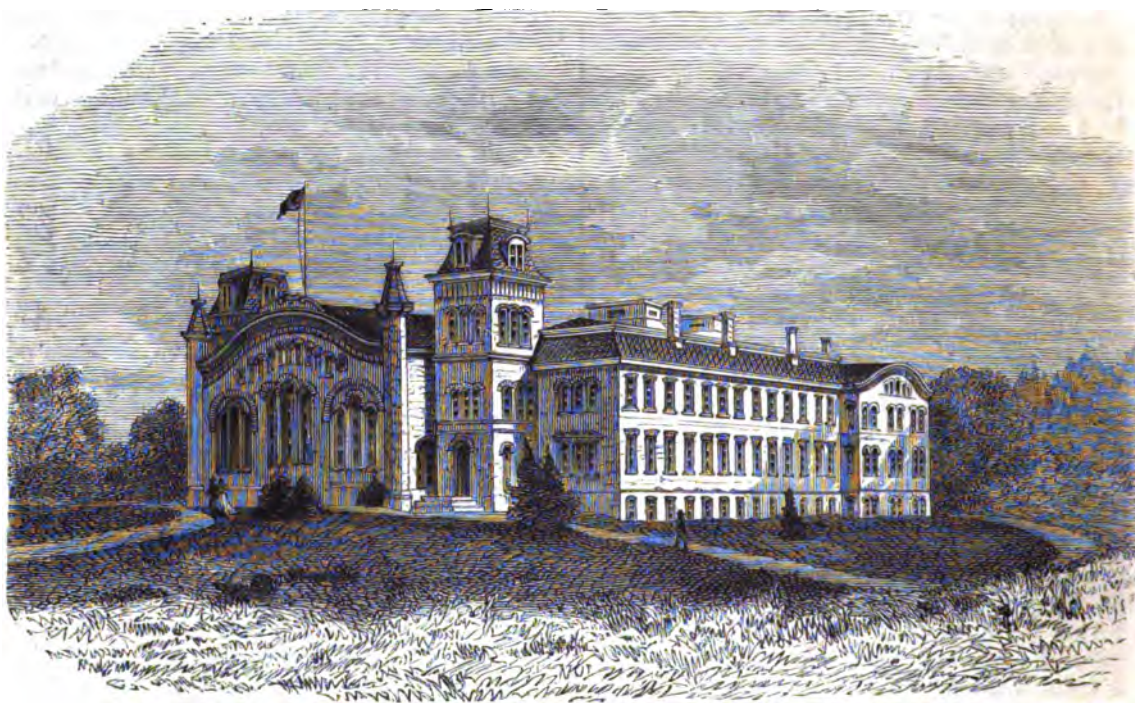
"I remember quite well; pretty little place,

that Porto d'Anzio is! By the way, it's a curious thing, do you know, to see with what an instinctive sense of the appropriate people always quote Owen Meredith when they speak of dead and gone flirtations. 'The Flirt's own Laureate' he should be called. There is about as much sham strength and false sentiment in the one as in the other, I suppose," he added, with a reflective air.

"Really, I cannot say; I am not good at literary discussions," answered Eleanor, coldly. "I am not in the habit of dissecting the things which please me. This room is really getting to be very hot and disagreeable; shall we go?"

The wind had changed, and the blue April sky was hidden by a gray veil of sirocco clouds.

"Now, Miss Hardy," said Desmond, "Ostia



VASSAR COLLEGE.—THE MUSEUM.—SEE PAGE 597.

is all before you where to choose. About a mile down that road is the wood of Castel Fusano; that pile of earth and stones you see there is the entrance to the excavations. What is your choice, sunshine or silence? Will you spend an hour under the pines, like an irresponsible Bohemian; or shall we improve our minds and 'do' the ruins, like conscientious tourists? By the way, did you remember to bring your conscience with you?"

"No; I left it in Rome with my aunt, for safe keeping," said Eleanor, demurely; "and as for your ruins, Mr. Desmond, you may visit them alone, if you please. There are better things to do with a spring day than to spend it in a hole under ground, like an invalid rabbit!"

They turned down the quiet, grassy lane that leads to Castel Fusano. On either hand stretched long reaches of pasture-land now turned to Fields of the Cloth of Gold by the blaze of yellow marsh-flowers that hid the grass. A tender, half-pathetic colour brooded over the landscape; even the stately old pines seemed to bend their proud heads to the breeze and murmur half-forgotten words to the lullaby of the spring wind.

"How I love pine-trees!" said Eleanor; "to enjoy them fully one should not look at them, but lie with one's face to the grass and only hear their grand old chant overhead."

"The pines of Ostia have a song all their own," remarked Jack. "You know all this ground about here was the open sea in the



time of the Romans. I always think the trees remember the dash of the waves, and to me their song is like the breaking of the surf far away on the shore."

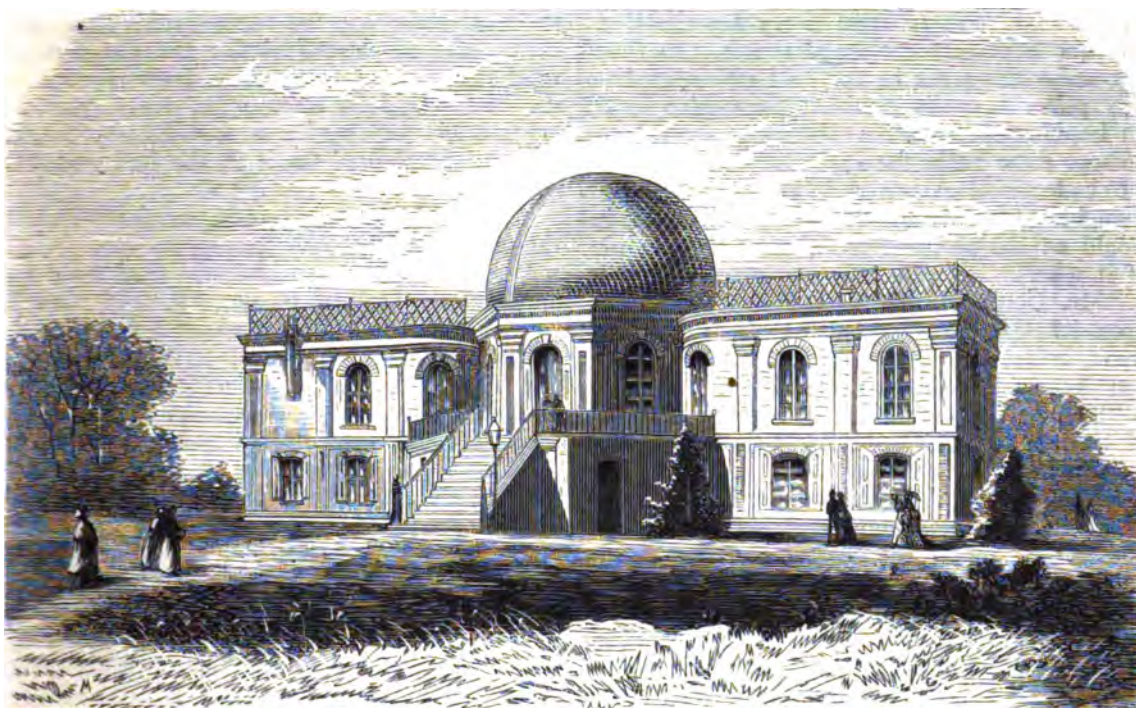
"Look at my daisies," said Eleanor; "I am afraid it is going to rain." The crimson and white petals of the flowers she held were closing fast.

"Do you know that the Campagna daisies look like the Roman girls?" asked Jack. "See how different they are from the little English daisy, or the delicate rose-and-white *pâquerette* of France. In spite of their white petals, these are not a blonde flower. They have a bolder look, a deeper dash of red, a straighter, taller stem, and that same calmly-scrutinizing, wide-eyed, unabashed gaze you see in the *con-*

*tadine*. They have a curious association for me, too," he added, taking up Eleanor's bunch as he spoke. "Daisies always remind me of the first time I fell in love."

"Merely because they are innocent spring things, like lambs or veal," asked Eleanor, mockingly, "or because your *inamorata* wore them in her hat? I think I can see her now. I know your tastes so well, Mr. Desmond, I can guess at what your first ideal must have been,—a china-doll face, with a simper, and marguerites in her hair; all innocence, white muslin, blue ribbons, and amiable imbecility!"

"Indeed she was not," said Jack. "Fair hair has been a latter-day revelation to me; in those prehistoric days the Corsair was my patron saint, and I raved about raven tresses



VASSAR COLLEGE.—THE OBSERVATORY.—SEE PAGE 597.

and dark, Oriental eyes. She was a very beautiful girl, I remember, and I thought her an angel at the time," he added, laughing. "I wonder where she can be now?"

"That is so like a man!" said Eleanor. "We are angels as long as we don't care for you, because our eyes are of a particular shape, or the shade of our hair pleases your lordship's tastes; then we fall in love with you and become ordinary mortals on the spot, and you straightway forget us, or, worse still, quote us as rebukes or examples for the amusement of some other woman! The fact is, the wise woman cares only for herself, and every one immediately falls to caring for her too. It's the force of example, I suppose."

"Oh, the justice of the unfair sex!" cried

Jack, with mock indignation. "I say of my first love that she looked like a flower and I thought her an angel, and am instantly accused of heartless indifference for saying so. No, I can assure you, my first duel with the 'grand passion' was a most desperate affair. In spite of my Corsair proclivities I have no doubt I should have married my Medora, and repented the act in broadcloth and fine linen for the last ten years, had not another and a bolder pirate carried her off before my agonized eyes. You ought to have known me in those days! I thought I was the proud and happy proprietor of a blighted life. I had sounded the bottomless abyss of all earthly sorrow, and knew to a nicety the depth thereof! It was all the more cruel in Medora since it

had been an utter surrender at the first blow, a case of love at first sight, with me."

"Speaking of first impressions," said Eleanor, "I wish you would tell me quite honestly what you thought of me the first time you saw me. I've always been curious to know how I strike my contemporaries, and never had such a chance to find out, before. We are so out of the world here, so removed from conventional life, why not drop conventional speech as well, and tell each other quite frankly what we think, for once?"

It annoyed her to hear him allude even thus lightly to a woman he had evidently cared for very strongly in old times. A vague jealousy prompted her to occupy him with herself, even to the exclusion of dead and buried rivals; and, as she truly said, they were so far removed from every-day life that any question seemed natural to ask. As they lay under the trees in the still afternoon, life was reduced to its simplest expression, and an impulse of Arcadian simplicity seemed to possess them both, for Jack answered at once, "I had much rather not tell you what I thought. I remember it quite well, but it would not be pleasant to either of us to think of it now."

"Mr. Desmond, you shall tell me! I insist upon it! Do," she added, coaxingly. "You won't refuse me the very first favour I ask you on our last day together?"

"Thanks for your kindness in reminding me of that!" said Jack, abruptly, looking away from her.

"The fact is, I don't believe in the least you remember where or when we met!" she pouted.

"Do you think so? It was at the Whytes' private theatricals; you were dressed in some sort of blue stuff, with white flowers in your hair, and after the play was over you sang—an air from *The Huguenots*. Mrs. Whyte introduced me to you, and we talked together for an hour or more, until you left at twelve o'clock to go to the Prussian minister's ball."

"But that is only what you saw. I asked for what you thought. See," she said, coquettishly, "I'll give you this bunch of violets, my own pet flowers, that I've brought all the way from Rome, if you will tell me what you thought of me!"

Jack looked at her fixedly a moment, and burst out laughing. "You are a true woman, Eleanor," he said; "but it would be asking too much, perhaps, to expect you to forego proving your power. I'll tell you what I thought, that night! I watched you a long while, and I said to myself, Here at last is a face to live with and to die for,—the frank, loyal face of a girl whose love it were well worth risking one's life to obtain; a girl above the petty considerations of society; a girl with

enough heart to love a man for himself and not for what he could give her, and enough courage to avow it. That, Miss Hardy, was my first impression of you."

Eleanor turned very pale. Something in his emotion had touched her; here, in the country, away from Rome and from her aunt, it seemed so much more difficult to realize satisfactorily the wisdom of her choice. Everything about her was young and full of hope; all the softness of the spring seemed to whisper to her that life is short, and love the one good of life. It was hard to have to renounce it all, and something in Desmond's expression, "a girl with enough heart to love a man for himself and not for what he could give her," seemed suddenly to cast a new light, and not a pleasant one at that, on her own motives and intentions. She was at once humiliated and angry; she admired Jack for his contempt of what she coveted, a hundred times more than she had ever done before; but while acknowledging his superiority to herself, she would have punished him for it if she had had the power to do it.

"And what is your last impression of me?" she asked, slowly.

Desmond had risen and was gathering up her hat and fan and cloak. "I shall not tell you what I think of you now," he answered, quietly.

"Why don't you say at once that you despise me!" she cried, impetuously. "Don't you suppose I understand what you mean?"

"No, I don't think you do," he answered slowly. "I have loved you too well ever to despise you; but I am sorry, very sorry for you, Eleanor. I do not blame you, mind that! It is not your fault if I was fool enough to imagine in you qualities you do not possess. You may not be what I once thought you, but no one who sees you can dispute your charm."

The grave, dispassionate pity in his voice seemed to Eleanor to give the finishing touch to her mortification. A sudden fear lest she had lowered herself irretrievably in his eyes made her silent; a sudden disgust of her own aims, tastes, and wishes kept her from speaking as they walked slowly back to the inn. The violets she had offered him had fallen unheeded at his feet as she rose to go, and a sharp pang of regret passed through her as she noticed his utter indifference to her gift. "Well, I have no one but myself to thank for it!" she thought, with a desperate effort at philosophy. "Better so. The day, or something in the strangeness of our being so long alone together, has made me weak and sentimental. I shall be myself again when I get home."

At the first turn in the road Desmond stopped suddenly. "Excuse me a moment,"



he said. "I must see if I left my cigar-case under that tree."

Eleanor sat down on the bank by the roadside while he ran quickly back to where they had been sitting.

"At least I shall have that much of you, my darling!" he said, half aloud, as he picked up her withered and bruised bunch of violets, and put them tenderly away in his note-case.

In another moment he was again at her side, and they walked quietly, almost sadly, back to Ostia. It was now almost six o'clock. The sun had sunk low down to the utmost verge of the mist-veiled horizon: long shadows were falling across the fields, and at the pasture-gates the cattle were crowded together, waiting to be driven home. As Eleanor stood in the court-yard of the inn, waiting for Jack, who had gone to see after their horses, a neat-looking young woman with a little child in her arms came up and asked for alms. Eleanor looked at her. "Is your husband living?" she asked.

"Yes," said the woman.

"Why does he let you beg in this way, then?"

It was a bad year, the beggar told her, and her husband was out of work; he worked at the quarries when he could, but nothing had been done there for a long time.

"Is he good to you? do you love him in spite of his doing nothing for you?"

He was the best man, yes, and the handsomest, too, in the village, his wife answered, flushing as she spoke. Eleanor hastily emptied her purse into the child's hand. "There are people in the world more to be pitied than you are," she said, bitterly. "What! back already, Mr. Desmond? We had better start at once, then. It is growing late, and I am afraid my aunt will be displeased that I stayed so long."

They rode slowly back towards Rome. The sun was setting in the golden glory that so often transfigures the last hour of a sirocco day. Birds were twittering on all the branches, or hurriedly flying homeward across the level marshes, where here and there a pool of water was turned to a sheet of pale, liquid gold, until the colour deepened, and long lines of crimson barred the western sky.

"I wonder why it is that there is such pathetic suggestion in a net-work of branches against an evening sky?" said Eleanor. "Do you know, I never see the hedge-rows against a red sunset without feeling that somewhere, some time,—ages ago, in another life, perhaps,—I have seen the same thing and been very unhappy at the time. I always feel as though there were something for me to be wretched about; they hint of some bygone grief which I cannot remember, and make me vaguely sad at the loss of some forgotten joy."

"For joy once lost is pain," quoted Jack, absently. "Well, it is something, after all, to have had the joy! This morning, when I woke up, I said to myself, 'The pleasantness of life is not over for me yet. I have still a claim on it for one long, perfect day.' And now—I have had it: my day is well-nigh past!"

Eleanor made no answer.

As they rode on, the twilight deepened about them; a chill crept into the evening air; the colour at the horizon faded to ashes of rose; a long, light wreath of mist ascended from the marshes and stole like the ghost of the dead day about the solitary fields. The scattered pools of water gleaming dimly through the dusk reflected the livid tone of the sky. The ineffable melancholy of an evening in the early spring fell upon them. They did not speak, but listened to the regular cadence of the horses' feet. That part of the road leads through a thicket of birches; every now and then a branch of the overhanging trees brushed against their faces, and a swarm of small white moths started up from under the leaves. Eleanor suddenly struck her horse sharply with her whip, and started down the hill at a mad gallop. The wind blew freshly in her face and there was exhilaration in the very movement; again and again she urged on her horse, taking a wild delight in the sensation of dashing along in the dark, not seeing where she went. It was with some difficulty that she checked her excited horse at the top of a long ascent, in order to wait for Desmond, who had not dared to follow faster, for fear of frightening Olga beyond all control. Eleanor laughed gayly as he rode up a moment after her.

"I enjoyed that. It was great!" she said. "Did I startle you? Did you think Olga had run away with me?"

"If you had stumbled you would have killed yourself!" said Desmond, in a voice hoarse with suppressed emotion.

"Well, suppose I had," she retorted; "who would have cared? My friends? Rome would have talked for a week of that poor Miss Hardy, and how very shocking it was, how very distressing for Mr. Desmond!—she was killed under his very eyes, you know,—and how careful one ought to be about accidents on horseback! So very unfortunate! And—and what a pity that those nice Tuesday evening receptions of Mrs. Van Cordtlandt's will have to stop now for a time! such a loss to us all! As for my aunt—well, I'm afraid my poor aunt's chief despair would have been caused by the oddity and impropriety of my decease, and she would never be altogether comforted that I did not break my neck more decorously and with a proper escort. You're not an eligible escort, you know!" she added, with a reckless laugh.

"Don't talk in that way, please," said Desmond; "you don't know how much you pain me by doing so. Surely, my poor child, you must believe that there are people who care for you in another way than that."

"And why should there be?" she broke in passionately. "Have I ever cared for any one, myself? You have been cruel to me to-day after a fashion," she added slowly. "I am sorry I ever came here with you. I don't think I am over-inclined to be romantic, but you have reminded me of what I had almost forgotten—that I am young and that it will be years and years before I shall outgrow the need of being loved. What good has it done you? what have you gained by it? This morning I was ready to marry Mr. Ross, if not with any great joy, at least without any great regret; and now—now you have forever ruined my contentment. I never shall feel as I did, again, and I shall go on doing now what I would have done then, but without ever once shutting my eyes to the fact that I have missed my chance of happiness; that I die without ever having lived. Why could you not have left me alone? I am not going to change all my plans in life because of one day spent with you; why need you have taken the pleasure out of everything for me? Stop! I know what you are going to say, but it is of no use. This is our last ride together; to-night we say good-bye. I may marry Mr. Ross without caring for him, but at least I will never see again a man I think I might have loved once; that is, if I had ever had a heart—which I haven't! Don't answer me; and let us go faster, please! I want to get home."

They put their horses to a sharp trot and rode on for several miles in silence. Behind them had risen a watery moon, that glimmered with an uncertain light through the sea of vapor in which it floated. Now and then the white walls of a farm-house started out from the darkness, and the barking dogs made a dash at the horses as they passed. A dark line of trees against the sky marked the undulating course of the Tiber; now and then the moonlight glanced through their branches and cast a long, shining reflection on the water. Strange, fantastic shadows fell across the road, and more than once the horses shied violently at some mysterious black figure lying in their path. Before very long the houses succeeded each other at shorter intervals, and the distant city showed a pale circle of fire at the far-off horizon.

"We are nearing home. Do not go so fast," said Desmond suddenly; "this is our last ride, remember. Must it be the last, Eleanor?" he cried impulsively, laying his hand on the pomel of her saddle as he spoke.

"The very last," she said. "You may despise me now, but I should despise myself were

I capable of giving up all the convictions of my life on the impulse of this day. I made a mistake of judgment when I consented to see you again after what had passed between us, and, like all other mistakes, it brings its own punishment with it.

'Let what is broken so remain:  
The gods are hard to reconcile.'

Do you like that quotation better than this morning's? And what do you think you will do with yourself to-morrow?" she added, with an abrupt transition to her customary voice. "By the way, are you going to the races, this year? I am."

"And so it is all over, and henceforth when we meet, we meet as strangers," said Jack, slowly. "Well, it was a pleasant dream while it lasted, only, as in all dreams, one must wake up after a while. Excuse me, Miss Hardy; not having had the advantage of frequenting your society all my life, I find I cannot hope to emulate your charming self-possession. How I envy you that praiseworthy habit of self-control! It is really an admirable triumph of good taste over those dangerous guides, the feelings! You ask about the races. I am so sorry I cannot say that I am going too; but we poor wretches cannot always afford to share in the amusements of our betters. It is quite pardonable, though, that you should forget this; a young lady with your brilliant prospects can hardly be expected to remember that we are not all blessed to the same degree."

Eleanor did not answer; indeed, she scarcely heard him. "It is our last ride, our last day together," she thought. "I must never see him again. I dare not! This is the last time, the very last time of all." She thought with a dull surprise of the change wrought in herself since that morning. "I wonder if we must altogether say good-bye?" she mused. "Surely, surely he might still go on caring for me a little, be still my friend."

There came no answer to her question from out the night into whose melancholy depths she gazed with eyes brimming over with tears.

"Wait a moment," said Jack, reining in his horse suddenly; "those two lights at the end of the avenue are your gateway-lamps. The farewell to Bohemia must be said now, Miss Hardy." He held out his hand and clasped hers firmly for a moment, trying to pierce the darkness with eager eyes that could not be satisfied with taking a last long look. "Good-bye," he said slowly, "good-bye forever, Eleanor!"

The trees above them rustled in the darkness; the horses drooped their weary heads together; away in the marshes they heard the desolate, piercing cry of some lonely night-bird. "Good-bye," he repeated softly, "good-bye, and

God bless you, Eleanor! Our paths part here: yours, I pray, may pass through all the sunny spots of life; mine—well, a man can always find enough to do if he is willing to work. Perhaps—who knows?—I may even learn to forget you, in time,” he added, with a short, bitter laugh. “What do you say to comparing notes with me, this day ten years hence, Miss Hardy?”

Eleanor bent low down over her saddle-bow, and played with the mane of her horse. “Do come and call on me to-morrow, Mr. Desmond,” she said.

Jack burst out in a wild laugh. “Call on you?” he cried. “What! you want me to come and talk to you as another man would talk? Perhaps,—if my anecdotes are amusing enough and I know how to keep my place,—perhaps you will even invite me to attend those Tuesday evenings when all Rome goes to the Palazzo Pini to admire the charming Miss Hardy! Good God! Can’t you understand that I love you! Have you lived so much in a drawing-room that you do not know there are passions in this world? Has your life been a parlour comedy for so long that you have forgotten that men are made of flesh and blood, and not merely of black coats and equally correct sentiments, manners, and neck-ties?” He flung her hand away from him with a sort of contempt. “And to think that I have thrown my heart, my life, my honour, at the feet of a woman so little capable of understanding their worth! Eleanor,” his voice grew gentle as he spoke her name, “have you never known what it is to love? I love you—do you know what that means to me? Just this! I love you. To me you are simply the one woman in the world, the one being whose presence is perfect

joy, whose absence the world and all the glory thereof could not tempt me for an instant to forget. You are full of faults; I see them, and I love them for your sake! You are full of noble qualities, and I bow down and worship them! I love the very glove on your hand, the ribbon at your throat, the faded flower you have worn and thrown away. My feeling towards you is no dainty devotion, ready to fall gracefully into the background at a hint, and be the pleasing, tenderly remembered, lightly forgotten romance of a season. I love you as a man loves the woman he would make his wife,—passionately, strongly, jealously. I want you all to myself, or not at all! Pardon me! I mean—I wanted you,” he added. “I am speaking of the past. You need not tell me again you do not care for me; I know it now. I will not go and see you. I am your lover, Eleanor; I cannot play at being your friend.”

Little fleecy clouds had been drifting fast across the face of the moon; now, as he ended, the wind blew them suddenly apart, and a flood of clear, soft light poured down on Eleanor’s bowed head and tight-clasped hands. Some bird in the branches above them, awakened by the sound of Desmond’s voice, gave a sleepy twitter as it turned in its warm nest. The horses shook themselves and stamped, impatient to be home.

“Jack,” said Eleanor, in a meek, small voice, “I don’t think it’s very kind of you to make me say it—but I wish you would come and see me to-morrow—for, look here, Jack—I’ve been thinking—I’m sorry for what I said—and—and I don’t want you to come as my *friend*, you know!”

—The Atlantic Monthly.

## HAPPY ACCIDENTS.

**S**ELDOM do men sit down with a steady resolve, a determined purpose, to discover some new principle or invent some new process. When they do so, there is a lurking idea of the kind of thing they want, a dim perception of the direction in which success may most reasonably be sought. Generally speaking, something is concerned which, for want of a better term, we call “accident.” An appearance presents itself, or an effect is produced, which the observer neither designed nor expected; an accident, certainly, so far as he is personally concerned. It may be a manifestation, until then unknown, of some natural force or property; or it may be an action of one substance on another, susceptible

of useful practical application. This is, briefly expressed, the distinction between a *discovery* and an *invention*. But the important point to notice is, that the value of the accident depends on the kind of man, or kind of mind, by whom or by which it is first observed. If the soil is not sufficiently prepared, the seed will not grow. Thousands of men had seen light reflected from distant windows, and variations in the light according to the angle of reflection; but a well-prepared mind, on one occasion, suddenly drew from this phenomenon an idea which established the beautiful science of the Polarisation of Light. It is pleasant to read of the manner in which shrewd minds have turned an accidental observation to practical advantage.

Galileo, being one day in the cathedral at Pisa, watched the oscillations of a lamp suspended from the roof. He observed that the swings or vibrations were all performed in equal times, whether the arc of swing were great or small—whether the lamp had only just begun to oscillate, or had nearly finished. Following up the observation when he returned home, he made temporary pendulums of various lengths, any kind of heavy weight suspended by a string; and he found that the time of oscillation for each pendulum bore a definite ratio to the length of string. Armed with this twofold knowledge, he virtually gave birth to the application of the pendulum as a regulator of clocks—an invention to which the precision of modern astronomy owes so much.

What to say of Sir Isaac Newton and the apple, we scarcely know. Some biographers pass by the incident without notice; some express a doubt of its truth; while others see no reason why an acute mind, trained to mathematical thought, should not draw a valuable conclusion from the incident observed. The story runs thus, in the words of Pemberton, the contemporary and friend of the illustrious philosopher: "One day, as he was sitting under an apple-tree at Woolsthorpe, an apple fell before him. This incident, awakening in his mind the ideas of uniform and accelerated motions, which he had been employing in his method of fluxions, induced him to reflect on the nature of that remarkable power which urges all bodies to the centre of the earth. . . . 'Why,' he asked himself, 'may not this power extend to the moon; and then what more would be necessary to retain her in her orbit about the earth?' This was but a conjecture; and yet what boldness of thought did it not require to form and deduce it from so trifling an accident!"

The reflecting apparatus for lighthouses arose out of a wager, if the facts are correctly recorded. Somewhat more than a century ago, among the members of a small scientific society in Liverpool, one offered to wager that he would read the small print of a newspaper by the light of a farthing candle placed ten yards or thirty feet distant. The wager being accepted, he coated the inside of a wooden board with pieces of looking-glass, forming a rough substitute for a concave mirror; placing a small lighted candle in front of this mirror, the rays of light were reflected, and converged to a focus ten yards on the other side of the candle, and the light at that focus was sufficient to enable the experimenter to read a newspaper. Of course the distance of the candle from the mirror was made dependent on the curvature of the mirror itself. An observant practical man, dockmaster of Liverpool, was present. The idea flashed upon him,

that if the light of a farthing candle could in this way be thrown out to a distance, the light of a large lamp could similarly be projected to a mile or miles away. The idea grew into form, and resulted in the invention of the reflecting lighthouse, or rather the reflecting apparatus for lighthouses.

One day, Lundyfoot, a snuff manufacturer, was drying some snuff, a necessary process in its preparation. Through a little neglect, the snuff was allowed to be overheated, till it became charred, scorched, or burned. In the view of a prosy jog-trot tradesman, the commodity would have been thrown away as spoiled; but this manufacturer, noticing the pungent character of the snuff, and how it tickled the nose, and knowing that some men like to have the nose tickled more than others, resolved to try whether "high-dried snuff" could be brought into favour. It not only did so, but proved a source of wealth to him. Any man may burn a commodity by carelessness; it is the observant man who ingeniously turns the accident to a good account.

The writer has seen a piece of printed calico or muslin that exemplified the way in which an accident led, not exactly to an invention permanently useful and profitable, but to a pattern that had a great success in one particular year. A piece of cotton being printed at one of the great Manchester establishments, became a little displaced. While travelling upwards from the printing cylinder, a portion of the cloth shifted into some disarrangement, and was printed a second time, but in a different direction from the first. The effect was very singular. The original pattern was a simple one; but the diagonal repetition produced a forked-lightning effect of a kind which a designer would not have been likely to hit upon. The master-printer took a hint from the accident; he suggested the engraving of a design in which the forked-lightning effect should be utilised. It proved to be one of the most successful patterns ever introduced by the firm. The reader may form some idea of the way in which this fortunate mishap occurred; for one corner of a newspaper sometimes accidentally gets printed a second time, but at a different angle. A muddle it makes when the impress consists of words and sentences; but when it consists of geometrical lines or fancy arabesques, the product may be a fortunate one to a man who has his wits about him.

One of the producing causes of prosperity of the Staffordshire pottery manufacture was the discovery of a cheap durable glaze, applicable alike to brown ware and white ware, and greatly increasing their usefulness by making the surface impervious to water. The discovery, according to Shaw, the historian of that county, was due purely to accident. At Stanley farm, situated a few miles from Burs-



lem (now the very centre of the Potteries district), a maid-servant was one day heating a strong solution of common salt, to be used in curing pork. During her temporary absence from the kitchen, the liquid boiled over. Being in an unglazed earthen vessel, the solution, spreading over the outside, produced a chemical action which she little understood, and which did not compensate her for the scolding she received. Some of the elements of the liquid combined with some of those of the highly heated brown clay surface to produce a vitreous coating or enamel, which did not peel off when the vessel was cold. The humble brown-ware vessel acquired historical celebrity. A Burslem potter, learning what had taken place, saw that glazed ware might possibly hit the taste of the public; he introduced the system of glazing by means of common salt, a system at once cheap, easy, and durable; and England has made many a million sterling by the discovery.

One of the pleasantest anecdotes illustrative of an invention being suggested by accident, bears relation to the stocking-loom or knitting-frame. The story has been told in two or three different forms; but the most popular version accords with a picture and inscription preserved by the Framework Knitters' Company. About a hundred and ninety years ago, Mr. William Lee, of St. John's College, Cambridge, was expelled for marrying in disregard of the statutes of his college. Having no fortune on either side, his young wife contributed to their joint support by knitting. The husband, watching one day the movements of her fingers, suddenly conceived the idea of imitating them by mechanical means, in order that she might get through her work in a manner easier to herself, and perchance increase her emoluments. The ingenious stocking-frame was the result of his cogitations. In hand-knitting, polished steel needles or wires are used to link threads together into a series of loops, closely resembling those produced in tambouring. In framework-knitting, one person can manage a large number of knitting-needles at once—pieces of steel midway in shape between straight wires and bent hooks, and aided by jacks or vibrating levers, treadles, rows of bobbins, and other clever contrivances. William Lee's first stocking-frame was in all probability small and very rough; but it had in it a potentiality (as Dr. Johnson might have called it) of developing great things, until at last it has culminated in that masterly piece of mechanism, the circular rotary hosiery machine.

Lucky accident, in like manner, led, about the year 1764, to the invention of the spinning-jenny, one of the foundations of the amazing prosperity of the cotton manufacture. But as in most instances of the kind, the soil was

prepared in some degree for the reception of the seed, the accident would probably have passed unnoticed if there had not been a mind in a condition to appreciate it. James Hargreaves, of Standhill, near Blackburn, was an humble man who lived by hand-spinning and weaving, his wife and children aiding in their several ways. He succeeded in expediting his work by inventing a carding-machine to comb out or straighten the fibres of cotton, as a substitute for hand-cards (wires inserted in a flat piece of wood). In spinning, after the carding and other preparatory processes had been completed, he frequently tried to spin with two or three spindles at one, by holding two or three separate threads between the fingers of his left hand, and thus double or treble the amount of work effected in a given time. The horizontal position of the spindles, however, baffled him; his fingers and the spindles would not work in harmony. One day, in 1764, a little toddling member of his family upset the spinning-wheel while it was being worked. Hargreaves noticed that, while he retained the thread in his hand, the wheel continued to revolve for a time horizontally, giving a vertical rotation to the spindle. An idea started into his brain at once; here was the very thing he wanted. He saw that if something were contrived to hold the roving (a thickish coil of cotton) as the finger and thumb were wont to do, and to travel backward and forward on wheels, several spindles might be used at once. He set to work; and the result was a frame or machine which he called the spinning-jenny (very likely his wife's Christian name was Jenny), having eight spindles. The family at once largely increased their weekly earnings. How it happened that through workmen's spite and manufacturers' greed, or whether it was, as has been said, that a better idea than his had been previously started and acted upon by others, Hargreaves was never permitted to secure an adequate return for his ingenuity, we need not now stop to relate; Lancashire accumulated wealth from the spinning-jenny (amplified by degrees to eighty spindles), but regarded little the brains that had enabled them to do so.

When maidens are "doing their hair," an important element of daily duty in many a household, they may, perhaps, be gratified in learning that this process led accidentally to a very useful invention. Joshua Heilman, engaged in the cotton manufacture at Mulhouse, in Alsace, was long meditating on the possibility of inventing a combing-machine for long-staple cotton, the carding-machine until then employed being better suited for cotton having a short staple. He tried, and tried again, and impoverished himself by preparing machines and models which failed to realise the intended purpose. Brooding over the matter one even-

ing, he watched his daughters combing their hair, and noticed (perhaps for the first time *really* noticed) how they drew the long tresses between their fingers, alternately with drawing the comb through them. The thought struck him, that if he could successfully imitate by a machine this twofold action, so as to comb out the long fibres of cotton, and drive back the shorter by reversing the action of the comb, his long-sought object would be pretty nearly attained. Armed with this new idea, he set to work with renewed cheerfulness, and invented a beautiful machine, which enabled him to comb cheap cotton into moderately fine yarn, more easily and with less waste than by any process until then known. One of our Royal Academicians, about a dozen years ago, brought the skill of his pencil to bear upon this pleasant subject for a picture—Heilman watching his daughters combing out their glossy tresses.

Hostlers, horsey men by occupation, know but little beyond horsey subjects. One of the fraternity, however, was unconsciously the means of suggesting an idea which brought highly

profitable results—not, it is true, to himself, but to an important manufacturing district. In 1720, a potter named Astbury was journeying on horseback from Staffordshire to London. Stopping awhile at Dunstable, he obtained assistance in regard to a weakness in the eyes of his horse. The hostler at the inn, making use of such bits of veterinary knowledge as he possessed, took a piece of flint, calcined it in the fire, pulverised it, and blew some of the powder into the horse's eyes. The change produced in the flint by burning, from a black stone to a white powder, struck Astbury with a new idea. Would it be possible to produce white flint ware, harder and more durable than white ware made wholly of clay? He collected a small stock of flints from the chalk hills of Dunstable, and took them back with him to Staffordshire. The result more than realised his expectations; powder of calcined flint, mixed with pipe-clay, produced a most excellent ware, and established a new branch of the potter's art that took firm root in Staffordshire.

—Chamber's Journal.

## MISCELLANEA.

LILY AND HER BUTTERFLIES.—(See *Frontispiece*.)—The Lily of Mr. Edward H. Fahey, as she stands before us in the engraving, will be recognised by our readers as the Lily of the late Lord Lytton's latest novel, "Kenelm Chillingly"—the Lily who read fairy tales and believed them, a girl whose "education had been neglected," and whose "mind was wholly unformed," a girl of the kind born to be a thorn in the sides of the champions of masculine femininity. Listen to her in the conversation with Kenelm which led up to the scene selected and so charminly depicted by the artist:

"Only butterflies," answered Lily; "they are not insects, you know; they are souls."

"Emblems of souls you mean—at least so the Greeks prettily represented them to be."

"No, real souls—the souls of infants that die in their cradles unbaptised; and if they are taken care of, and not eaten by birds, and live a year, then they pass into fairies."

"It is a very poetical idea, Miss Mordaunt, and founded on evidence quite as rational as other assertions of the metamorphosis of one creature into another. Perhaps you can do what the philosophers cannot—tell me how you learned a new idea to be an incontestable fact?"

"I don't know," replied Lily, looking very much puzzled; "perhaps I learned it in a book, or perhaps I dreamed it."

"You could not make a wiser answer if you were a philosopher. But you talk of taking care of butterflies; how do you do that? Do you impale them on pins stuck into a glass case?"

"Impale them! How can you talk so cruelly? You deserve to be pinched by the fairies."

"I am afraid," thought Kenelm, compassionately, "that my companion has no mind to be formed; what is euphoniouly called 'an Innocent.'"

He shook his head and remained silent.

Lily resumed—

"I will show you my collection when we get home—they seem so happy. I am sure there are some of them who know me—they will feed from my hand. I have only had one die since I began to collect them last summer."

"Then you have kept them a year; they ought to have turned into fairies."

"I suppose many of them have. Of course I let out all those that had been with me twelve months—they don't turn to fairies in the cage, you know. Now I have only those I caught this year, or last autumn; the prettiest don't appear till the autumn." . . . Then again she looked up and around her, and abruptly stopped and exclaimed—

"How can people live in towns—how can people say they are ever dull in the country? Look," she continued, gravely and earnestly—"look at that tall pine-tree, with its long branch sweeping over the water; see how, as the breeze catches it, it changes its shadow, and how the shadow changes the play of the sunlight on the brook:—

Wave your tops, ye pines;

With every plant, in sign of worship wave.

What an interchange of music there must be between Nature and a poet!"

Kenelm was startled. This "an innocent!"—this a girl who had no mind to be formed! In that presence he could not be cynical; could not speak of Nature as a mechanism, a lying humbug; as he had done to the man poet. He replied gravely—

"The Creator has gifted the whole universe with language, but few are the hearts that can interpret it. Happy those to whom it is no foreign tongue, acquired imperfectly with care and pain, but rather a native language learned unconsciously from the lips of the great mother. To them the butterfly's wing may well buoy into heaven a fairy's soul!"

When he had thus said Lily turned, and for the first time attentively looked into his dark, soft eyes; then instinctively she laid her light hand on his arm, and said in a low voice, "Talk on—talk thus; I like to hear you."

But Kenelm did not talk on. They had now arrived at the garden-gate of Mrs. Cameron's cottage, and the elder persons in advance paused at the gate and walked with them to the house.

"Come and see my butterfly-cage," said Lily, whisperingly.

Kenelm followed her through the window that opened on the garden; and at one end of a small conservatory, or rather greenhouse, was the habitation of these singular favourites. It was as large as a small room; three sides of it formed by minute wire-work with occasional draperies of muslin or other slight material, and covered at intervals, sometimes within, sometimes without, by dainty creepers; a tiny cistern in the centre, from which upsprang a tiny jet. Lily cautiously lifted a sash-door and glided in, closing it behind her. Her entrance set in movement a multitude of gossamer wings, some fluttering round her, some more boldly settling on her hair or dress. Kenelm thought she had not vainly boasted when she said that some of the creatures had learned to know her. She relieved the Emperor of Morocco from her hat; it circled round her fearlessly, and then vanished amidst the leaves of the creepers. Lily opened the door and came out. "I have heard of a philosopher who tamed a wasp," said Kenelm, "but never before of a young lady who tamed butterflies."

"No," said Lily, proudly; "I believe I am the first who attempted it. I don't think I should have attempted it if I had been told that others had succeeded before me. Not that I have succeeded quite. No matter; if they don't love me, I love them."

Who could resist falling in love with such a Lily? And as for the butterflies, chosen by the moral philosopher as emblems of all that is vain, and a text for sermons on the evils of frivolity, we are not quite sure that justice is done to their intellect and their disposition. If they are fond of pleasure, let us remember that they worked hard in their youth, when they were content to be only grubs and caterpillars; and even the respectable ant, that moralist's model of untiring industry, will sometimes put on wings and fly. As to their intelligence, let us tell a story. There is in the Mauritius a handsome white and purple butterfly known as the *Euplaea*, which is protected from the birds by an uncommonly hard skin and a most objectionable and acrid secretion. The bird who has tried to taste one will never attempt it again. Now mark the result: all the other butterflies that are at all like the *Euplaea* in appearance take care to keep in her company, and the bird lets the lot alone for fear of getting hold of the wrong one. If that does not show good sense in butterflies we don't know what good sense is.

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**THE LITTLE GOOSE-TENDER.** By Theodore Hosemann.—(*Illustration, Page 591.*)—Theodore Hosemann has long and justly been a favourite in the attractive *genre* of childhood, and our illustration shows the painter in one of his most characteristic productions. To look at the thoughtful and lovely face of this little girl, one would imagine that she had been predestinated to a higher vocation than this. But the Fates are capricious, and many a child, who should have been a princess, turns out to be a vagrant and a beggar, and many a pet of fortune, for whom wealth and preferment wait, is, in mental make, of the most plebeian stock. Be patient, little waif! Geese are thy companions in this low sphere, but who knows that angels do not wait to welcome thee in some better clime beyond?

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**THE GREAT PAINTING OF THE CENTENNIAL.**—Perhaps the chief masterpiece of art on exhibition in the American Centennial is the great painting by Hans Makart "Venice Paying Homage to Catarina Cornaro." This masterly work was on exhibition in the *Künstlerhaus* at Vienna during the exposition of 1872, and was the finest work of art in the Austrian Capital during that year, Carl Piloty's "Thusnelda" alone excepted. A Philadelphia correspondent of the *New York Home Journal* thus vents his enthusiasm in contemplating this great painting.

Setting aside everything else, till I shall have given utterance to some portion of my enthusiasm on the subject, I

come to the Makart—the great, the wonderful Makart—the gem of the Austrian art exhibit, and, in the opinion of many, of the entire art collection of the exposition. Critics will quarrel, of course; yet the wind of favour certainly sets that way. You know the subject. "Venice Doing Homage to Catarina Cornaro." Excepting the very beautiful figure of Catarina herself, all those represented are persons now living, attached to the Viennese court, and are said to be very exact likenesses. They are women of regal presence; men as lordly. The lovely forms and faces, the sumptuous *ensemble*, the varied and picturesque attitudes, the originality of the grouping, which yet does not interfere with its grace and elegance; the finish and the grandeur; the startling, yet perfectly enchanting effect of the whole canvas, though so large, make the Makart the cynosure of all eyes. About it are collected, at all times, the greatest number of gazers, and it was singled out, so to speak, from the first. The auburn-haired Catarina, whose face, full of nobility and sweetness, must ever, when once seen, dwell in the memory, is the central figure. Back of the kneeling fair ones, bringing her costly gifts, is a standing form, that of a dark, superb brunette girl, the light upon whose form—her profile being *dark upon light*—is one of the triumphant and novel effects of which this picture has so many. What drapery! What noble outlines! What glow of colour without gaudiness! How gloriously Venetianesque, if I may coin the word. You go away, after a time; you see many a gem, such as has never till now been sent from foreign shore, and back you come again; the "spirit in your feet" leads you, once more, to the Makart.

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**RUBINI IN SICILY.**—Rubini was the hero of a nearly tragical adventure at Palermo. On his arrival he waited on a lady of high rank, to whom he had letters of introduction, and who received him with the kindness and distinction due to his genius and agreeable manners. In the evening, when he appeared on the stage, he made a respectful inclination to his fair patroness, who was in her box—an act which, though dictated simply by respect and gratitude, roused the vindictive jealousy of a Sicilian husband. On quitting the theatre the presumptuous singer found himself suddenly in the hands of a couple of bravos, who seized his arms, muffled his head in a cloak, and began to drag him toward the beach, intending—according to the custom in such cases—to stab him, and get rid of his body by throwing it into the sea. The unfortunate tenor gave himself up for lost; he could not call out, and, if he had, such outcries would have attracted little notice. Luckily for him, however, he was recognized by one of the bravos. He was a musical amateur, to whom Rubini had sometimes given orders for the opera. He could not hurt his favourite *artiste*; and, instead of using his stiletto, he told Rubini the risk he had run, set him at liberty, and advised him to leave Sicily as fast as possible—advice which was promptly followed.

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**FUNERAL OF GEORGE SAND.**—Her illness, from the first, was considered very serious—almost hopeless. Such was the opinion of Dr. Papet, an old friend, who was called in first, and at whose request physicians were telegraphed for from Paris. She never grew old, or lost the freshness of mind or the youthful simplicity, which charmed at seventy as at thirty, when the Baroness Dudevant first became known. To those who knew the George Sand of old times, the story of her life at Nohant will be a revelation. It was woman-like to a degree; true, she persevered to the last in the habit of making *cigarettes*, but she was an adept at needlework, made clothes for the poor, darned stockings, kept her room in

order herself, and was always particular about her dress, not wasting time over it, but dressing well. A quiet manner and simple conversation characterized her exteriorly; her best time for talk was after dinner, when she would chat pleasantly with her guests. Hospitality was exercised to an almost unlimited degree at Nohant—a modest country house, furnished, however, with guest chambers, rarely devoid of occupants. Madame Maurice Sand kept house for her mother-in-law, she, her husband, and two little girls, completing the family. About sixteen hundred pounds a year of private fortune, and something more than two thousand pounds annually, made by the pen of the *châtelaine*, kept up the establishment on this hospitable footing. Madame Sand was very regular in her habits, and appeared among her friends only at stated hours. A place was reserved for her at *déjeûner*, but she rarely came in till the meal was nearly over, with the affectionate greeting of "*Bon jour, mes enfants*," for she worked part of the night and got up late. From four to six in the afternoon, she remained in her own room, and was never disturbed. Her principal amusements were private theatricals; for this, a good-sized theatre had been built, in the garden, and invitations to neighbours and friends filled the auditorium on the occasion of a performance. Very charitable was *la bonne dame*, as her humble neighbours at Nohant called her; the interest she took in the affairs of the peasantry around endeared her to them, and she is mourned sincerely. Her grave was dug in the little cemetery that lies just outside the gates of her estate. The funeral was as simple as possible; but the village church was all too small for the numbers who crowded thither. On the coffin were placed two gigantic wreaths, one of heartsease and white pinks, the other heartsease and gardenias. As the procession passed through the gates of Nohant, a branch of laurel was given to each guest, to be thrown into the grave, when the ceremony was over. Prince Napoleon, an old friend of Madame Sand, went down to attend the funeral; the pall was borne by him, Alexander Dumas, and the two nephews of the deceased, M. Simonet and M. Cassamajore. Behind, among the crowd of mourners, walked M. Rénan, M. Calman Lévy, her publisher; M. Flaubert, and M. Paul Meurice, who had brought with him a funeral oration, written by Victor Hugo, which he read over the open grave, after M. Périgois, a Conseiller-Général, had pronounced a discourse, in the name of her friends and neighbours in Berri. Almost the last words of Madame Sand were:—"Surtout qu'on ne détruise pas la verdure." She is supposed to have referred to a small clump of pines that stretch their branches over the wall which divides the garden of Nohant from the cemetery, and which throws a shadow over the place where she now reposes, beside her father and mother.

**INTERNATIONAL MONEY-BAGS.**—Almost every nation has its own coinage, just as it possesses its own peculiar physiognomy. The adoption of a universal currency has been urged by philosophers, but hitherto their arguments have made but a slight impression. Some day, however, we may have such a coinage in its widest sense, and in the mean time it is our duty to lend a helping hand to any scheme aimed in this direction. There has recently been presented to the United States Senate a resolution proposing a common unit of money for the States and Great Britain. The idea of the mover of this resolution is to make the gold dollar the common unit, slightly reducing the present value of the dollar, so that five dollars shall equal the British pound. The great difficulties in the way are those of sentiment and ignorance. We have an affection for what we have been long accustomed to, even though it be only a threepenny-bit; and it might be hard to convince some people that they were not posi-

tively injured in pocket by a change in the coinage. When the calendar was reformed in the middle of last century, the unlearned masses were firmly convinced that they had been robbed of eleven days of their destined lives by the transaction. With the new coinage they might think they had been defrauded of something more substantial than time.

**A FAR-AWAY PHILOSOPHER.**—The great empire of China is not only at the other end of the world in point of space, but as regards sympathy with Western ideas. It has its students and philosophers, but they do not fish in the stream of wisdom after the manner of our learned men. They have tackle and baits of their own. It is on this account, if on no other, that we hear with interest of a Chinese philosopher, who has adopted quite a revolutionary attitude as regards his fellow-countrymen, and has established a scientific laboratory of his own at Shanghai. With extraordinary energy this wise celestial, after purchasing the apparatus morely, has become master of photography. He has also studied medicine under a European doctor, and invented a new and, it is said, very efficacious antidote to opium-eating. In his laboratory there is a fair show of ingenious philosophical instruments, most of which are of his own device and construction. He is also possessed of a printing-press, and the great object of his present labours is to discover how to print Chinese books in moveable type. He has already begun the manufacture of the matrices or moulds for the purpose. This is a truly gigantic undertaking, no fewer than 6864 matrices being required for each single sort or variety of character, whilst there are in all above 20,000 characters in the Chinese language. The laborious philosopher does not expect to live long enough to complete his task, and, we are told, is educating his children to the proper degree of skill in order that they may continue the undertaking. Here we have the right view of life: we are but stones in the great temple of human progress, and those who come after us should be so instructed as to advance the glorious fabric by carrying on our unfinished labours.

**ANECDOTES OF THACKERAY.**—As set-offs to his own exalted view of his profession, Thackeray used to tell some good stories of the frequent absence of its proper recognition both in and out of society. "Who is that lively fellow?" asked a gentleman of his neighbour, at a public dinner in the North, when Thackeray left the room. "Oh! that is Thackeray, the author." "Indeed!" responded the other; "I thought he was a gentleman." Thackeray's first introduction to scholastic Oxford is a better story and better known. It will bear repetition. Before he could deliver his lecture on "The Georges," at Oxford, it was necessary to obtain the licence of the collegiate authorities. The Duke of Wellington was Chancellor, and knew the author of "Vanity Fair," but he had a learned deputy, whose knowledge of Greek was possibly profound, but whose acquaintance with English classics was only limited.

"Pray what can I do to serve you?" asked the bland scholar.

"My name is Thackeray."

"So I see by this card."

"I seek permission to lecture within the precincts."

"Ah! you are a lecturer? What subjects do you undertake—religious or political?"

"Neither; I am a literary man."

"Have you written anything?"

"Yes, I am the author of 'Vanity Fair,'" said Thackeray, conscious, no doubt, of having done something worthy of remembrance.



"I presume a dissenter," said the Oxford man, quite unsubdued. "Has 'Vanity Fair' anything to do with John Bunyan's works?"

"Not exactly," said Thackeray. "I have also written 'Pendennis.'"

"Never heard of these books," said the learned man; "but no doubt they are proper works."

"I have also contributed to *Punch*," continued the lecturer.

"*Punch*! I have heard of *Punch*," said the scholar. "It is, I fear, a ribald publication of some kind."

The late Mr. George Hodder, who was for some time Mr. Thackeray's amanuensis, and to whom he dictated his lectures on "The Georges," has some interesting notes about his patron. Thackeray, in the moments of dictation, would frequently change his position, and seemed most at his ease when it might naturally be thought he was most uncomfortable. He was easy to follow, his enunciation being clear and distinct. He generally "weighed his words before he gave them breath." He never became energetic, but spoke with that calm deliberation which distinguished his public readings. When he made a humorous point his countenance was unmoved, like that of the comedian Liston, who used to look as if he wondered what his audience were laughing at when he gave them most occasion for amusement. Like the majority of good speakers, Mr. Thackeray wrote his orations. Shortly prior to the banquet which was given to him on his going to America, he said to his amanuensis, "I wish it was over. I have to make a speech, and what am I to say? Here, take a pen, and sit down. I'll see if I can hammer out something; it's hammering now, I'm afraid it will be stammering by and by." But there was no stammering when the time came, and the time came, and the speech was notably bright and original. —*London Society*.

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**LIFE ON STREET PAVEMENTS.**—The naturalist need never be at a loss for objects of study. In the country, to be sure, is his best field: there he can run after butterflies, smear trees with sugar to catch moths, snare unsuspecting birds, stick pins through beetles, break stones, and gather plants from morning till midnight. But even in the city he will meet with many things strange and interesting. Let him take a microscope and examine the street pavement. He will not, perhaps, hunt long before discovering as curious an animal as one could wish to see. The creature is not unlike a cream-coloured ball, and is known by the name of *gromia*. It is diminutive enough, being only one-sixteenth of a line in diameter. Should our investigator take it up and place it in water, it will be seen in a few minutes to project in all directions a most wonderful and intricate net. Along the threads of this net (which are less than the thirty-thousandth part of an inch in diameter) minute *naviculæ* will be observed floating like boats in the current of a stream. When these *naviculæ* reach the central mass they are swallowed. Wet weather is the harvest time of the *gromia*. When the days are dry and sunshiny, it lies ruminating in the dust, but when rain falls it spreads its net and gathers food. Its habits have been fully investigated, and, though such a little creature, some naturalist will think it worth while to take it under his special care, and devote to it the best labours of a lifetime.

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**THE ENGADINER'S LOVE OF HOME.**—At all events, for the Engadiners themselves, the charm of the valley is irresistible. Their intense love of home may serve to explain a peculiarity which has often been noticed. When one con-

siders their land and climate, one fancies that nature has done her very best to keep the inhabitants in penury. Yet, on entering their houses, one almost always observes signs of easy circumstances, sometimes even of affluence. In fact, it may always be said that, of Alpine valleys, the Engadine is at once the poorest and the richest. No doubt, this general well-being is partly a result, because a condition, of a successful struggle with nature; those only can live and bring up families in the cold climate who can afford the comfort which the cold climate requires. Something is also probably due to the stringent rule which existed till within the last few years, restraining from marriage persons who had no means for the support of a family. But a similar regulation is said to have prevailed in other parts of Switzerland, and therefore does not account for the preëminent prosperity of the Engadine. That prosperity is commonly ascribed to the fortunes which the Engadiners throughout Europe have made as pastry cooks. The strange thing, however, is that these fortunes, having been made out of the Engadine, should ever find their way into it. Of the wealth acquired by Irishmen in America, only a small part is brought to Ireland; and even patriotic coolies enrich their native land, not with their money, but with their bones. But the emigrant Engadiners are still of the Engadine, and unto the Engadine they return; and the only reason they give for their so returning is that, from their beloved mountains, they cannot permanently keep away. They come back to the heights from which they went forth—bound, so to say, by a mechanical law, like that which raises water to its own level. Natives of the Engadine and of the adjacent valleys use touching language on this subject. Not long ago, at Tiefenkasten, attention was drawn to two sisters by reason of the marked difference between them in point of education. It was found that both had been to school at Munich, but that there the elder of them became ill and melancholy. The doctor pronounced the illness to be *Heimweh*—a recognised and not uncommon malady of the Swiss. The poor girl grew worse and worse, and drooped as if disappointed in love, till, at last, she was told to go home, and to save her life at the expense of her education. It is probable that her case was an extreme one. But of all the Engadiners, even of those who succeed best abroad, it may be said that, like the fallen angels, they count themselves strangers in the low country, and that their one hope is in after years

"To reascend  
Self-raised, and repossess their native seat."

Hence, by comparison, it may be judged how strong a fascination this delightful valley exercises over the delicate people whom it exactly suits, particularly over those who can enjoy tolerable health by spending season after season in it, and who can enjoy such health in no other way.

—*Fortnightly Review*.

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**SIR WALTER SCOTT'S FRIENDSHIPS.**—We look round and recognise few such friendships as are the theme of moralists and historians. They are the great alleviations of great minds under unusual pressure of circumstances; but in the more social aspect of the virtue, our own age has many a pleasant example. And notably Sir Walter Scott, whose heart was large enough for troops of friends, each of whom might have thought himself preëminently favoured. He was equally great in the pleasures and the duties of the relation. His mind quick to catch the occasion when he might serve a friend; his affections warm, and sympathy overflowing, where these alone found exercise. And what he bestowed he also desired on his own account. He was gracious, but not condescending. The tenderness that soothed and comforted so many in their trouble he was grateful for when his own

trial came. He had none of the reserve, fastidiousness, shyness, diffidence, exclusiveness which make friendship difficult, but felt what is quoted in Cicero—"There is enough in every man that is willing to become a friend." "He talks to all of us," said his poor neighbours, "as if we were blood relations." Rank was no hindrance, poverty no bar. He needed not one friend, but many, and of all degrees, to fit into and satisfy the various phases of his large nature. And yet he was not indiscriminate; he chose his friends for what was good and worthy in them; and had some to whom his heart and thoughts were open, who were necessary to him in a more intimate and especial sense. To all he was faithful; nor do we detect any trace of the too common effect of time in slackening ties which demand a tenacious regard to keep up. People's friends slip from them for want of a vigilant holding the absent in remembrance. Sir Walter Scott's correspondence continues various and faithful to the old names to the end. In no point is he more an example than in this of friendship—not as a feature of one period of his life, but as a common influence to the end. No one more uniformly and implicitly followed the rule laid down by the son of Sirach—The man who hath friends must behave himself friendly.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

MISS E. THOMPSON'S "BALACLAVA."—In the Fine Art Society's Gallery, 148 New Bond Street, London, is being exhibited "Balaclava," the third, and, if report speaks true, the last of Miss Thompson's famous battle pictures; for she purposes, we understand, turning her attention in future to sacred Art. The time chosen by Miss Thompson is after the return from "The Valley of Death," and the place is the rallying-point on the side of the hill. The central figure is a dismounted trooper, who, blood-besmeared, advances with resolute face, wild, dilated eyes, and clutched sabre, as if still in the midst of the battle. Behind him sits a sergeant of the 17th on his chestnut charger, bearing across his saddle-bow a dead young trumpeter; while to the left, towards which the mass of the composition tends, we see various episodes of the most touching kind; and the story is further helped out when we turn to the right, and note sundry riderless horses and the like between us and the smoke of the Russian guns. The picture is full, in short, of that vivid realism which has made Miss Thompson's name famous, and Mr. Stackpoole may think himself peculiarly fortunate in having to transpose into imperishable black and white three pictures so intimately associated with the military renown of the country.

## OUR HUMOROUS PORTFOLIO.



### NOT BAD JUDGMENT EITHER.

*Mr. Snobington Hardcash (offering his Hand and Heart to his Fair Companion).* "No, now w-w-weally, Miss MAWY, DON'T BE SURPRISED. P'ON MY W-W-WORD I MEAN IT!—I DO, INDEED!"

*Miss May (a sad puse).* "No, REALLY, MR. HARDCASH, I COULDN'T THINK OF ACCEPTING SO MUCH. I WOULDN'T MIND JUST HAVING YOUR MARE, SIMPLY FOR FRIENDSHIP'S SAKE, YOU KNOW!"







THE SPANISH FLOWER GIRL.

(SEE MISCELLANEA.)



# HALLBERGER'S ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

## JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

BY

M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

"WE TWO STOOD THERE  
WITH NEVER A THIRD."

**I**N THE sultry August afternoon—earth glorious in the full power of the sunshine—Oswald Penbreath went up to Matcherly Common. It was a long walk and a hot one, but in this land of beauty there were many welcome spots of shade—cool lanes shadowed by tangled greenery, natural arcades of oak and hawthorn, wild apple and elderberry, from which he could look out on the glittering sea, almost intolerable in its sunlit splendour.

There was the wood to cross; a deep and cool retreat, where interwoven boughs made summer days seem a perpetual even-song. Only here and there stole a shaft of vivid light through the beechen branches; while here and there the ruddy fur of a squirrel flashed like a flying gleam of colour through the gloom.

Oswald walked slowly, his hands clasped behind his back, giving himself up to the soft influence of the scene and hour, and thinking of Cynthia.

Would she grant his prayer? Would she meet him? Love and hope said yes—and the thought of the meeting was rapture, though despair lay beyond it. He was to die to-night—or at least all of him that made life worth having—but he was to be happy first; happy for the briefest flash of time in which he could hold her in his arms and press one kiss upon her innocent brow, and bless her and leave her.

The thought that his letter might reach the wrong hands had not occurred to him. He had seen Cynthia sitting in the wilderness, and had thrown his letter almost at her feet; Jim's approach had made him retreat rather suddenly, but it had never struck him that Cynthia might not see the letter and that Jim might.

The common was on high ground rising above the wood—a broad tract of undulating land clothed with furze, and with a pool of water here and there, just like that stretch of heath, far away, where Joshua Haggard had found his second wife. The mines, whose deserted shafts disfigured this billowy expanse of golden bloom, had not been worked since Watt first applied steam to mining. They had yielded well enough in their day, had made some men rich and ruined others; and there stood the ruined engine-houses with their tall chimneys, wide apart across the common, like sentinel towers on the coast of a golden sea.

Cynthia was there. Oswald found her sitting on a yellow bank at the base of the abandoned shaft, sitting with a book open in her lap trying to read. She started up, as he came towards her, with a frightened look, as if his coming had been a surprise to her, and stood before him very pale and with clasped hands.

"Dearest, best, how shall I thank you?" he cried, taking her hands and kissing them in a rapture of gratitude.

"Do not thank me at all, Oswald—indeed I am afraid I have done very wrong in coming; you ought not to have asked me, you ought never to have come back to Combhollow, unless it was in your heart to be true to Naomi. Oh, Oswald, why can you not love her as she

deserves to be loved, as you did once love her? She is so good, so noble, like my dear husband in all high thoughts. Why cannot your heart come back to her? Why should we all be miserable because you are inconstant?"

The poor little soul had come here to say this. She had come with a clear and honest purpose in her mind—come to bring the wanderer back to the path of duty.

"Can a man help his fate?" said Oswald, gloomily. "It is my fate to love you. I shall love you till I die. But don't be frightened, Cynthia; I will be the cause of misery to none of you. I am going to America, my mind is quite made up on that point."

"And you will break Naomi's heart. If you could see the change in her since you left us you could not help being sorry."

"I am sorry. My soul is sick with its burden of sorrow. But my heart cannot go back to Naomi. It never was hers. I never knew what love meant till I loved you. I made the fatal error of mistaking affection for love. I am sorry for her; sorry that I have wronged so noble a creature; sorry for the loss of that peaceful life which I once thought to share with her. But I cannot go back. You might as well ask me to be a child again. The star of my manhood shone upon me when I saw you."

"I wish I were wiser," said Cynthia, sadly; "I wish I could speak as I feel I ought to speak; I might convince you then, perhaps."

"Not if you had the eloquence of Brougham and the wisdom of Bacon. Naomi and I are parted for ever, dearest, and at her own desire. It is best that it should be so. Providence has been good to me in loosening a bond that would have made two lives miserable."

And then he said no more about Naomi, but began to talk of himself, and love, and fate, and parting, and despair. Foolish words that have been said so often, empty breath for the most part, bearing no result upon this earth save idle sorrow and wasted tears, yet which mean so much for the speaker and the one who listens. Cynthia had come there to hear no such passionate complaints and protestations. She had come, intent upon delivering her pious lecture—talking to him of grace and redemption, and the sacred stream which washes away all sin—and winning him back to duty and Naomi. Yet she lingered and heard him. It was the last time; they were parting for ever. Who should blame them for this one half-hour, which would stand hereafter like a chasm in the life of each, parting youth and passion from sober age and duty? It could matter to no one that they had met thus and thus parted.

"You will try to lead a good life?" pleaded

Cynthia, when Oswald had told this pitiful story—told how he had honestly striven to forget her, and had failed; "you will cling to the cross? Oh, let me think when you are far away, across that wide cruel sea, that your soul is safe, that you are one of the elect—that I shall meet you where the seas are jasper, and the glory of the Lamb lights the shining streets. You will try to be good, Oswald? Promise me that!"

"I would wear raiment of camel's-hair and a hempen girdle for thy sake, dearest."

"You will go to chapel—church is so cold and dull. It has no awakening power, it does not call the lost home. You will seek out some stirring preacher, like Joshua, and let him lead you to the sheltering rock, and you will drink the living water and be saved."

Oswald looked down at the fair young face, lifted to his with such utter earnestness; not one thought of earth in the pleading soul—only thorough and implicit belief in something higher and better than earth, a prize to be struggled for and won. In the Greek race called the lampadrome, in which the runners carried lighted lamps in their hands, they were the winners who reached the goal with their lamps still burning. So in the Christian race, the light once quenched, there is but little hope for the runner. It might be safely said of Cynthia, as she looked up at her lover with truthful innocent eyes, charging him to be thoughtful for eternity, that her lamp still burned with purest light.

Oswald looked down at her through a mist of tears.

"Yes," he said, "for your sake I will try to go to heaven. I have been careless of these things. I meant to let Naomi make me a Christian, but she was to have had all the trouble. But for your sake, to meet you hereafter in a fairer world, to see this dear face again shining amidst the angel faces, I will struggle, I will strive to make my life worthier and better!"

"God bless and comfort you, and establish you in well-doing," said Cynthia; "and now good-bye. I must not stay a moment longer. I have been too long already."

She looked at her watch. Four o'clock, and she had three miles to walk before five. There would be much astonishment and questioning if she was not punctual in her appearance at the tea-table.

"You will let me walk through the wood with you?"

"No; what would be the use? I have said all I had to say. It would only make us more unhappy."

"It would give us one more hour together," said Oswald—"an hour in paradise."

"The Christian's paradise is to be reached by thornier paths than those through Matherly

Wood," answered Cynthia, with a reproving air. "Good-bye, Oswald."

Her earnestness dominated him, weak and childish as she looked, with the fair hair clustering in tiny baby curls under the shady cottage bonnet. Very soft and gentle, but very firm at the same time she seemed, in her simple straightforwardness of purpose; and Oswald obeyed her.

"Since it must be so, then, good-bye," he said, gloomily. "I promised that I would be content with a brief farewell, such as condemned criminals have. You have given me a little sermon into the bargain. I ought to be more than satisfied. Farewell, my best beloved; the seas will roll between us soon, and there will be nothing left for me but the picture and memory of to-day—nothing but the dreams that haunt my pillow—the sweet unreal presence of her I love."

He took her to his breast; she having no more force to resist those circling arms than a lily to recoil from the hand that gathers it; took her gently and solemnly to his heart, and pressed his lips on the white forehead. It was a long and fervent kiss! but if there was passion in it, that passion was no low or sensual feeling, only the passion of a great love and a deep despair.

"Bless you, my darling!" he cried. "God bless you, and guard you, and make all days and paths pleasant and peaceful for you, when I am far away."

And so they parted—for ever. Unhappily, there was one who saw the lingering meeting, the fond embrace, the fervent kiss, but could not hear the words that went with them.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

"IT IS A BASILISK UNTO MINE EYE."

TRANQUIL and monotonous days hung like a cloud upon the little household of Combhollow. The daily round of labour—of eating and drinking in a spare and Spartan fashion—of praying and preaching, went on with pitiless regularity; but of household joys there were none, of family love but little. A gloomy change had come over Joshua Haggard. He was still the enthusiastic apostle of Primitive Methodism—a man ready to go out and preach the gospel in wild and barbarous places, to be the bearer of glad tidings to those who despised and rejected such messengers, to be hooted by a brutal rabble, if need were, and driven from village to village at peril of his life, and to escape from his persecutors by the skin of his teeth, as John Wesley did, more than once, in his long and difficult career. He was ready to endure all things. Day by day his discourses grew more fervid, but alas! more darkly fraught with a message which

was not glad tidings—the message of an offended and an avenging God. Christ, the Saviour, was almost excluded from the preacher's exhortations. When he talked of man's Redeemer it was as of one who turned His face from a sinful world, in which there were very few to be saved. If he had lived in that awful time before the Deluge, when all the earth was peopled with reprobates, he could hardly have been more despairing of humanity's ultimate destiny.

His flock were in no wise offended by this gloomy view of their spiritual condition, although it implied so mean an opinion of their personal merits and conduct. The more vehemently threatening Joshua Haggard's sermons became, the more eagerly the sinners crowded to hear him. It was as if they liked to hear themselves upbraided and denounced. Perhaps everybody saw the barbed shaft fly straight to the gold of a neighbour's heart, and did not feel it rankling in his own. When Joshua talked of the frivolity and extravagance of an unregenerate race, Mrs. Pinter thought of Mrs. Mivers's last new bonnet, which was clearly a superfluous and culpable outlay; such bonnet not being due to Mrs. Mivers, from an economic point of view, until Advent Sunday, whereas the lady had flaunted it before the disapproving eyes of the flock early in October. If Joshua denounced sensuality and the vile indulgence of earthly desires, Mrs. Pentelow's thoughts flew at once to the Polwhele family, who were known to have hot suppers—squab pies, and other savoury meats—every night in the week. You could see the grease oozing out of their complexions on warm Sunday afternoons, as if digestion as well as respiration were a function of the skin.

From the day when he gave up humanity for lost, and plainly told them so, Joshua's popularity increased in a marked degree. The darker his doctrine grew, the better his congregation liked to hear him. It was not milk for babes which they wanted, but strong meat for men of iron thews and sinews, and women with vigorous constitutions and masculine strength of mind. They liked to hear that the Devil was among them, at their shoulders, prompting them to evil, fighting for the mastery of their souls.

"I can see him, I can feel his presence," cried Joshua, in a passion of despairing ecstasy. "He is among us; his sulphurous breath burns me with a foretaste of eternal fire; his whisper hisses in my ear as the serpent's hiss stole into the ear of Eve. He will not loose his hold. He is fighting for the possession of my soul; he is striving to drag me down into the pit. What shall I do to be saved? How shall I win the fight against so omnipotent an adversary—omnipotent to destroy—omnipotent to enthrall and enchain souls? He

wants to people hell, my brethren. He is not content with his victory over willing sinners; the profligates and harlots are too pitiful a prey for him! He wants to have the virtuous man in his net. He would have liked to get John Wesley, or George Whitefield, or William Law. He tried for them as he is trying for us. He is a fallen angel himself, and it pleases him to entrap men of high estate—to take the Christian in his toils—to make the white scarlet, and the wool like unto blood."

Naomi heard and shuddered. Was this her father who had preached infinite faith in God's mercy, in Christ's redeeming grace? He talked now as if mankind were abandoned as a prey to the Evil One, with no guardian and champion to protect and save; no all-merciful Judge to adjust the balance; as if humanity, forgotten by God, were left to struggle single-handed against the devices of the Great Enemy. Of our ever-interceding Redeemer, of guardian angels, and ministering spirits, and saints who had fought and conquered, Joshua now rarely spoke. He described a world given over to the Prince of Darkness.

Nor was this the only change which Naomi beheld with remorseful grief, believing herself in some wise to blame for this gloomy transformation. In his home as well as in his pulpit the minister was a new man. It was not in his nature to become a domestic tyrant. He interfered with no one's liberty or comfort; but he sat in his domestic circle like a statue; he banished all cheerfulness by his silent presence, he breathed an atmosphere of gloom.

Even Judith regretted this alteration in her brother's temper, though she had been apt in happier days to think him for too easy and indulgent a father. She, like Naomi, had her moments of remorse, thinking the change her work. Better perhaps if she had held her tongue about that foolish young man, and let time and Providence cure him of his folly. Naomi's marriage would have been a feather in the family cap; and although Miss Haggard had been disposed to begrudge her niece this exaltation, it was a trial to receive the condolences of friends whose affected sympathy thinly disguised their inward satisfaction. Yes, taking all things into consideration, Judith was sorry she had not held her peace. She had acted for the best, of course. When had she ever done otherwise? But the worst had come of it instead of the best.

Cynthia bore her cross and made no murmur, and had neither kindness nor pity from anyone except James Haggard, who thought it a hard thing that his pretty young step-mother should lead so dreary a life. She had not even the business and the delightful consciousness of increasing profits to console her; nor the power to restore exhausted nature

with a surreptitious handful of figs or pudding-raisins when the dinner had been more than usually Spartan. James was sorry for the "poor little woman," as he called her, and was kind to her always, for which grace she rewarded him with heartfelt affection.

But her husband—the teacher, master, and friend, whom she had loved so dearly, revered so deeply, and to whom, even when weak enough to pity and return Oswald's romantic passion, she had always rendered homage and affection—had withdrawn his favour from her; he loved her no longer; he was doubtless sorry that he had linked himself to so weak and useless a creature.

"What am I in his life?" she asked herself, in deepest despondency. "I cannot even keep his house for him; others do that. I sit by his fireside a useless intruder. He will not let me share in his higher life; if I ask him about the books he reads, or talk to him about our religion, I can see a cold and disdainful sneer upon his lip. Sometimes I think that he is getting to hate me."

This thought was poison. Cynthia searched her life to see in what article of it she had offended her husband, and could discover no cause for his anger. That she had erred in letting Oswald love her, in letting her heart go out to him, she knew, and had repented of her sin with many tears; and, having bidden the sinner an eternal farewell, deemed that error a thing of the past, repented of, and in some wise atoned. She did not believe that jealousy was the cause of her husband's estrangement. Jealousy was allied to love, and her great fear was that Joshua hated her. She did not know that there is a kind of jealousy, and that which has its root in the deepest love, which puts on the garb of hate, and has not seldom culminated in murder—such jealousy as made Othello strike Desdemona before the Venetian emissaries, the passion of strong natures.

She endured her husband's unkindness with a sweet submission which might have softened a sterner temper than Joshua's, and would assuredly have melted him but for the corroding influence of a sleepless jealousy—jealousy of the past—jealousy of a ghost—for the departed Oswald was nothing more than a shade.

Joshua had said no word to his daughter about Oswald's letter. All through that day on which Cynthia went to Matchery Common, Naomi had been full of anxiety and fear. How would her father act? Would his anger against Oswald take any violent shape? That was assuredly a contingency to be dreaded, an evil she had not foreseen when she gave Joshua the letter. But passion is fatally blind. The harm being done, she could see the possible danger plainly enough.



All through the long summer day she was restless and watchful, fearing she knew not what, or, rather, not daring to tell herself what she feared. The morning went by very quietly: Cynthia sitting in the parlour, sewing; Naomi busy about her usual household labours. She went in and out of the parlour a good many times, and always found Cynthia in the same attitude, working assiduously at that fine stitching which would have tried older eyes.

"Had Joshua spoken to his wife about the letter?"

Yes. Naomi thought he had. There was one bright spot of colour on Cynthia's pale cheek that told of agitation studiously suppressed. Once when Naomi spoke to her she answered absently. She must know something about the letter, Naomi thought.

After dinner, Cynthia went up to her bedroom, and came down again five minutes afterwards with her bonnet on. It was a busy afternoon in the shop. Aunt Judith and Jim had returned to their duties, and Joshua had gone out. There was only Naomi in the parlour, when Cynthia came down ready for her walk.

"I am going for a long walk, Naomi," she said. "I shall be home by tea-time."

There was no fear of Naomi offering to accompany her stepmother. They had not walked together since Oswald Pentreath's departure. Day by day the gulf had been widening.

This walk of Cynthia's set Naomi wondering. Could she be gone to meet Oswald? That seemed of all things most unlikely. Joshua had the letter; it was Joshua who would keep the appointment. And then, oh God! who would tell what might be the issue of the meeting!

Naomi went about the house and the garden like a wandering spirit for the next hour, and then it seemed to her that this suspense was beyond endurance; she must follow her father to the old shaft—she made very sure that he had gone there—she must be on the spot or near it, whatever harm was to come. Oh, why had she given him that shameful letter? Blind and wicked rage which prompted so wild an act!

"Did I want to make my father's life miserable, or to bring evil upon Oswald?" she cried. "Yes, I was wicked enough for anything yesterday; I was mad with anger and jealousy." She put on her bonnet, and went out, unseen even by Sally, who was washing in the cool brick-floored back kitchen. The sun was blazing upon the neat little town. The white houses were of a dazzling brightness, the sweet-williams and red roses shone like spots of fire, the ruddy glow of the forge looked pale against the sunglory. Naomi took no heed of the heat; she walked rapidly to the end of the lane that

led to Matherly and then ran along the shaded narrow way till she came to the edge of the wood. Here she paused for a little, breathless and exhausted. They would be coming homewards by this time, she thought, Cynthia and Oswald, and he who had gone perhaps to watch their meeting—or to disturb it. She might come face to face with her false lover. Her heart beat wildly at the thought.

There was one central path through the wood, a clearly defined cattle track, which, she felt assured, would be taken by anyone going in the direction of the old shaft. It was easy to skirt this broad grassy track by a narrow footway that wound through the underwood, and among the smooth silvery beech boles and the rugged greenish gray oak trunks. The path ran like a thread through the bracken. By this narrow way Naomi went swiftly, till she came to the rising ground that sloped upwards to Matherly Common. Here she chose her post of espial behind a sturdy old oak, bearded with gray lichen, and half strangled with ivy—a Methuselah of trees, from which time had lopped limb after limb, but which still held numerous arms aloft, like a woodland Briareus, and seemed to threaten or denounce surrounding Nature. So one might fancy some prophetic Druid transformed into a tree, dumbly prophesying evil to come upon the earth.

Sheltered by this broad trunk, which stood waist high in hawthorn and bracken, Naomi waited to see her father and Oswald pass by and to be assured that all was well with them. They would hardly fail to return by the cattle track; it was the only direct path to Comb-hollow, and on either side the underwood was too thick and wild for the perambulation of anything but the furred and feathered inhabitants of the forest.

She waited for what seemed a long and weary time; then, a little after four o'clock, she saw Cynthia go by, walking slowly. She was very pale, and the white wan cheeks bore the trace of tears: but she had a resigned look, as of one whose soul is not lost to peace.

"She has been to meet him," thought Naomi. "And yet she does not look like a shameless sinner." Then Naomi began to pray that Joshua might not have seen that clandestine unholy meeting—that he might have been spared the temptation to any evil act.

The time she had to wait for her father's coming hung heavily, so great had become that burden of nameless dread. Yet it was but half an hour after Cynthia had gone by that her husband came slowly along the forest glade, and passed within a yard of the tree behind which his daughter was watching.

She rose as he approached, and stood leaning against the bulky old trunk, gazing at her

father's face as she had never looked before at anything under God's heaven. Never had any other spectacle so thrilled, so frozen her being, as this one view of a familiar countenance. To have looked in the face of the dead would have been less awful.

White to the lips, and with big drops of sweat upon brow and cheek, the mouth rigid, the dark eyes almost hidden under the lowering brows—Joshua, the Christian preacher, the man sure of election and grace, passed under the flickering lights and shadows; like some horrible vision of sin and vengeance, passed, and was gone. Naomi leaned against the tree, her hands clasped, her eyes gazing at the empty air, the shaft of afternoon sunlight upon which a million atoms, each a life, danced and sparkled; yet still seeing that blanched and awful face—the face of a man who had come straight from some hideous death-scene; the face of a man burdened with the secret of a crime.

"Oh, God!" cried Naomi, with an overmastering despair, "why didst thou create us, predestined sinners, judged, doomed before we were born! The best of us, the most earnest, the truest, the noblest, given over a prey to the Evil One! My father, even my father, lowest, blackest of sinners!"

She stood in the same attitude, supported by the mossy trunk; stood as in a trance, and saw the sunlight dip lower behind the black branches and change from gold to rose, from rose to crimson, from deepest red to tenderest purple. She watched these changes in a kind of semi-consciousness and a strange feeling of uncertainty as to her own identity; this Naomi Haggard leaning against a tree seeming to her—the actual entity—to be a forlorn and stricken creature sorely to be pitied. She pitied herself and was sorry for herself with a half-scornful compassion. And so she waited, in a dreamy watchfulness, till nature gave way and she sank, worn out, into a heap at the foot of the tree.

Here, faint and exhausted but not unconscious, she still watched, till thick night came down upon the wood, and she heard the owls hooting and saw the rabbits running within a few feet of her resting-place. Only when the darkness closed round her did she rise and go home, too familiar with the wood to lose her way even in the deep shadow of a woodland night-scene. She went homeward slowly, caring little who might question or wonder at her absence.

And in all the time of her watch she had not seen Oswald Pentreath go by.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## AMERICA, AND THE AMERICANS.

BY PRINCIPAL TULLOCH, D. D.

**I** WENT to the American continent in very favourable circumstances, the guest of kind friends, and resolved neither to lecture nor preach, nor, in short, do any kind of public work. I would advise everyone who wishes to enjoy a visit to America to follow as far as possible my rule. Of course, if a man goes there on business, he must do his business; and if he goes as a public man to lecture or preach, or promote some public cause by his presence and activity, he must follow out his own line, and accomplish the work he has undertaken. He has his reward, or at least runs a good chance of having it, if he has sufficient confidence in himself and in his work. But it is a hopeless thing for a man who is overworked at home to try and combine work and pleasure on a trip to the great cities of the American continent. The work will be ill done, and the pleasure probably missed altogether. At the best, work must always be done with many drawbacks in a strange country, and amidst novel and

exciting scenes. It is the wise and modest part of a stranger everywhere to learn before he begins to teach. At any rate, I was content to be a pupil in America, and had it been possible for me to feel otherwise, I should soon have been brought to a proper sense of my position. For nowhere are you made to feel from the first that you have much to learn than in the society of our Transatlantic kinsfolk. Floods of information of all kinds—statistical, social, political, ecclesiastical—are poured in upon you from ready tongues from the time that you reach their shores to the time that you leave. How pleasant upon the whole it was to listen and to learn! After twenty sessions of active duty as an instructor, it was a restful contrast to be lectured to, and to have set before one with such full and various utterance all the advantages of a large country, and all the virtues and excellences of democratic government. Sometimes I would grow weary as the same details were repeated and the same laudations sounded.

But upon the whole I found rest in listening, and food in the copious stores of knowledge communicated to me.

Of the voyage across the Atlantic I have nothing to say that has not been better said by many others. Dickens has described with his peculiar humour and exaggeration all the discomforts of the passage during days of continued storm and weary confinement in close and odorous cabins. Although we had three days of pitiless bad weather, with what the steamer's log described as "a high confused sea," I knew nothing of these discomforts; for, first of all, Providence has made me what is called a good sailor—the sea, in calm or in storm, is a delight to me—its unnumbered smiles and gently-heaving swell, or its wild crested waves, alike ministering refreshment and strength; and, secondly, I had a well-sized, comfortable cabin to myself, where I could retire and study or rest without molestation. I had plenty of books with me, and there was an excellent collection of books in the saloon. In defect of everything else, the minute study of certain parts of the Greek Testament furnished an unfailing source of interest. In the perfect solitude, with the sound of the Atlantic wave lapping against the cabin side, and the strangely quickened intelligence that comes at times from such isolation, one seemed to read a more divine, and yet a more human meaning into many passages, and to get beyond difficulties that seemed at other times full of perplexity. I had found this solace many years before, when voyaging on the Mediterranean and *Ægean* Seas, an invalid in search of health, and spending many a long weary night with only fitful intervals of sleep. Happily, in my present voyage, I had no mental or physical sickness to struggle with. Sleep came to me with regularity upon the whole, and I did not need to invade with study the watches of the night. I was content to spend in this manner some portion of the long afternoons, leaving the evening free for desultory amusements in the shape of reading, or in any other form.

A man must be very unobservant who does not find a good deal of interest in his fellow-travellers on an Atlantic voyage or any other voyage. At first there is but little conversation, and you are not sure whether to address your neighbour or not. But gradually, unless you are a very high-minded or a very sullen individual, you come to have communicable dealings with your fellow-passengers. You get interested in the Yankee ladies, returning after their European wanderings to their native soil with undiminished self-assurance, and tones as nasal and high-pitched as ever; and the young Australian farmer, who seemed rather a saucy forward fellow when he came on board at Queenstown, somewhat flushed with the ex-

citement of parting with the Irish friends, becomes a pleasant companion, and tells you all his history, and how he means to return to his farm in the bush by the Pacific Railway, and see the wonders of Salt Lake City and California on his way. He lends you a map of his projected trip, and you delight in tracing the long track from Chicago westwards, and passing through your mind the possibility of taking the trip yourself, and looking with your own eyes upon the social mysteries of Mormonism, and the natural marvels of the Yo-Semite Valley. This proved an impossibility. My holiday time was too limited, and there was too much to see and to interest me in the cities of New England and elsewhere to enable me to manage such a journey, which must wait a more convenient opportunity. He seemed a very fine fellow, the young Australian farmer, with something of the wild fresh simplicity of the bush about him, and I noticed on Sunday how reverently and intelligently he joined in the service on board, and listened to the few words of exhortation which I ventured to offer amidst the creaking of the saloon timbers. I felt sorry for my first thoughts of him, and read myself once again the lesson which I have been learning all my days, till I am supposed by some to have acquired it in undue perfection, never to judge any one's character by first appearances. It is a presumptuous thing to do at the best. I may add that I also became more convinced than ever that the saloon of even an ocean steamer is not a fitting place to attempt any pulpit eloquence. How can man be thinking of saying anything with oratorical effect with a low extended ceiling over him, and a great proportion of his audience seen through a wavering medium at dim level distance, the familiar crystal of lunch and dinner swaying with a grinding noise above his head, and the great sea outside uttering its full-lipped eloquence and preaching its own sermon? Is there not something of presumption, besides, in a man, because he happens in such circumstances to be endowed with a white neckcloth, thinking that he has any special call to take up the word of exhortation in the face of so many men and women of whom he knows nothing, and the countenances of many of whom are graced with far deeper lines of experience than his own? The difficulty may be said to apply more or less to all preaching; and I know well that there is a word of truth and peace which is never out of season to any congregation. I do not need anyone to tell me this. But perhaps I may be pardoned for saying that, whether on land or sea, what I have always felt to be the boldness of preaching is hardly enough appreciated. To preach to others is a great if sacred presumption, only warranted by the devout zeal which inspires

it and the divine purpose which it is designed to subserve. The great scenes of nature, moreover, the voices of earth or sky or sea, seem at times far more moving than any other. Words must have a very living meaning to rival them, and the old threads of pulpit discourse weave at such times with difficulty into forms sufficiently plain and hearty; sufficiently real, yet bearing their due burden of solemnity. The Anglican service with its solemn prayer for those who "go down to the sea in ships and do their business in the great waters" is always impressive, but has often seemed to me rather marred than improved by the necessarily imperfect sermon afterwards.

The voyage across the Atlantic has little interest in itself. There is nothing to arrest the attention for the most part, save the endless waste of waters; and, magnificent as such a sight is, it cannot be said to be interesting. It is too continuously vast and monotonous. One cannot keep their feelings for any length of time at the pitch of sublimity, and all mere sublimity is apt to weary. I have felt the same feeling even among the Swiss Alps. It is a deadly heresy to say so; but the continuous outline of peak and valley, cold and stately in their snowy mantle, only broken here and there by rugged seams, lies after a while oppressively upon the imagination. There are entrancing morning and evening aspects; but these are fitful; they fade and die away, and one's snatches of higher feeling die with them. They do not nurture love or interest, and as the bleak, impassable barriers rise before one their very grandeur grows wearisome. There comes the longing to surmount them, and look once more upon the smiling and variously moving country. And so the Atlantic tires by its magnificence. From the shores of Ireland till you sight the low-lying and formless figure of Long Island, you hardly see anything. There are traditions of icebergs floating past in their dazzling and dangerous glory; but no moving object, not even a fellow ocean steamer, came within our prospect for days. Nothing awaited the gaze morning by morning but the wide stretch of sea, now lying in heavy, cold, heaving mass, and now rising in tumultuous billows, chasing one another with a cruel and angry fury. We had hardly any enjoyable weather on deck on our outward voyage, save one glorious night when the sea shone with fitful lustre below and the moon rode calm in a cloudless heaven above. Coming home the weather was more enjoyable. This is said to be the usual experience—the homeward passage comparatively fine, the outward passage stormy. Storm or sunshine makes little matter to one who has never known sea-sickness. There is even enjoyment and a peculiar inspiration of health in days of wild weather, with the north-west wind blow-

ing a gale ahead, and making the steamer's running only about the half of its normal rate; but there are only a few equal of this enjoyment, and the sight of so many suffering creatures, and the dirty, sloppy decks, are a great drawback to even the most vigorous appreciation of "heavy weather."

On the twelfth day of our voyage we sighted Long Island, disappointed with its low, formless outline, presenting nothing to catch the eye. What a contrast to the green swelling hills of Ireland first sighted on our homeward way! Naturally the eye seeks for upland after a long voyage—cliff or green bank rising from the water with welcome greeting. We had taken our pilot on board some time before, but we did not pass Sandy Hook, and the more interesting and picturesque outlines of Staten Island, in time to land the same evening. It was tantalizing to be so near, and yet to be detained another night on board. Next morning all were astir very early, and waiting in impatient crowds till the steamer got alongside the Cunard Docks on the Jersey side of the Hudson. The morning was very wet and dirty, and as I stood watching the movements of the eager passengers I heard a little fellow, a squat young Yankee Dutchman, possibly with Knickerbocker blood in his veins, remark with that patriotic complacency to which one soon gets accustomed, that it was "quite London weather." A New York rainy day is certainly equal to the discomforts of any London weather I ever saw, and in spring, at least, rainy days are not infrequent according to my experience. They have a discomfort, indeed, all their own, the rain falling with pitiless violence and the street being bad even for America. I do not think that the streets of Constantinople, with all their dirt and garbage, are worse than some parts of New York. In Fifth Avenue itself there are, or were, holes that might almost engulf a carriage. Let it be said, however, that if the weather was miserable when I landed, and for some days afterwards, it by-and-by broke into a glory which our climate seldom knows, and that if the streets are here and there too bad to be realised by anybody who has not seen American streets and ways, that they have also a beauty of their own in their spaciousness and extent when the evening sun is flushing them with its golden splendour. One beautiful evening as I came up Broadway from a visit to Staten Island, just after the stir of its hurrying business had died away, and the whole stretch of it was visible in front, I never saw a more happy and picturesque combination of natural colour with human art and industry. The eye seemed to range from earth to heaven with quite a new sense of enjoyment, and, to add, to the pleasure, there was in the air, as there often is in continental cities, an





JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.—CYNTHIA WAS THERE.

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elastic warmth and fragrance such as never greet the senses in the steamy streets of London or the cold gray streets of Edinburgh. With nothing, in fact, was I more impressed on my first days in New York than with its numerous hints of Paris. Climate, dress, manners, internal decoration of houses, all reminded one of the French capital, rather than of London. There is the width of continental space everywhere; although, in point of the fact, the site of New York is, or was, insular. The Americans are proud of this spaciousness in comparison with the narrow dimensions of the old country, and they delight in drawing your attention to the contrast. "You must feel the difference," said a distinguished man to me, "of living on a great continent." I could not honestly say that I was conscious of any new expansion of character of intellect since I had touched American soil; but I owned frankly how much more room there was for one to move about in the new country than in the old.

There is no advantage, however, without its drawbacks. Extent of space everywhere is accompanied by a certain raggedness of exterior and general want of finish. It is not too much to say that hardly anything, from the Washington monument downwards, is finished in America. There is even in the oldest towns a prevailing look of disorder. The very towns themselves seem only in course of building; and in the outlying districts you get all at once beyond the line of civilisation. There is but a step often from the city to the wilderness. The primeval forests may have been grand in their native glory; but their charred and hacked remains are a deformity, even in the distant country with no contrasting signs of civilisation. In the neighbourhood of large towns they are a familiar ugliness. Of all the towns which I visited Philadelphia seemed most to have emerged from the disorderly surroundings of a nature only half reclaimed. Many of the streets of the old Quaker city are beautifully planted, and bear the names of the trees which line them. But even here you no sooner drove a little way into the country than you were amidst the dust-heaps of a half formed civilisation. There is everywhere a lack of gradation, of softness, and roundness of outline, as if nature, having been invaded in her original wildness and beauty by the self-appropriating hand of man, had not had time to adapt herself to the change of circumstances and clothe herself with that second order of beauty which she takes in old countries from the loving and patient culture of the same hand.

I have no intention of attempting any description of the American cities which I visited. This has been done over and over again, and one is seldom better informed by such

descriptions. Insensibly we form a mental image of famous cities unvisited, only to find that the reality is as unlike as possible to the ideal picture. More frequently, perhaps, than in any other case, I had tried to realise what sort of place New York was. I had read elaborate accounts of it; and first of all I had received but a faint impression from what I read, and secondly, any impression I had received was not at all like the fact. As one can only learn science by seeing and handling natural objects, so one can only learn what a country or a town is by looking at it with one's own eyes, and studying it on the spot. The most I can do is to trace some of my best-remembered impressions.

Few things struck me more in New York and Boston than the size and roominess of American houses. I have never seen finer residences. The largest in Moray Place in Edinburgh do not rival them, and as for London, a New York or Boston fashionable residence would take two or three Mayfair houses inside of it. Here also one was reminded of the Continent rather than of home, both by the size of the private dwellings and their special arrangements for company making evening receptions not only possible but tolerable and enjoyable, so far as any crowd in any circumstances can ever be enjoyable. The houses are also decorated with great taste, literally clothed with what is perhaps the main element of beauty and enjoyment in a house—the finest wood, unpainted, and even fragrant after long years of occupancy, with its native pine odour. It was a great pleasure to me this rich amplitude of fine wood, great wide doors, floors and ceilings, and richly-wrought staircases, of pitch pine. There seemed a certain social hopefulness in such solid comfort and grandeur, just as meanness of architecture and household decoration implies meanness of civic and intellectual taste—a certain degradation of civilised tone in a country.

American civilisation is certainly in advance of our own in many provisions for the utility and convenience of life, so much so as to make it surprising that we remain where we were twenty years ago, and have learned so little from them. What a marvel of comfort and of decent convenience, for example, are all the arrangements of the American railways in comparison with our own! A Pullman car is a home for the time it is occupied. You can sit, or you can move about; you can read, or work, or smoke, or eat, or sleep with perfect convenience to yourself, and with inconvenience to no other body. You can sit with the door of the smoking-room open, the wide solitary country around, and its fresh, sweet wind blowing on you. You can turn out, if you like, with as much safety as in the circumstances is possible, upon the outside platform,

and refresh yourself with a free draught of air, while your neighbour, who does not wish air, can remain behind. You can not merely brush yourself free of dust, but you can wash yourself thoroughly free of it. If you are well and fairly strong, there are perhaps few enjoyments to be compared with a morning's outlook from the platform of a Pullman car after a tolerable night's rest and a comfortable toilet. The cars are rushing along a wide-stretching prairie, or it may be winding through a mountain defile, with the trees bursting into the full verdure of summer, the exhilaration of strange scenes and of an unwonted freedom mingle with thoughts of home, or higher thoughts still, and the heart must be very dull indeed that does not own the fascination of the hour. It is only within the last year that the Pullman car has been introduced into England, and it may be many years yet before our railway authorities are brought to see of what admirable utilities they are capable and to adapt them thoroughly to our home wants. For of course it is by no means enough that we transplant the American contrivance here. It must be fully suited to our own accidents of climate and of travel. Even now our railway authorities have not learned generally to imitate one of the most absolute necessities of railway travelling everywhere found in America, viz., a protecting enclosure of glass for the engine-driver and his assistants. The kind friend with whom I travelled to America, and whose experience has made him as well acquainted as any man can be with the social and industrial characteristics of both countries, told me that, many years ago, he had taken special means to have attention directed to this point by railway managers at home, but without any marked success. When we think of what our climate is for eight months of the year, it is a scandal that so little has been done to meet so obvious a duty as that of protecting the drivers of our railway engines not only partially, but as entirely as possible from its rigours.

But to the intelligent and open-minded traveller, nothing is more astonishing than the slowness with which one nation learns from another the most simple social improvements. I was so much struck with this in America as often before that I amused myself, in one of the long journeys which I had, with sketching the data of an article on what I proposed to call "International Education." I have not the data now beside me, and, besides, I cannot turn this gossiping paper into anything so grave or instructive as an essay on such a subject would imply. Perhaps I may find time to recur to it, and to work my old thoughts into form. Of course the reader will not suppose that I mean that all education of this sort is on one side, and that

America and other countries have nothing to learn from us. On the contrary, there is much to learn from England, and which it would do other nations good to learn. But there are also so many things done better on the other side of the Atlantic, that it is really for some time after one returns home a continued wonder that things can remain here as they are. But what reformer, social or otherwise, does not know the stare of well-bred, or it may be ill-bred, incredulity which greets the ardent suggestions of his freshly inspired hopefulness on such occasions? Not even the bourgeois Frenchman, who is probably the most untravelled and Philistinian of mortals, is more impervious to new ideas than the commonplace Englishman or Scotchman. To such a nature novelty of any kind is of itself a sufficient ground of distrust; but a new Yankee "notion" is thought the greatest of all jokes.

I have expressed disappointment with the first look of the American shores, and to any one who lands, as I did, at New York in spring, or what we call spring at home—for there is hardly a definite spring season in America—and who travels in the month of April, or in the beginning of May, in New England States, the general aspect of the country will probably be disappointing. I confess that it was unexpectedly so to me. I had not known before, certainly had not realised, how bare and even barren the New England coast is—a stern, stony, rugged land, worthy home of the Puritan families that first settled there. Inland, no doubt, there is many a sweet and smiling spot. As later on in the year I returned from Canada through Vermont and New Hampshire, nothing could be more bright and picturesque than many of the scenes through which we passed; white hamlets lying in the morning sunshine, with the plentifulness of a glad rich nature about them; sloping hills clothed with pine wood, and the fresh tint of opening summer on them, but also with something of that uncared-for look that wood so often has in America; lakelets and rushing streams, only inferior in beauty and warble to those of one's native land. Mr. Ruskin would have been delighted with them, while pointing out their points of inferiority to those Scottish streams whose fascinations of colour and music and flow he has described, with such exquisite force, as incomparable. There are few such scenes, however, on the New England coast, as traversed betwixt New York and Boston. The country is there rugged without grandeur, and wild without any compensating beauty of natural outline, bare, and rough, and stony-looking—a very picture of landscape Puritanism.

To be frank, I confess myself to have been disappointed with the scenery of the American continent as a whole. There are sights more



magnificent than any to be seen at home. Niagara is of course unparalleled, not merely for its magnificence, to which no description can do justice, and I shall not attempt any, but for its combination of magnificence with beauty. I was in some degree prepared for the one, and even the highest expectations I had formed were realised; but I had not anticipated anything so beautiful as the walks above the falls—the hush of the woods, and the stillness of the awakening flowers, broken by the roaring rapids on each side, and the muffled sound of the thunderous cataract below. It was a lovely morning I had the good fortune to spend in these walks. The previous afternoon I had examined the falls themselves, and gone to sleep and risen with their never-ending music in my ears. A soft rain had fallen during the night, allayed the dust, and freshened and sweetened all the atmosphere. Everyone knows what an indefinite charm is given to the finest scenery by such gracious accidents of weather, and nowhere are they likely to be more gracious than at Niagara, where heat and dust together may go far to mar the highest enjoyment. It was in the first glory of morning, and I had all the walks to myself. The delicate beauty of the early summer flowers was ravishing, whether it was their lovely tender freshness lighting up the sombre depths of the woods, or some vague feeling of contrast between the play of nature in such fragile and exquisite forms, and its mighty force in the sublime movement of the waters by your side, which made you tremble as you looked at them.

Besides Niagara, I was most delighted with the scenery on the Hudson, especially at West Point. Here also the weather was propitious, and summer had at length burst forth in its full blush or nearly so. West Point is charming, with its terraced plateau, rich woods, and fine prospects over river and surrounding hills, and gay and pleasant residences and public buildings. The trees were beautiful in their freshness and variety of foliage and form, and they were beautifully grouped and tended. No traces of carelessness or disorder in this favoured spot. Then one never hears anything but good of West Point as an institution. All classes of Americans are proud of it. All the world knows what fine soldiers it has trained, and no stories of corruption soil its fair history, or at least I did not hear any.

But with all that can be said for its finest sights, there is much that is disappointing in American scenery, with its succession of dreary flats and wild wastes of half-cultivated land and untended forest. A prairie, or at least any such prairie as I saw, is a very unexciting prospect. Nothing relieves the monotony of its endless levels. It is like looking out upon the sea without its billowy grandeur or

shimmering smiles moving to greet you. There are no clumps of trees, no hospitable habitations, nothing to give life to the forlorn vastness, or to light it up with a transitory movement. Even cattle wander only at dim, uncertain intervals faintly discernible. I have heard that even a prairie on fire, which some have raved about as of unequalled splendour, is a great disappointment. I can hardly imagine how it can be otherwise, for after all the eye can only take in a limited range of level landscape. It matters not how extensive it is where one cannot see it on account of its very extent. It is very much this sense of vastness without interest or variety which detracts from the pleasure of American scenery. Nature is on a large scale, but lacks life—the life both of sight and sound. It is strange how seldom the song of bird or cry of animal is heard; and what sight-seeing can there be without variety of prospect? "This journey you should take by night," said an intelligent American to me, indicating here and there half-a-dozen tracts of country, "for there is nothing worth looking at." Nowhere did I find this vast flatness so disappointing as when traversing the borders of those enormous inland lakes whose waters gather at length for the terrible leap at Niagara. There is hardly a vestige of beauty on the shores of these lakes—mostly endless heaps of dim-coloured sand—and they have little beauty in themselves till they break into the onward flow of the St. Lawrence, which is, however, unrivalled in its majestic fulness and dignity as it sweeps round the thousand isles, or pours its dashing and full-lipped torrent down the rapids of Lachine.

So much for my general impressions of the country. What did I think of the American people? This is not a question to be considered in a paragraph or two, although many are ready, even from less experience than I had, to generalise on such a subject.

The first thing that struck me, as it must strike everyone who penetrates beneath the outer surface of American society, is the inadequacy of the common English judgment on this point. We form our notion of Americans generally from the obtrusive type of Yankee life and manners. The type is not a pleasant one to our social tastes, and we transfer our dislike of the accidental specimen to the race. There is something more than this in Anglican misjudgment of other races and peoples. No prejudices are probably more *borné* than English social prejudices; none certainly more complacently obstinate and pervading. The best educated classes sometimes do not rise above them. They fail, for example, to understand some of the most obvious characteristics of Scottish life, although they visit Scotland many of them every autumn, simply because the characteristics are



not their own. Buckle, I believe, had been more than once in Scotland, and his education raised him above conventional limits; and yet what a caricature of its thought and manners he drew! So some fail to understand America, simply because it is not England! Dickens was by profession a literary caricaturist, and we could not expect him to be more just and discriminating in his pictures of American than of English society. At the same time I confess it requires a good deal of patience now to read Dickens's "American Notes," and still more his sketches in "Martin Chuzzlewit." They apply only to some of the crudest features of American society. They are an extravagant picture even of these. Mr. Trollope is much fairer, and means to be very fair, but he, too, is frequently unable to get beyond the John Bull point of view; and here and there, as in his description of the American women in New York omnibuses, he draws with a very coarse and unshaded brush. The fact is, that American society presents very much the same mixed features as those of home society. The better classes in New York and Boston are very much like those in London and Edinburgh. There are peculiarities, but those are by no means all in favour of our home culture. Nowhere in the world, I should think, is a genial and pleasant hospitality more common—a hospitality which is thoroughly frank and open, and yet delicate and well-ordered, which presumes that you have intelligent interests in visiting the country which you wish to gratify, and yet does not bore you in supplying that gratification. Of course there are exceptions in classes beneath the best, and you come across many who fail to discriminate that you have any special tastes, and that all information, even to the cost of an enormous linen store or the number of patients in a reformatory, is of equal importance to you. Generally there is a tendency to overtalk the stranger, and to lecture him unduly on the advantages of this or that republican institution. But even this peculiarity springs out of an honest desire to oblige you. The willingness to oblige, to take trouble on your behalf, and personally show you whatever is to be seen, or to tell you whatever is to be told, is a most pleasing characteristic of American manners, in striking contrast to both the French and English nonchalance towards strangers. Many years ago I remember going to Paris to do some ecclesiastical work which required the advice and co-operation of some of the French Protestant clergy. None could be more polite than they; but their politeness never came to any help. And Americans complain of the too frequent rigidity of English politeness in the same manner. Politeness is a great virtue; it is always better than its absence; but a politeness which means nothing,

is rather, after all, the mask than the reality of kindness. On the contrary, kindness is a pervading feature of American society. I found it everywhere, in places where I had no claim to it, as well as amongst those to whom I had carried some passport or introduction. No one can undervalue such a trait of character as this. It made many things delightful at the time, and it is a charming memory now.

As the better classes of American society very much resemble our own in manners, so do they in tone of thought. There is more freedom and frankness of opinion. American ladies are more lively in political and intellectual discussion than with us; but it is a great mistake to suppose that there is a vein of what we call radical thought everywhere pervading American society. I have nowhere met with a stronger or more intelligent conservatism than in Boston, and even New York—conservatism, not merely in politics, but in literature and social manners. I had been a good deal bothered with the subject of "woman's rights" before I left home; I should hear no end of it, I thought, where I was going, and perhaps get some light on a perplexing subject. I was under a total mistake. The same differences of opinion prevail in the United States on the subject as here. Upon the whole the prevailing opinion of the most educated classes seemed to be one of great hesitation, if not of actual repulsion, as to the contingencies of the question. But I am bound to confess that the subject was generally discussed there with far more intelligence and good sense than here, where one generally encounters the extreme either of aggressive advance or of obstinate and uninformed resistance. Woman's position and woman's education are more admittedly subjects of fair argument in America, and you may say what you like on the subject without giving offence.

Of all the features of American society none was more delightful to me than this tolerant freedom of conversation. Men, and women too, gave the impression in talk of a wish to see and understand things in their reality, and not merely as veiled by conventional habitudes and traditions. Not that there was any disrespect of customary ideas, but that these ideas were not necessarily assumed as in all cases indisputable. So much freedom, yet respectfulness, give a depth and vivacity to conversation that nothing else gives. I should say, without any doubt, that women, if not better educated, are more intellectually disposed than with us. Their culture may not lie on a broader foundation, or be at times so rich and varied, but it is more philosophical, so to speak, more acute and penetrating, and certainly more independent. A woman feels herself quite entitled to hold her own

opinion, literary or political or ecclesiastical, against those of her husband or brother or parents; and if this is done with courtesy and good-humoured self-possession, I do not see why it should not be done. Life is not likely to be the emptier, but the fuller, for it.

The healthy intellectual tone of the more educated classes is shown by their genuine love for the masterpieces of their own literature. Of late years it has been the fashion in this country, even among well-educated and intellectual people, to admire the more recent developments of American literature, as if they were of exceptional originality, and peculiarly native to the soil. Bret Harte deserves all the admiration he has received. There is the flavour of the aboriginal pine-forest in his lyrics and stories; there is the charm of true genius in both. But Mark Twain, and even Artemus Ward, have been also accepted as higher specimens of American culture. Nothing seemed to give more offence than this, to the intellectual circles of Boston and New York, with the reputation of Hawthorne, and Prescott, and Washington Irving, still fresh amongst them, and the names of Emerson, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, and Bryant still living and powerful. They felt indignant, and not unnaturally so, that their literature should be spoken of, as represented by the "Innocents Abroad," and sketches like the "Jumping Frog," however amusing and clever these sketches are. In this respect, we think, as in others, American culture must not be judged by its more obtrusive types. There is everywhere a solid background, both of character and intellect, amongst the people, which allies itself with all that is best in their national history and life, and with much that is best in our own national and intellectual development. The intelligent traveller in the States finds himself everywhere in contact, not merely with queer types of character, strange opinions, and strange and offensive manners—which is the impression so prominently conveyed by many English writers on America—but with all the solid qualities of well-bred manhood and ladyhood tempered by a most genial friendliness, and many fine specimens of intellectual and moral earnestness.

It must be admitted that there is a crudeness in certain forms of social manner in America—a lack of polish in externals. Friendliness is apt to rise into officiousness; and it is difficult to move about—if you are of any consequence at all, without attracting more notice than you desire, and especially if you be a public man at all, without being obliged to speak, when you would rather be silent. You are apt to suffer from interrogation at the hands of even highly intelligent men, who would probably learn more in the end if they would only give you time to collect your thoughts, and to talk at your leisure. If you are fond of speaking, and are supposed to have anything to say, a pulpit or a platform will always be at your service. Well talked at—as I have already said—you are expected to talk in return. Speech-making reaches the height of a discomfort. I have nothing to say in its defence. Good speaking is so rare, and requires so much careful culture, that it must be frequently very bad where it is so common. When it enters into society, it is beyond excuse—a sign of rawness, and imperfect growth, as it was in Scotland more than thirty years ago. There is a good deal of this rawness still in America. But its pervading friendliness, its cordiality, covers a multitude of sins. And it may be doubted whether the advance of social culture in delicacy and reticence is not dearly purchased, when purchased, as it often is, at the expense of coldness and impassiveness. Nothing is so easy as to learn the tricks of society, whether those of nonchalance or of obtrusiveness. Too much must not be made of the conventional proprieties of any mere external mode. Real friendliness, and the kindness of a casual hospitality, which you may never claim again, and may never have an opportunity of returning, are not learned in any conventional school of manners. And too much can hardly be made of social virtues of this kind. In such virtues America abounds, and amidst whatever affectations and corruptions, there must be a true fibre of moral character in any people, amongst whom there survives in strength, a willingness to serve others, and the courtesy of true kindness.

—Good Words.



## CORN-FLOWERS.

BY LOUISA CROW.

*(Illustration, Page 633.)*

**N**OW many years ago, my love, how many years ago,  
 Since you, a merry-hearted girl,  
 Of rustic maids the very pearl,  
 And I, a lad just fresh from town,  
 With cheeks as pale as yours were brown,  
 Roamed where the harvest crowned the land,  
 To view the reapers' sturdy band,  
 While maidens from their sickles keen  
 Snatched the bright flowers, the corn between?

How many years ago, dear love, how many years ago,  
 Since—work forgotten for awhile—  
 Encouraged by your greeting smile,  
 I made it holiday to lie  
 And read your looks, half kind, half shy,  
 And watch beneath some elm-tree's shade  
 The russet ears that bent and swayed,  
 Until we heard, on south breeze borne,  
 The sylvan rustling of the corn?

In some such hour as those, my love, in some such hour as those,  
 The while we culled the bindweed fair  
 And crimson poppy for your hair,  
 Or with the trailing vetches bound  
 A rural zone your trim waist round,  
 I think that ere my lips confessed  
 Their secret it was nearly guessed,  
 As, bolder grown, I asked from thine  
 The little word that made you mine.

In that long-vanished hour, my love, that hour so long ago,  
 As hand in hand we homeward went,  
 Yet lingered oft in our content  
 To listen to a gleaner's song,  
 Or help a weary child along,  
 Or watch the moon when all was still  
 Come glimmering o'er the stubbled hill,  
 It may be we were foolish, yet  
 I ne'er have wished we had not met!

And though these vanished years, my love, these years that  
 fleet so fast,

Have stolen from your face its youth,  
 They have not touched its modest truth.  
 Thy smile—perchance more rarely seen—  
 Is sweet as it has ever been,  
 And all the sorrows of our life  
 Have found you still the faithful wife.  
 Ah! love, indeed I little knew  
 How much I won in winning you.

—From "A Book of Fair Women."

## GABRIEL CONROY.

BY

BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER L.  
IN REBUTTAL.

**H**E utter and complete astonishment created by Gabriel's reply was so generally diffused that the equal participation of Gabriel's own counsel in this surprise was unobserved. Maxwell would have risen again hurriedly, but Arthur laid his hand on his shoulder.

"The man has gone clean mad!—this is suicide," whispered Maxwell excitedly. "We must get him off the stand. You must explain!"

"Hush!" said Arthur quickly. "Not a word! Show any surprise, and we're lost!"

In another instant all eyes were fixed upon Arthur, who had remained standing, outwardly calm. There was but one idea dominant in the audience. What revelation would the next question bring? The silence became almost painful as Arthur quietly and self-containedly glanced around the court-room and at the jury, as if coolly measuring the effect of a carefully planned dramatic sensation. Then, when every neck was bent forward and every ear alert, Arthur turned nonchalantly yet gracefully to the bench.

"We have no further questions to ask, your Honour," he said quietly, and sat down.

The effect of this simple, natural, and perfectly consistent action was tremendous! In

the various triumphs of Arthur's successful career, he felt that he had never achieved so universal and instantaneous a popularity. Gabriel was forgotten; the man who had worked up this sensation—a sensation whose darkly mysterious bearing upon the case no one could fathom, or even cared to fathom, but a sensation that each man confidently believed held the whole secret of the crime—this man was the hero! Had it been suggested, the jury would have instantly given a verdict for this hero's client without leaving their seats. The betting was two to one on Arthur. I beg to observe that I am writing of men, impulsive, natural, and unfettered in expression and action by any tradition of logic or artificial law—a class of beings much idealized by poets, and occasionally, I believe, exalted by latter-day philosophers.

Judge Boompinter looked at Col. Starbottle. That gentleman, completely stunned and mystified by the conduct of the defense, fumbled his papers, coughed, expanded his chest, rose, and began the cross-examination.

"You have said your name was—er—er—Johnny—er—er—" (the Colonel was here obliged to consult his papers)—"er—John Dumbledee. What was your idea, Mr. Dumbledee, in—er—assuming the name of—er—er—Gabriel Conroy?"

Objected to by counsel for defense. Argument: First, motives, like beliefs, not admissible; case cited, Higginbottom vs. Smithers. Secondly, not called out on direct ex.; see Swinke vs. Swanke, opinion of Muggins, J., 2 Cal. Rep. Thirdly, witness not obliged to answer questions tending to self-crimination. Objection overruled by the Court. Precedent not cited; real motive, curiosity. Boompinter, J. Question repeated:—

"What was your idea or motive in assuming the name of Gabriel Conroy?"

Gabriel (cunningly and leaning confidentially over the arm of his chair): "Wot would be *your* idee of a motif?"

The witness, amidst much laughter, was here severely instructed by the Court that the asking of questions was not the function of a witness. The witness must answer.

Gabriel: "Well, Gabriel Conroy was a purty name—the name of a man ez I onst knew ez died in Starvation Camp. It kinder came easy, ez a sort o' interduckshun, don't ye see, Jedge, toe his sister Grace, ez was my wife. I kinder reckon, between you and me, ez thet name sorter helped the courtin' along—she bein' a shy critter, outer her own fammerly."

Question: "In your early acquaintance with the deceased, were you not known to him as Gabriel Conroy always, and not as—er—er—Johnny Dumbledee?"

Arthur Poinsett here begged to call the attention of the Court to the fact that it had

not yet been shown that Gabriel—that is, Johnny Dumbledee—had ever had any *early* acquaintance with the deceased. The Court would not fail to observe that counsel on the direct examination had restricted themselves to a simple question—the name of the prisoner.

Objection sustained by Judge Boompinter, who was beginning to be anxious to get at the facts. Whereat Col. Starbottle excepted, had no more questions to ask, and Gabriel was commanded to stand aside.

Betting now five to one on Arthur Poinsett; Gabriel's hand, on leaving the witness box, shaken cordially by a number of hitherto disinterested people. Hurried consultation between defendant's counsel. A note handed to Col. Starbottle. Intense curiosity manifested by Manuela and Sal regarding a closely veiled female, who enters a moment later, and is conducted with an excess of courtesy to a seat by the gallant Colonel. General impatience of audience and jury.

The defense resumed. Michael O'Flaherty called: Nativity, County Kerry, Ireland. Business, miner. On the night of the murder, while going home from work, met deceased on Conroy's Hill, dodging in among the trees, fur all the wurrel like a thafe. A few minutes later overtook Gabriel Conroy half a mile further on, on the same road, going in same direction as witness, and walked with him to Lawyer Maxwell's office.

Cross-examined: Is naturalized. Always voted the dimmycratic ticket. Was always opposed to the Government—bad 'cess to it—in the old country, and isn't thet mane to go back on his principles here. Doesn't know that a Chinaman has affirmed to the same fact of Gabriel's *alibi*. Doesn't know what an *alibi* is; thinks he would if he saw it. Believes a Chinaman is worse nor a nigger. Has noticed that Gabriel was left-handed.

Amadée Michet, sworn for defense: Nativity, France. Business, foreman of "La Parfaite Union." Frequently walks to himself in the beautiful grove on Conroy's Hill. Comes to him on the night of the 15th Gabriel Conroy departing from his house. It is then seven hours, possibly more, not less. The night is fine. This Gabriel salutes him, in the American fashion, and is gone. Eastward. Ever to the east. Watches M. Conroy because he wears a *triste* look, as if there were great sadness *here* (in the breast of the witness's blouse). Sees him vanish in the gulch. Returns to the hill and there overhears voices, a man's and a woman's. The woman's voice is that of Mme. Conroy. The man's voice is to him strange and not familiar. Will swear positively it was not Gabriel's. Remains on the hill about an hour. Did not see Gabriel again. Saw a man and woman leave the hill



and pass by the Wingdam road as he was going home. To the best of his belief the woman was Mrs. Conroy. Do not know the man. Is positive it was not Gabriel Conroy. Why? Eh! Mon Dieu, is it possible that one should mistake a giant?

Cross-examined: Is a patriot—do not know

what is this democrat you call. Is a hater of aristocrats. Do not know if the deceased was an aristocrat. Was not enraged with Mme. Conroy. Never made love to her. Was not jilted by her. This is all what you call too theen, eh? Has noticed that the prisoner was left-handed.



CORN-FLOWERS.—Page 631.

Helling Ditmann: Nativity, Germany. Does not know the deceased; does know Gabriel. Met him the night of the 15th on the road from Wingdam; thinks it was after eight o'clock. He was talking to a Chinaman.

Cross-examined: Has not been told that these are the facts stated by the Chinaman. Believes a Chinaman as good as any other

man. Don't know what you mean. How comes dese dings. Has noticed the prisoner used his left hand efery dime.

Dr. Pressnitz recalled: Viewed the body at nine o'clock on the 16th. The blood stains on the linen and the body had been slightly obliterated and diluted with water, as if they had been subjected to a watery application.

There was an unusually heavy dew at seven o'clock that evening, not later. Has kept a meteorological record for the last three years. Is of the opinion that this saturation might be caused by dew falling on a clot of coagulated blood. The same effect would not be noticeable on a freshly bleeding wound. The hygrometer showed no indication of a later fall of dew. The night was windy and boisterous after eight o'clock, with no humidity. Is of the opinion that the body as seen by him, first assumed its position before eight o'clock. Would not swear positively that the deceased expired before that time. Would swear positively that the wounds were not received after eight o'clock. From the position of the wound, should say it was received while the deceased was in an upright position and the arm raised as if in struggling. From the course of the wound, should say it could not have been dealt from the left hand of an opponent.

On the cross-examination, Dr. Pressnitz admitted that many so-called "left-handed men" were really ambi-dexterous. Was of the opinion that perspiration would *not* have caused the saturation of the dead man's linen. The saturation was evidently after death—the blood had clotted. Dr. Pressnitz was quite certain that a dead man did not perspire.

The defense rested amid a profound sensation. Col. Starbottle, who had recovered his jaunty spirits, apparently influenced by his animated and gallant conversation with the veiled female, rose upon his short stubby feet, and withdrawing his handkerchief from his breast laid it upon the table before him. Then, carefully placing the ends of two white pudgy fingers upon it, Col. Starbottle gracefully threw his whole weight upon their tips, and, leaning elegantly toward the veiled figure, called "Grace Conroy."

The figure arose, slight, graceful, elegant; hesitated a moment, and then slipped a lissom shadow through the crowd as a trout glides through a shallow, and before the swaying, moving mass had settled to astonished rest, stood upon the witness stand. Then with a quick, dexterous movement she put aside the veil, that after the Spanish fashion was both bonnet and veil, and revealed a face so exquisitely beautiful and gracious, that even Manuela and Sal were awed into speechless admiration. She took the oath with downcast lids, whose sweeping fringes were so perfect that this very act of modesty seemed to the two female critics as the most artistic coquetry, and then raised her dark eyes and fixed them upon Gabriel.

Col. Starbottle waved his hand with infinite gallantry.

"What is—er—your name?"

"Grace Conroy."

"Have you a brother by the name of Gabriel Conroy?"

"I have."

"Look around the court and see if you can recognize him!"

The witness with her eyes still fixed on Gabriel pointed him out with her gloved finger.

"I do. He is there!"

"The prisoner at the bar?"

"Yes."

"He is Gabriel Conroy?"

"He is."

"How long is it since you have seen him?"

"Six years."

"Where did you see him last, and under what circumstances?"

"At Starvation Camp, in the Sierras. I left there to get help for him and my sister."

"And you have never seen him since?"

"Never!"

"Are you aware that among the—er—er—unfortunates who perished, a body that was alleged to be yours was identified?"

"Yes."

"Can you explain that circumstance?"

"Yes. When I left I wore a suit of boy's clothes. I left my own garments for Mrs. Peter Dumphy, one of our party. It was her body, clothed in my garments, that was identified as myself."

"Have you any proof of that fact other than your statement?"

"Yes. Mr. Peter Dumphy, the husband of Mrs. Dumphy, my brother, Gabriel Conroy, and—"

"May it please the Court" (this voice was Arthur Poinsett's, cool, quiet, and languidly patient), "may it please the Court, we of the defense—to save your Honour and the jury some time and trouble—are willing to admit this identification of our client as Gabriel Conroy, and the witness, without further corroboration than her own word, as his sister. Your Honour and the gentlemen of the jury will not fail to recognize in the evidence of our client as to his own name and origin, a rash, foolish, and, on behalf of myself and my colleague, I must add, unadvised attempt to save the reputation of the wife he deeply loves, from the equally unadvised and extraneous evidence brought forward by the prosecution. But we must insist, your Honour, that all this is impertinent to the real issue, the killing of Victor Ramirez by John Doe *alias* Gabriel Conroy. Admitting the facts just testified to by the witness, Grace Conroy, we have no cross-examination to make."

The face of the witness, which had been pale and self-possessed, flushed suddenly as she turned her eyes upon Arthur Poinsett. But that self-contained scamp retained an unmoved countenance as, at Judge Boompoiner's unusually gracious instruction that the witness

might retire, Grace Conroy left the stand. To a question from the Court, Col. Starbottle intimated that he should offer no further evidence in rebuttal.

"May it please the Court," said Arthur quietly, "if we accept the impeachment by a sister of a brother on trial for his life, without comment or cross-examination, it is because we are confident—legally confident—of showing the innocence of that brother by other means. Recognizing the fact that this trial is not for the identification of the prisoner under any name or *alias*, but simply upon the issue of the fact, whether he did or did not commit murder upon the body of Victor Ramirez, as specified in the indictment, we now, waiving all other issues, prepare to prove his innocence by a single witness. That this witness was not produced earlier, was unavoidable; that his testimony was not outlined in the opening, was due to the fact that only within the last half-hour had he been within the reach of the mandate of this Court." He would call Henry Perkins!

There was a slight stir among the spectators by the door as they made way to a quaint figure that, clad in garments of a by-gone fashion, with a pale, wrinkled, yellow face, and gray hair from which the dye had faded, stepped upon the stand.

Is a translator of Spanish and searcher of deeds to the Land Commission. Is called an expert. Recognizes the prisoner at the bar. Saw him only once, two days before the murder, in passing over Conroy's Hill. He was sitting on the door-step of a deserted cabin with a little girl by his side. Saw the deceased twice—once when he came to Don Pedro's house in San Francisco to arrange for the forgery of a grant that should invalidate one already held by the prisoner's wife. Saw the deceased again, after the forgery, on Conroy's Hill, engaged in conversation with the prisoner's wife. Deceased appeared to be greatly excited, and suddenly drew a knife and made an attack upon the prisoner's wife. Witness reached forward and interposed in defense of the woman, when the deceased turned upon him in a paroxysm of insane rage, and a struggle took place between them for the possession of the knife, witness calling for help. Witness did not succeed in wresting the knife from the hands of deceased; it required all his strength to keep himself from bodily harm. In the midst of the struggle, witness heard steps approaching, and again called for help. The call was responded to by a voice in broken English, unintelligible to witness,—apparently the voice of a Chinaman. At the sound of the voice and the approach of footsteps, the deceased broke from witness, and, running backward a few steps, plunged the knife into his own breast and fell.

Witness ran to his side, and again called for help. Deceased turned upon him with a ghastly smile, and said: "Bring any one here, and I'll accuse you before them of my murder!" Deceased did not speak again, but fell into a state of insensibility. Witness became alarmed, reflecting upon the threat of the deceased, and did not go for help. While standing irresolutely by the body, Mrs. Conroy, the prisoner's wife, came upon him. Confessed to her the details just described, and the threat of the deceased. She advised the instant flight of the witness, and offered to go with him herself. Witness procured a horse and buggy from a livery-stable, and at half-past nine at night took Mrs. Conroy from the hill-side near the road, where she was waiting. Drove to Markleville that night, where he left her under an assumed name, and came alone to San Francisco and the Mission of San Antonio. Here he learned from the last witness, prisoner's sister, Grace Conroy, of the arrest of her brother for murder. Witness at once returned to One Horse Gulch, only to find the administration of justice in the hands of a Vigilance Committee. Feeling that his own life might be sacrificed without saving the prisoner's, he took refuge in a tunnel on Conroy's Hill. It chanced to be the same tunnel which Gabriel Conroy and his friend afterward sought in escaping from the Vigilance Committee after the earthquake. Witness, during the absence of Gabriel, made himself known to Mr. Jack Hamlin, Gabriel's friend and comrade in flight, and assured him of the witness's intention to come forward whenever a fair trial could be accorded to Gabriel. After the re-arrest and bailing of Gabriel, witness returned to San Francisco to procure evidence regarding the forged grant, and proofs of Ramirez's persecution of Mrs. Conroy. Had brought with him the knife, and had found the cutler who sold it to deceased eight months before, when deceased first meditated an assault on Mrs. Conroy. Objected to, and objection overruled by a deeply interested and excited Court.

"That is all," said Arthur.

Col. Starbottle, seated beside Grace Conroy, did not, for a moment, respond to the impatient eyes of the audience in the hush that followed. It was not until Grace Conroy whispered a few words in his ear, that the gallant Colonel lifted his dilated breast and self-complacent face above the level of the seated counsel.

"What—er—er—was the reason—why did the—er—er—deeply anxious wife, who fled with you, and thus precipitated the arrest of her husband—why did not she return with you to clear him from suspicion? Why does she remain absent?"

"She was taken ill—dangerously ill—at



Markleville. The excitement and fatigue of the journey had brought on premature confinement. A child was born—"

There was a sudden stir among the group beside the prisoner's chair. Col. Starbottle, with a hurried glance at Grace Conroy, waved his hand toward the witness and sat down. Arthur Poinsett rose.

"We ask a moment's delay, your Honour. The prisoner has fallen in a fit."

## CHAPTER LI.

### A FAMILY GREETING.

WHEN Gabriel opened his eyes to consciousness, he was lying on the floor of the jury-room, his head supported by Olly, and a slight, graceful, womanly figure, that had been apparently bending over him, in the act of slowly withdrawing from his awakening gaze. It was his sister Grace.

"Thar, you're better now," said Olly, taking her brother's hand, and quietly ignoring her sister, on whom Gabriel's eyes were still fixed. "Try and raise yourself into this chair. Thar—thar now—that's a good old Gabe—thar I reckon you're more comfortable!"

"It's Gracy!" whispered Gabriel hoarsely, with his eyes still fixed upon the slight, elegantly dressed woman, who now, leaning against the door-way, stood coldly regarding him. "It's Gracy—your sister, Olly!"

"Ef you mean the woman who hez been tryin' her best to swar away your life, and kem here allowin' to do it—she ain't no sister o' mine—not," added Olly, with a withering glance at the simple elegance of her sister's attire, "not even ef she does trapse in yer in frills and tuckers—more shame for her!"

"If you mean," said Grace, coldly, "the girl whose birthright you took away by marrying the woman who stole it—if you mean the girl who rightfully bears the name that you denied, under oath, in the very shadow of the gallows, she claims nothing of you but her name."

"Thet's so," said Gabriel, simply. He dropped his head between his great hands, and a sudden tremor shook his huge frame.

"Ye ain't goin' to be driv inter histeriks agin along o' that crockodill," said Olly, bending over her brother in alarm. "Don't ye—don't ye cry, Gabe!" whimpered Olly, as a few drops oozed between Gabriel's fingers; "don't ye take on, darling, afore her!"

The two sisters glared at each other over the helpless man between them. Then another woman entered, who looked sympathetically at Gabriel and then glared at them both. It was Mrs. Markle. At which, happily for Gabriel, the family bickering ceased.

"It's all over, Gabriel! you're clar!" said Mrs. Markle, ignoring the sympathies as well as the presence of the two other ladies. "Here's Mr. Poinsett."

He entered quickly, but stopped and flushed slightly under the cold eyes of Grace Conroy. But only for a moment. Coming to Gabriel's side, he said, kindly:

"Gabriel, I congratulate you. The acting District Attorney has entered a *nolle prosequi*, and you are discharged."

"Ye mean I kin go?" said Gabriel, suddenly lifting his face.

"Yes. You are as free as air."

"And ez to *her*?" asked Gabriel quickly.

"What do you mean?" replied Arthur, involuntarily glancing in the direction of Grace, whose eyes dropped scornfully before him.

"My wife—July—is *she* clar too?"

"As far as this trial is concerned, yes," returned Arthur, with a trifle less interest in his voice, which Gabriel was quick to discern.

"Then I'll go," said Gabriel, rising to his feet.

He made a few steps to the door, and then hesitated, stopped, and turned toward Grace. As he did so, his old apologetic, troubled, diffident manner returned.

"Ye'll exkoos me, Miss," he said, looking with troubled eyes upon his newly found sister, "ye'll exkoos me, ef I haven't the time now to do the agreeable and show ye over yer property on Conroy's Hill. But it's thar! It's all thar, ez Lawyer Maxwell kin testify. It's all thar, and the house is open, ez it always was to ye, ez the young woman who keeps the house kin tell ye. I'd go thar with ye ef I hed time, but I'm startin' out now, to-night, to see July. Toe see my wife, Miss Conroy—to see July ez is expectin'! When I say 'expectin',' I don't mean *me*—far from it. But expectin' a little stranger—my chile! And I reckon afore I get thar thar'll be a baby—a pore little, helpless new-born baby—only so long!" added Gabriel, exhibiting his fore-finger as a degree of mensuration, "and ez a famerly man, being ladies, I reckon you reckon I oughter be thar."

(I grieve to state that at this moment the ladies appealed to exchange a glance of supreme contempt, and am proud to record that Lawyer Maxwell and Mr. Poinsett exhibited the only expression of sympathy with the speaker that was noticeable in the group.) Arthur detected it, and said, I fear none the less readily for that knowledge:

"Don't let us keep you, Gabriel; we understand your feelings. Go at once."

"Take me along, Gabe," said Olly, flashing her eyes at her sister, and then turning to Gabriel with a quivering upper lip.

Gabriel turned, swooped his tremendous arm around Olly, lifted her bodily off her



feet, and saying, "You're my own little girl," vanished through the door-way.

This movement reduced the group to Mrs. Markle and Grace Conroy, confronted by Mr. Poinsett and Maxwell. Mrs. Markle relieved an embarrassing silence by stepping forward and taking the arm of Lawyer Maxwell and leading him away. Arthur and Grace were left alone.

For the first time in his life, Arthur lost his readiness and self-command. He glanced awkwardly at the woman before him, and felt that neither conventional courtesy nor vague sentimental recollection would be effective here.

"I am waiting for my maid," said Grace, coldly; "if, as you return to the court-room, you will send her here, you will oblige me."

Arthur bowed confusedly.

"Your maid—"

"Yes, you know her, I think, Mr. Poinsett," continued Grace, lifting her arched brows with cold surprise. "Manuela!"

Arthur turned pale and red. He was conscious of being not only awkward, but ridiculous.

"Pardon me—perhaps I am troubling you—I will go myself," said Grace, contemptuously.

"One moment, Miss Conroy," said Arthur, instinctively stepping before her as she moved as if to pass him, "one moment, I beg."

He paused, and then said, with less deliberation and more impulsively than had been his habit for the last six years:

"You will, perhaps, be more forgiving to your brother if you know that I, who have had the pleasure of meeting you since—since—you were lost to us all—I, who have not had his preoccupation of interest in another—even I, have been as blind, as foolish, as seemingly heartless as he. You will remember this, Miss Conroy—I hope quite as much for its implied compliment to your complete disguise, and an evidence of the success of your own endeavours to obliterate your identity, as for its being an excuse for your brother's conduct, if not for my own. I did not know you."

Grace Conroy paused and raised her dark eyes to his.

"You spoke of my brother's preoccupation with—with the woman for whom he would have sacrificed anything—*me*—his very life! I can—I am a woman—I can understand *that*! You have forgotten, Don Arturo, you have forgotten—pardon me—I am not finding fault—it is not for me to find fault—but you have forgotten—Donna Maria Sepulveda!"

She swept by him with a rustle of silk and lace, and was gone. His heart gave a sudden bound; he was about to follow her, when he was met at the door by the expanding bosom of Col. Starbottle.

"Permit me, sir, as a gentleman, as a man of—er—er—er—honour! to congratulate you, sir! When we—er—er—parted in San Francisco, I did not think that I would have the—er—er—pleasure—a rare pleasure to Col. Starbottle, sir, in his private as well as his—er—er—public capacity, of—er—er—a PUBLIC APOLOGY. Ged, sir! I have made it! Ged, sir! when I entered that *nolle pros.*, I said to myself—I did, blank my blank soul!—I said, 'Star., this is an apology—blank me!—an apology, sir! But you are responsible, sir, you are responsible, Star! personally responsible!'"

"I thank you," said Arthur abstractedly, still straining his eyes after the retreating figure of Grace Conroy, and trying to combat a sudden instinctive jealousy of the man before him,—*"I thank you, Colonel, on behalf of my client and myself."*

"Ged, sir," said Col. Starbottle, blocking up the way, with a general expansiveness of demeanour,—*"Ged, sir, this is not all. You will remember that our recent interview in San Francisco was regarding another and a different issue. That, sir, I am proud to say, the developments of evidence in this trial have honourably and—er—er—as a lawyer, I may say, have legally settled. With the—er—er—identification and legal—er—rehabilitation of Grace Conroy, that claim of my client falls to the ground. You may state to your client, Mr. Poinsett, that—er—er—upon my own personal responsibility I abandon the claim."*

Arthur Poinsett stopped and looked fixedly at the gallant Colonel. Even in his sentimental preoccupation the professional habit triumphed.

"You withdraw Mrs. Dumphy's claim upon Mr. Dumphy?" he said slowly.

Col. Starbottle did not verbally reply. But that gallant warrior allowed the facial muscles on the left side of his face to relax so that one eye was partially closed.

"Yes, sir,—there is a matter of a few thousand dollars that—er—er—you understand I am—er—er—personally responsible for."

"That will never be claimed, Col. Starbottle," said Arthur, smiling, "and I am only echoing, I am sure, the sentiments of the man most concerned, who is approaching us—Mr. Dumphy!"

## CHAPTER LII.

### IN WHICH THE FOOT-PRINTS RETURN.

MR. JACK HAMLIN was in very bad case. When Dr. Duchesne, who had been summoned from Sacramento, arrived, that eminent surgeon had instantly assumed such light-heartedness and levity toward his patient, such captiousness toward Pete, with an occasional seriousness of demeanour when he was alone, that,

to those who knew him, it was equal to an unfavourable prognosis. Indeed, he evaded the direct questioning of Olly, who had lately constituted herself a wondrously light-footed, soft-handed assistant of Pete, until one day when they were alone, he asked, more seriously than was his wont, if Mr. Hamlin had ever spoken of his relations, or if she knew of any of his friends who were accessible.

Olly had already turned this subject over in her womanly mind, and had thought once or twice of writing to the Blue Moselle; but on the direct questioning of the doctor and its peculiar significance, she recalled Jack's confidences on their midnight ride, and the Spanish beauty he had outlined. And so one evening, when she was alone with her patient, and the fever was low, and Jack lay ominously patient and submissive, she began—what the doctor had only lately abandoned—probing a half-healed wound.

"I reckon you'd hev' been a heap more comfortable ef this thing hed happened to ye down thar in San Antonio," said Olly.

Jack rolled his dark eyes wonderingly upon his fair persecutor.

"You know you'd hev had thet thar sweetheart o' yours—thet Mexican woman—sittin' by ye, instead o' me—and Pete," suggested the artful Olympia.

Jack nearly leaped from the bed.

"Do you reckon I'd hev rung myself in as a wandering cripple—a tramp thet hed got peppered—on a lady like *her*? Look yer, Olly," continued Mr. Hamlin, raising himself on his elbow; "if you've got the idea thet thet woman is one of them hospital sharps—one of them angels who waltz round a sick man with a bottle of camphor in one hand and a tract in the other—you had better disabuse your mind of it at once, Miss Conroy; take a back seat and wait for a new deal. And don't you go to talkin' of thet lady as my sweetheart—it's—it's—sacrilegious—and the meanest kind of a bluff."

As the day of the trial drew near, Mr. Hamlin had expressed but little interest in it, and had evidently only withheld his general disgust of Gabriel's weakness from consideration of his sister. Once Mr. Hamlin condescended to explain his apparent coldness.

"There's a witness coming, Olly, that'll clear your brother—more shame for him—the man ez *did* kill Ramirez. I'm keeping my sympathies for that chap. Don't you be alarmed. If that man don't come up to the scratch, I will. So—don't you go whining round. And ef you'll take my advice, you'll keep clear o' that court, and let them lawyers fight it out. It will be time enough for you to go when they send for *me*."

"But you can't move—you ain't strong enough," said Olly.

"I reckon Pete will get me there some way if he has to pack me on his back. I ain't a heavy weight now," said Jack, looking sadly at his thin white hands, "I've reckoned on that, and even if I should pass in my checks there's an affidavit already sworn to in Maxwell's hands."

Nevertheless, on the day of the trial, Olly, still doubtful of Gabriel, and still mindful of his capacity to develop "God-forsaken mulishness" was nervous and uneasy, until a messenger arrived from Maxwell, with a note to Hamlin, carrying the tidings of the appearance of Perkins in Court, and closing with a request for Olly's presence.

"Who's Perkins?" asked Olly, as she reached for her hat in nervous excitement.

"He's no slouch," said Jack sententiously. "Don't ask questions. It's all right with Gabriel now," he added assuringly. "He's as good as clear. Run away, Miss Conroy. Hold up a minit! There, kiss me! Look here, Olly, say!—Do you take any stock in that lost sister of yours that your blank fool brother is always gabbing about? You do! Well you are as big a fool as he! There! There!—Never mind now—she's turned up at last! Much good may it do you. One! two!—go!" and as Olly's pink ribbons flashed through the door-way, Mr. Hamlin lay down again with a twinkle in his eye.

He was alone. The house was very quiet and still; most of the guests, and the hostess and her assistant, were at the all-absorbing trial; even the faithful Pete, unconscious of any possible defection of his assistant, Olly, had taken the opportunity to steal away to hear the arguments of counsel. As the retreating footsteps of Olly echoed along the vacant corridor he felt that he possessed the house completely.

This consciousness, to a naturally active man, bored by illness and the continuous presence of attendants however kind and devoted, was at first a relief. Mr. Hamlin experienced an instant desire to get up and dress himself, to do various things which were forbidden—but which now an overruling Providence had apparently placed within his reach. He rose with great difficulty, and a physical weakness that seemed altogether inconsistent with the excitement he was then feeling, and partially dressed himself. Then he was suddenly overtaken with great faintness and vertigo, and staggering to the open window fell in a chair beside it. The cool breeze revived him for a moment, and he tried to rise but found it impossible. Then the faintness and vertigo returned, and he seemed to be slipping away somewhere,—not altogether unpleasantly nor against his volition—somewhere where there was darkness, and stillness, and rest. And then he slipped back, almost instantly as it

seemed to him, to a room full of excited and anxious people, all extravagantly and, as he thought, ridiculously concerned about himself. He tried to assure them that he was all right, and not feeling any worse for his exertion, but was unable to make them understand him. Then followed night, replete with pain and filled with familiar voices that spoke unintelligibly, and then day, devoted to the monotonous repetition of the last word or phrase that the doctor or Pete or Olly had used, or the endless procession of Olly's pink ribbons and the tremulousness of a window curtain, or the black, sphynx-like riddle of a pattern on the bed quilt, or the wall-paper. Then there was sleep that was turbulent and conscious, and wakefulness that was lethargic and dim, and then infinite weariness, and then lapses of utter vacuity—the occasional ominous impinging of the shadow of death.

But through this chaos there was always a dominant central figure—a figure partly a memory, and, as such, surrounded by consistent associations; partly a reality, and incongruous with its surroundings—the figure of Donna Dolores! But whether this figure came back to Mr. Hamlin out of the dusky arches of the Mission Church in a cloud of incense, besprinkling him with holy water, or whether it bent over him, touching his feverish lips with cool drinks, or smoothing his pillow, a fact utterly unreal and preposterous seen against the pattern of the wall-paper, or sitting on a familiar chair by his bedside—it was always there. And when, one day, the figure stayed longer, and the interval of complete consciousness seemed more protracted, Mr. Hamlin, with one mighty effort, moved his lips, and said feebly:

"Donna Dolores!"

The figure started, leaned its beautiful face, blushing a celestial, rosy red, above his own, put its finger to its perfect lips, and said in plain English:

"Hush! I am Gabriel Conroy's sister!"

#### CHAPTER LIII.

##### IN WHICH MR. HAMLIN PASSES.

WITH his lips sealed by the positive mandate of the lovely specter, Mr. Hamlin resigned himself again to weakness and sleep. When he awoke, Olly was sitting by his bedside; the dusky figure of Pete, spectacled, and reading a good book, was dimly outlined against the window,—but that was all. The vision—if vision it was—had fled.

"Olly," said Mr. Hamlin, faintly.

"Yes!" said Olly, opening her blue eyes in expectant sympathy.

"How long—have I been dr—I mean how long has this—spell lasted?"

"Three days," said Olly.

"The——— you say!" (A humane and possibly weak consideration for Mr. Hamlin, in his new weakness and suffering, restricts me to a mere outline of his extravagance of speech.)

"But you're better now," supplemented Olly.

Mr. Hamlin began to wonder faintly if his painful experience of the last twenty-four hours were a part of his convalescence. He was silent for a few moments, and then suddenly turned his face toward Olly.

"Didn't you say something about—about—your sister the other day?"

"Yes,—she's got back," said Olly, curtly.

"Here?"

"Here."

"Well?" said Mr. Hamlin, a little impatiently.

"Well," returned Olly, with a slight toss of her curls. "She's got back, and I reckon it's about time she did."

Strange to say, Olly's evident lack of appreciation of her sister seemed to please Mr. Hamlin,—possibly because it agreed with his own idea of Grace's superiority, and his inability to recognize or accept her as the sister of Gabriel.

"Where has she been all this while?" asked Jack, rolling his large hollow eyes over Olly.

"Goodness knows! Says she's bin livin' in some fammerly down in the South—Spanish, I reckon—thet's where she gits those airs and graces."

"Has she ever been here,—in this room?" asked Mr. Hamlin.

"Of course she has," said Olly. "When I left you to go with Gabe to see his wife at Wingdam, she volunteered to take my place. Thet woz while you woz flighty, Mr. Hamlin. But I reckon she admired to stay here on account of seein' her bo!"

"Her what?" asked Mr. Hamlin, feeling the blood fast rushing to his colourless face.

"Her bo," repeated Olly; "thet thar Ashley or Poinsett—or whatever he calls himself now!"

Mr. Hamlin here looked so singularly, and his hand tightened so strongly around Olly's, that she hurriedly repeated to him the story of Grace's early wanderings, and her absorbing passion for their former associate, Arthur Poinsett. The statement was, in Olly's present state of mind, not favourable to Grace.

"And she just came up yer, only to see Arthur agin. Thet's all. And she nearly swearin' her brother's life away—and pretendin' it was only done to save the fammerly's name. Jest az if it hed been any more comfortable fur Gabriel to have been hung in his own name. And then goin' and accusin' thet innocent ole lamb, Gabe, of conspiring with July to take her name away. Purty goin's on, I

reckon! And thet man Poinsett, by her own showin', never lettin' on to see her nor us,—nor anybody. And she sassin' me for givin' my opinion of him—and excusin' him by sayin' she didn't want him to know *whar* she was. And she refusin' to see July at all—and pore July lyin' thar at Wingdam, sick with a new baby. Don't talk to me about her!"

"But your sister didn't run away with—this chap. She went away to bring you help," interrupted Jack, hastily dragging Olly back to earlier history.

"Did she? Couldn't she trust her bo to go and get help and then come back fur her?—reckonin' he cared for her at all. No, she waz thet crazy after him she couldn't trust him outer her sight—and she left the camp and Gabe and ME for him. And then the idee of *her* talking to Gabriel about bein' disgraced by July! Ez ef she had never done anythin' to spile her own name, and puttin' on such airs and—"

"Dry up!" shouted Mr. Hamlin, turning with sudden savageness upon his pillow. "Dry up!—don't you see you're driving me half crazy with your infernal buzzing!"

He paused as Olly stopped in mingled mortification and alarm, and then added in milder tones:

"There, that'll do. I'm not feeling well, to-day. Send Dr. Duchesne to me, if he's here. Stop one moment—there! good-bye! go!"

Olly had risen promptly. There was always something in Mr. Hamlin's positive tones that commanded an obedience that she would have refused to any other. Thoroughly convinced of some important change in Mr. Hamlin's symptoms, she sought the Doctor at once. Perhaps she brought with her some of her alarm and anxiety, for a moment later that distinguished physician entered, with less deliberation than was his habit. He walked to the bedside of his patient, and would have taken his hand, but Jack slipped his tell-tale pulse under the covers, and, looking fixedly at the Doctor, said:

"Can I be moved from here?"

"You can, but I should hardly advise—"

"I didn't ask that. This is a lone hand I'm playin', Doctor, and if I'm euchred, tain't your fault. How soon?"

"I should say," said Dr. Duchesne, with professional caution, "that if no bad symptoms supervene" (he made here a half-habitual, but wholly ineffectual, dive for Jack's pulse), "you might go in a week."

"I must go *now*!"

Dr. Duchesne bent over his patient. He was a quick as well as a patiently observing man, and he saw something in Jack's face that no one else had detected. Seeing this, he said:

"You can go now—at a great risk—the risk of your life!"

"I'll take it!" said Mr. Hamlin, promptly. "I've been playin' agin odds," he added, with a faint but audacious smile, "for the last six months, and it's no time to draw out now. Go on, and tell Pete to pack up and get me ready."

"Where are you going?" asked the Doctor quietly, still gazing at his patient.

"To—blank!" said Mr. Hamlin, impulsively.

Then recognising the fact that, in view of his having travelling companions, some more definite and practicable locality was necessary, he paused a moment, and said:

"To the Mission of San Antonio."

"Very well," said the Doctor, gravely.

Strange to say, whether from the Doctor's medication, or from the stimulus of some reserved vitality hitherto unsuspected, Mr. Hamlin from that moment rallied. The preparations for his departure were quickly made, and in a few hours he was ready for the road.

"I don't want to have anybody cacklin' around me," he said, in deprecation of any leave-taking. "I leave the board,—they can go on with the game."

Notwithstanding which, at the last moment Gabriel hung awkwardly and heavily around the carriage in which the invalid was seated.

"I'd foller arter ye, Mr. Hamlin, in a buggy," he interpolated, in gentle deprecation of his unwieldy and difficult bulk, "but I'm sorter kept yer with my wife—who is powerful weak along of a pore small baby—about so long—the same not bein' a fammerly man yourself, you don't kinder get the hang of. I thought it might please ye to know that I got bail yesterday fur thet Mr. Perkins—ez didn't kill that thar Ramirez—the same havin' killed hisself—ez woz fetched out on the trial, which I reckon ye didn't get to hear. I admire to see ye lookin' so well, Mr. Hamlin, and I'm glad Olly's goin' with ye. I reckon Grace would hev gone too, but she's sorter skary about strangers, hevin' bin engaged these sev-ing years to a young man by the name o' Poinsett ez waz one o' my counsel, and hevin' lately had a row with the same—one o' them lovers' fights—which bein' a young man yourself, ye kin kindly allow for."

"Drive on!" imprecated Mr. Hamlin furiously to the driver. "What in the name of blank are you waiting for?" and with the whirling wheels Gabriel dropped off apologetically in a cloud of dust, and Mr. Hamlin sank back exhaustedly on the cushions.

Notwithstanding, as he increased his distance from One Horse Gulch, his spirits seemed to rise, and by the time they had reached San Antonio, he had recovered his old audacity and dash of manner, and raised the highest



hopes in the breast of everybody but—his doctor. Yet that gentleman, after a careful examination of his patient one night, said privately to Pete:

"I think this exaltation will last about three days longer. I am going to San Francisco. At the end of that time I shall return—unless you telegraph to me before that."

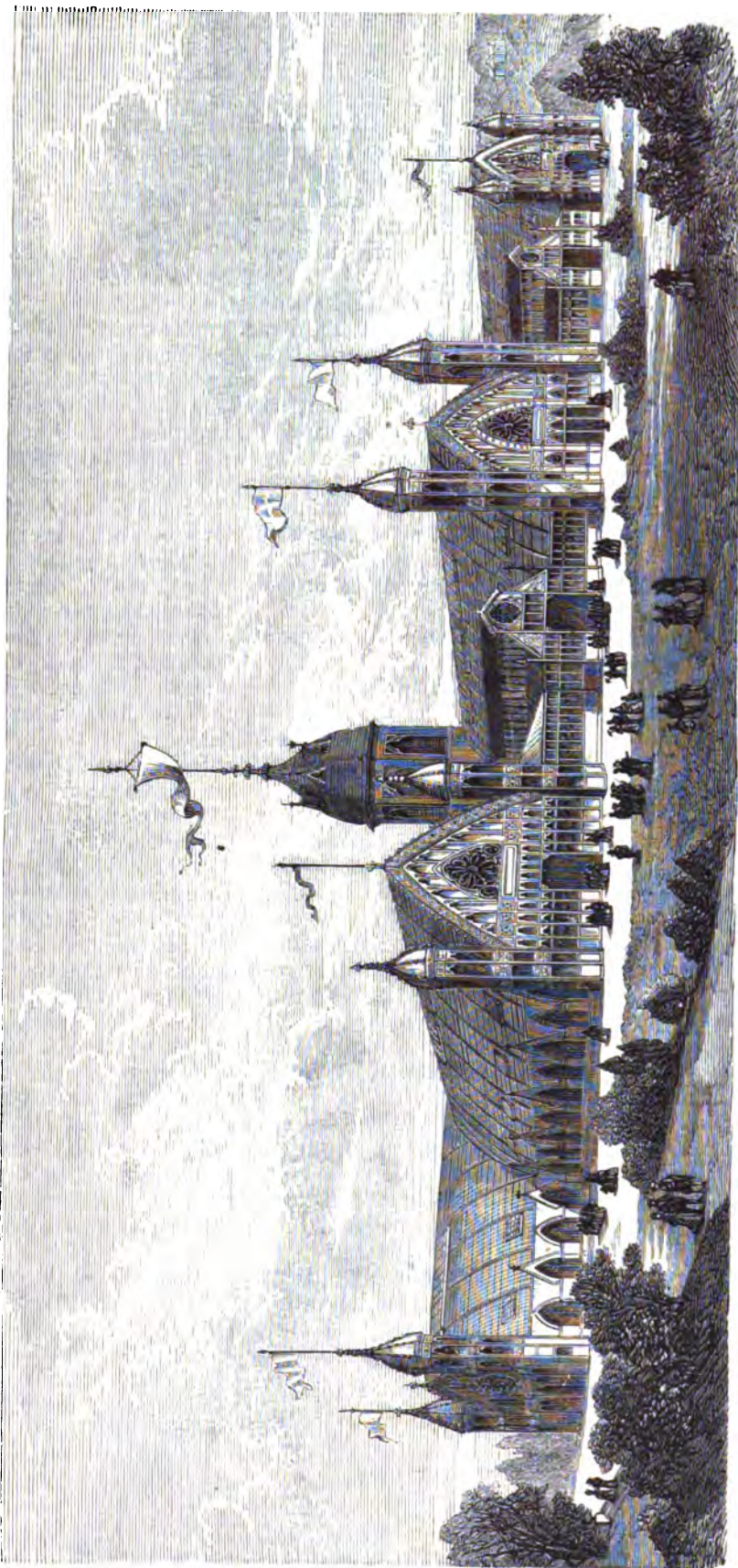
He parted gayly from his patient, and seriously from everybody else. Before he left, he sought out Padre Felipe.

"I have a patient here, in a critical condition," said the Doctor; "the hotel is no place for him. Is there any family here—any house that will receive him, under your advice, for a week? At the end of that time he will be better, or beyond our ministrations. He is not a Protestant—he is nothing. You have had experience with the heathen, Father Felipe."

Father Felipe looked at Dr. Duchesne. The Doctor's well-earned professional fame had penetrated even San Antonio; the Doctor's insight and intelligence were visible in his manner, and touched the Jesuit instantly.

"It is a strange case, my son—a sad case," he said, thoughtfully. "I will see."

He did. The next day, under the directions of Father Felipe, Mr. Hamlin was removed to the Rancho of the Blessed Fisherman; and, notwithstanding the fact that its hostess was absent, was fairly installed as its guest. When Mrs. Sepulveda returned from her visit to San Francisco, she was at first astonished, then excited,



THE AMERICAN CENTENNIAL AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.—SEE MISCELLANEA.

and then, I fear, gratified. For she at once recognized in this guest of Father Felipe the mysterious stranger whom she had, some weeks ago, detected on the plains of the Blessed Trinity. And Jack, despite his illness, was still handsome, and had, moreover, the melancholy graces of invalidism, which go far with an habitually ailing sex. And so she coddled Mr. Hamlin, and gave him her sacred hammock by day over the porch and her best bedroom at night. And then, at the close of a pleasant day, she said archly:

"I think I have seen you before, Mr. Hamlin—at the Rancho of the Blessed Trinity. You remember—the house of Donna Dolores?"

Mr. Hamlin was too observant of the sex to be impertinently mindful of another woman than his interlocutor, and assented with easy indifference.

Donna Maria (now thoroughly convinced that Mr. Hamlin's attentions on that eventful occasion were intended for herself, and even delightfully suspicious of some pre-arranged plan in his present situation):

"Poor Donna Dolores! You know we have lost her forever?"

"When?" asked Mr. Hamlin.

"That dreadful earthquake on the 8th."

Mr. Hamlin, reflecting that the appearance of Grace Conroy was on the 10th, assented again abstractedly.

"Ah, yes! so sad! And yet, perhaps, for the best. You know the poor girl had a hopeless passion for her legal adviser—the famous Arthur Poinsett? Ah! you did not. Well, perhaps it was only merciful that she died before she knew how insincere that man's attentions were. You are a believer in special Providences, Mr. Hamlin?"

Mr. Hamlin (doubtfully):

"You mean a run of luck?"

Donna Maria (rapidly, ignoring Mr. Hamlin's illustration):

"Well, perhaps I have reason to say so. Poor Donna Dolores was my friend. Yet, would you believe there were people—you know how ridiculous is the gossip of a town like this—there are people who believed that he was paying attention to ME!"

Mrs. Sepulveda hung her head archly. There was a long pause. Then Mr. Hamlin called faintly:

"Pete!"

"Yes, Mars Jack."

"Ain't it time to take that medicine?"

When Dr. Duchesne returned, he ignored all this little by-play, and even the anxious inquiries of Olly, and said to Mr. Hamlin:

"Have you any objections to my sending for Dr. Mackintosh—a devilish clever fellow?"

And Mr. Hamlin had none. And so, after a private telegram, Dr. Mackintosh arrived,

and for three or four hours the two doctors talked in an apparently unintelligible language, chiefly about a person who Mr. Hamlin was satisfied did not exist. And when Dr. Mackintosh left, Dr. Duchesne, after a very earnest conversation with him on their way to the stage-office, drew a chair beside Mr. Hamlin's bed.

"Jack!"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you got everything fixed—all right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Jack!"

"Yes, sir."

"You've made Pete very happy this morning."

Jack looked up at Dr. Duchesne's critical face, and the Doctor went on, gravely:

"Confessing religion to him—saying you believed as he did!"

A faint laugh glimmered in the dark hollows of Jack's eyes.

"The old man," he said explanatorily, "has been preachin' mighty heavy at me ever since t'other doctor came, and I reckoned it might please him to allow that everything he said was so. You see the old man's bin right soft on me, and between us, Doctor, I ain't much to give him in exchange. It's no square game!"

"Then you believe you're going to die?" said the Doctor, gravely.

"I reckon."

"And you have no directions to give me?"

"There's a blank hound at Sacramento, Jim Briggs, who borrowed and never gave back my silver-mounted Derringers, blank him! that I reckoned to give you. Tell him he'd better give them up, or I'll—"

"Jack," interrupted Dr. Duchesne, with infinite gentleness, laying his hand on the invalid's arm, "you must not think of me."

Jack pressed his friend's hand.

"There's my diamond pin up the spout at Wingdam, and the money gone to Lawyer Maxwell to pay witnesses for that blank old fool, Gabriel. And then, when Gabriel and me was escaping, I happened to strike the very man, Perkins, who was Gabriel's principal witness, and he was dead broke, and I had to give him my solitaire ring to help him get away and be on hand for Gabriel. And Olly's got my gold specimen to be made into a mug for that cub of that old she-tiger—Gabriel's woman—that Madame Devarges. And my watch—who in blank has got my watch?" said Mr. Hamlin, reflectively.

"Never mind those things, Jack. Have you any word to send—to—anybody?"

"No."

There was a long pause. In the stillness, the ticking of a clock on the mantel became audible. Then there was a laugh in the ante-

room, where a professional brother of Jack's had been waiting, slightly under the influence of grief and liquor.

"Scotty ought to know better—than to kick up a row in a decent woman's house," whispered Jack, faintly. "Tell him to dry up, blank him, or I'll—"

But his voice was falling him, and the sentence remained incomplete.

"Doc." (after a long effort).

"Jack!"

"Don't—let—on—to Pete—I fooled—him."

"No, Jack."

They were both still for several minutes. And then Dr. Duchesne softly released his hand, and laid that of his patient, white and thin, upon the coverlid before him. Then he rose gently and opened the door of the ante-room. Two or three eager faces confronted him.

"Pete," he said gravely, "I want Pete—no one else."

The old negro entered with a trembling step. And then, catching sight of the white face on the pillow, he uttered one cry—a cry replete with all the hysterical pathos of his race, and ran and dropped on his knees beside it! And then the black and the white face were near together, and both were wet with tears.

Dr. Duchesne stepped forward and would have laid his hand gently upon the old servant's shoulder. But he stopped, for suddenly both of the black hands were lifted wildly in the air, and the black face, with rapt eyeballs, turned toward the ceiling as if they had caught sight of the steadfast blue beyond. Perhaps they had.

"O de Lord God! whose prechiss blood washes de brack sheep and de white sheep all de one colour! O de Lamb ob God! Sabe, sabe dis por', dis por' boy. O Lord God for MY sake. O de Lord God dow knowst fo' twenty years Pete, ole Pete has walked in dy ways—has found de Lord and him crucified!—and has been dy servant. O de Lord God—O de bressed Lord, ef it's all de same to you, let all dat go fo' nowt! Let old Pete go! and send down dy mercy and forgiveness fo' him!"

#### CHAPTER LIV.

##### IN THE OLD CABIN AGAIN.

THERE was little difficulty in establishing the validity of Grace Conroy's claim to the Conroy grant, under the bequest of Dr. Devarges. Her identity was confirmed by Mr. Dumphy—none the less readily that it relieved him of a distressing doubt about the late Mrs. Dumphy, and did not affect his claim to the mineral discovery which he had purchased from Gabriel and his wife. It was true that

since the dropping of the lead the mine had been virtually abandoned, and was comparatively of little market value. But Mr. Dumphy still clung to the hope that the missing lead would be discovered.

He was right. It was some weeks after the death of Mr. Hamlin, that Gabriel and Olly stood again beneath the dismantled roof-tree and bare walls of his old cabin on Conroy Hill. But the visit this time was not one of confidential disclosure nor lonely contemplation, but with a practical view of determining whether this first home of the brother and sister could be repaired and made habitable, for Gabriel had steadily refused the solicitations of Grace that he should occupy his more recent mansion. Mrs. Conroy and infant were at the hotel.

"Thar, Olly," said Gabriel, "I reckon that a cart-load o' boards and a few days' work with willing hands, will put that thar shanty back agin ez it used to be when you and me waz childun."

"Yes," said Olly, abstractedly.

"We've had good times yer, Olly, you and me!"

"Yes," said Olly, with eyes still afar.

Gabriel looked down—a great ways—on his sister, and then suddenly took her hand and sat down upon the door-step, drawing her between his knees after the old fashion.

"Ye ain't hearkenin' to me, Olly dear!"

Whereat Miss Olympia instantly and illogically burst into tears, and threw her small arms about Gabriel's huge bulk. She had been capricious and fretful since Mr. Hamlin's death, and it may be that she embraced the dead man again in her brother's arms. But her outward expression was, "Gracy! I was thinking o' poor Gracy, Gabe!"

"Then," said Gabriel, with intense archness and cunning, "you was thinking o' present kempany, for ef I ain't blind, that's them coming up the hill."

There were two figures slowly coming up the hill outlined against the rosy sunset. A man and woman: Arthur Poinsett and Grace Conroy. Olly lifted her head and rose to her feet. They approached nearer. No one spoke. The next instant—impulsively I admit, inconsistently I protest—the sisters were in each other's arms. The two men looked at each other, awkward, reticent, superior.

Then, the women having made quick work of it, the two men were treated to an equally illogical, inconsistent embrace. When Grace at last, crying and laughing, released Gabriel's neck from her sweet arms, Mr. Poinsett assumed the masculine attitude of pure reason.

"Now that you have found your sister, permit me to introduce you to my wife," he said to Gabriel, taking Grace's hand in his own.



Whereat Olly flew into Poinsett's arms, and gave him a fraternal and conciliatory kiss. Tableau.

"You don't look like a bride," said the practical Olly to Mrs. Poinsett, under her breath, "you ain't got no veil, no orange blossoms—and that black dress—"

"We've been married seven years, Olly," said the quick-eared and ready-witted Arthur.

And then these people began to chatter as if they had always been in the closest confidence and communion.

"You know," said Grace to her brother, "Arthur and I are going East, to the States, to-morrow, and really, Gabe, he says he will not leave here until you consent to take back your house—your wife's house, Gabe. You know, WE" (there was a tremendous significance in this newly found personal plural) "WE have deeded it all to you."

"I hev a dooty to per-form to Gracy," said Gabriel Conroy, with astute deliberation looking at Mr. Poinsett,—"a dooty to thet gal, thet must be done afore any transfer of this yer propputty is made. I hev to make restitution of certing papers ez hez fallen casooally into my hands. This yer paper," he added, drawing a soiled yellow envelope from his pocket, "kem to me a week ago, the same hevin' lied in the Express Office sens the trial. It belongs to Gracy, I reckon, and I hands it to her."

Grace tore open the envelope, glanced at its contents hurriedly, uttered a slight cry of astonishment, blushed, and put the paper into her pocket.

"This yer paper," continued Gabriel, gravely, drawing another from the pocket of his blouse, "was found by me in the Empire Tunnel the night I was runnin' from the lynchers. It likewise b'longs to Gracy—and the world gin'rally. It's the record of Dr. Devarges's fust discovery of the silver lead on this yer hill, and," continued Gabriel, with infinite gravity, "wipes out, so to speak, this yer mineral right o' me and Mr. Dumphy, and the stockholders gin'rally."

It was Mr. Poinsett's turn to take the paper from Gabriel's hands. He examined it attentively by the fading light.

"That is so," he said earnestly; "it is quite legal and valid."

"And thar ez one paper more," continued Gabriel, this time putting his hand in his bosom and drawing out a buckskin purse, from which he extracted a many-folded paper. "It's the grant that Dr. Devarges gave Gracy, thet thet pore Mexican Ramirez ez—may be ye may remember was killed—handed to my wife, and July, my wife"—said Gabriel, with a prodigious blush—"hez bin sorter keepin' in trust for Gracy!"

He gave the paper to Arthur, who received

it, but still retained a warm grasp of Gabriel's massive hand.

"And now," added Gabriel, "et's gettin' late, and I reckon et's about the square thing ef we'd ad-journ this yer meeting to the hotel; and ez you're goin' away, may be ye'd make a partin' visit with yer wife, forgettin' and forgivin' like, to Mrs. Conroy and the baby—a pore little thing—that, ye wouldn't believe it, Mr. Poinsett, looks like me!"

But Olly and Grace had drawn aside, and were in the midst of an animated conversation. And Grace was saying:

"So I took the stone from the fire just as I take this—(she picked up a fragment of the crumbling chimney before her)—it looked black and burnt just like this, and I rubbed it hard on the blanket, so; and it shone, just like silver; and Dr. Devarges said—"

"We are going, Grace," interrupted her husband, "we are going to see Gabriel's wife."

Grace hesitated a moment; but, as her husband took her arm, she slightly pressed it with a certain matrimonial caution, whereupon, with a quick, impulsive gesture, Grace held out her hand to Olly, and the three gaily followed the bowed figure of Gabriel as he strode through the darkening wood.

## CHAPTER LV.

### THE RETURN OF A FOOT-PRINT.

I REGRET that no detailed account of the reconciliatory visit to Mrs. Conroy has been handed down, and I only gather a hint of it from after-comments of the actors themselves. When the last words of parting had been said, and Grace and Arthur had taken their seats in the Wingdam coach, Gabriel bent over his wife's bedside.

"It kinder seemed ez ef you and Mr. Poinsett recog-nized each other at first, July," said Gabriel.

"I *have* seen him before—not here! I don't think he'll ever trouble us much, Gabriel," said Mrs. Conroy, with a certain triumphant lighting of the cold fires of her gray eyes. "But look at the baby. He's laughing! He knows you, I declare!"

And in Gabriel's rapt astonishment at this unprecedented display of intelligence in one so young, the subject was dropped.

"Why, where did you ever see Mrs. Conroy before?" asked Grace of her husband, when they had reached Wingdam that night.

"I never saw *Mrs. Conroy* before," returned Arthur, with legal precision. "I met a lady in St. Louis years ago under another name, who, I daresay, is now your brother's wife. But—I think, Grace—the less we see of her—the better."

"Why?"



"By the way, darling, what was that paper that Gabriel gave you?" asked Arthur, lightly avoiding the previous question.

Grace drew the paper from her pocket, blushed slightly, kissed her husband, and then putting her arms around his neck, laid her face in his breast, while he read aloud, in Spanish, the following:

"This is to give trustworthy statement that on the 18th of May, 1848, a young girl, calling herself Grace Conroy, sought shelter and aid at the Presidio of San Geronimo. Being friendless—but of the B. V. M. and the Saints—I adopted her as my daughter, with the name of Dolores Salvatierra. Six months after her arrival, on the 12th of November, 1848, she was delivered of a dead child, the son of her affianced husband, one Philip Ashley. Wishing to keep her secret from the world, and to prevent recognition by the members of her own race and family, by the assistance and advice of an Indian peon, Manuela, she consented that her face and hands should be daily washed by the juice of the Yokoto—whose effect is to change the skin to the colour of bronze. With this metamorphosis she became known, by my advice and consent, as the daughter of the Indian Princess Nicata and myself. And as such I have recognized in due form, her legal right in the apportionment of my estate.

"Given at the Presidio of San Geronimo, the 1st day of December, 1848. JUAN HERMENEGILDO SALVATIERRA."

"But how did Gabriel get this?" asked Arthur.

"I—don't—know!" said Grace.

"To whom did *you* give it?"

"To—Padre Felipe."

"Oh! I see," said Arthur. "Then *you* are Mr. Dumphy's long-lost wife!"

"I don't know what Father Felipe did," said Grace, tossing her head slightly. "I put the matter in his hands."

"The whole story?"

"I said nothing about you—you great goose!"

Arthur kissed her, by way of acknowledging the justice of the epithet.

"But I ought to have told Mrs. Sepulvida the whole story when she said you proposed to her. You're sure you didn't?" continued Grace, looking into her husband's eyes.

"Never!" said that admirable young man, promptly.

## CHAPTER LVI.

### FRAGMENT OF A LETTER FROM OLYMPIA CONROY TO GRACE POINSETT.

"—the baby is doing well. And only think—Gabe has struck it again! And you was the cause, dear—and he says it all belongs to you—like the God-forsaken old mule that he is. Don't you remember when you was telling me about Doctor Divergers giving you that rock and how you rubbed it untill the silver shone, well, you took up a rock from our old chimbley and rubbed it, while you was telling it. And the rock Gabe came across next morning, all shining where you had rubbed it. And shure enuff it was solid silver. And then Gabe says, says he, We've struck it agin, fur the chimbley rock was taken from the first hole I dug on the hill only a hundred feet from here. And shure enuff, yesterday he perspected the hole and found the lead agin. And we are all very rich agin and comin' to see you next year, only that Gabe is such a fool!

"Your loving Sister,  
"OLYMPIA CONROY."

THE END.

## MARJORIE DAW.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

### I.

DR. DILLON TO EDWARD DELANEY, ESQ., AT  
THE PINES, NEAR RYE, N. H.

August 8, 187—.

MY DEAR SIR:—I am happy to assure you that your anxiety is without reason. Flemming will be confined to the sofa for three or four weeks, and will have to be careful at first how he uses his leg. A fracture of this kind is always a tedious affair. Fortunately, the bone was very skilfully set by the surgeon who chanced to be in the drug-store where Flemming was brought after his fall, and I apprehend no permanent inconvenience from the accident. *Flemming is doing perfectly well physically*; but I must confess that the irritable and morbid state of mind into which he has fallen causes me a great deal of uneasiness. He is the last man in the world who ought to break his leg. You know how impetuous our friend is ordinarily,

what a soul of restlessness and energy, never content unless he is rushing at some object, like a sportive bull at a red shawl; but amiable withal. He is no longer amiable. His temper has become something frightful. Miss Fanny Flemming came up from Newport, where the family are staying for the summer, to nurse him; but he packed her off the next morning in tears. He has a complete set of Balzac's works, twenty-seven volumes, piled up near his sofa, to throw at Watkins whenever that exemplary serving-man appears with his meals. Yesterday I very innocently brought Flemming a small basket of lemons. You know it was a strip of lemon-peel on the curbstone that caused our friend's mischance. Well, he no sooner set his eyes upon these lemons than he fell into such a rage as I cannot adequately describe. This is only one of his moods, and the least distressing. At other times he sits with bowed head regarding his splintered limb, silent, sullen, despairing. When this fit is on

him—and it sometimes lasts all day—nothing can distract his melancholy. He refuses to eat, does not even read the newspapers; books, except as projectiles for Watkins, have no charms for him. His state is truly pitiable.

Now, if he were a poor man, with a family depending on his daily labour, this irritability and despondency would be natural enough. But in a young fellow of twenty-four, with plenty of money and seemingly not a care in the world, the thing is monstrous. If he continues to give way to his vagaries in this manner, he will end by bringing on an inflammation of the fibula. It was the fibula he broke. I am at my wits' end to know what to prescribe for him. I have anæsthetics and lotions, to make people sleep and to soothe the pain; but I've no medicine that will make a man have a little common-sense. That is beyond my skill, but maybe it is not beyond yours. You are Flemming's intimate friend, his *fidus Achates*. Write to him, write to him frequently, distract his mind, cheer him up, and prevent him from becoming a confirmed case of melancholia. Perhaps he has some important plans disarranged by his present confinement. If he has you will know, and will know how to advise him judiciously. I trust your father finds the change beneficial? I am, my dear sir, with great respect, etc.

## II.

EDWARD DELANEY TO JOHN FLEMMING, WEST  
38TH STREET, NEW YORK.

August 9, —.

MY DEAR JACK:—I had a line from Dillon this morning, and was rejoiced to learn that your hurt is not so bad as reported. Like a certain personage, you are not so black and blue as you are painted. Dillon will put you on your pins again in two or three weeks, if you will only have patience and follow his counsels. Did you get my note of last Wednesday? I was greatly troubled when I heard of the accident.

I can imagine how tranquil and saintly you are with your leg in a trough! It is deuced awkward, to be sure, just as we had promised ourselves a glorious month together at the seaside; but we must make the best of it. It is unfortunate, too, that my father's health renders it impossible for me to leave him. I think he has much improved; the sea air is his native element; but he still needs my arm to lean upon in his walks, and requires some one more careful than a servant to look after him. I cannot come to you, dear Jack, but I have hours of unemployed time on hand, and I will write you a whole post-office full of letters if that will divert you. Heaven knows, I haven't anything to write about. It isn't as if we were

living at one of the beach houses; then I could do you some character studies, and fill your imagination with groups of sea-goddesses, with their (or somebody else's) raven and blond manes hanging down their shoulders. You should have Aphrodite in morning wrapper, in evening costume, and in her prettiest bathing suit. But we are far from all that here. We have rooms in a farm-house, on a cross-road, two miles from the hotels, and lead the quietest of lives.

I wish I were a novelist. This old house, with its sanded floors and high wainscots, and its narrow windows looking out upon a cluster of pines that turn themselves into æolian-harps every time the wind blows, would be the place in which to write a summer romance. It should be a story with the odours of the forest and the breath of the sea in it. It should be a novel like one of that Russian fellow's,—what's his name?—Tourguénieff, Turguenef, Turgenis, Toorguniff, Turgénjew,—nobody knows how to spell him. Yet I wonder if even a Liza or an Alexandra Paulovna could stir the heart of a man who has constant twinges in his leg. I wonder if one of our own Yankee girls of the best type, haughty and *spirituelle*, would be of any comfort to you in your present deplorable condition. If I thought so, I would hasten down to the Surf House and catch one for you; or, better still, I would find you one over the way.

Picture to yourself a large white house just across the road, nearly opposite our cottage. It is not a house, but a mansion, built, perhaps, in the colonial period, with rambling extensions, and gambrel roof, and a wide piazza on three sides,—a self-possessed, high-bred piece of architecture, with its nose in the air. It stands back from the road, and has an obsequious retinue of fringed elms and oaks and weeping willows. Sometimes in the morning, and oftener in the afternoon, when the sun has withdrawn from that part of the mansion, a young woman appears on the piazza with some mysterious Penelope web of embroidery in her hand, or a book. There is a hammock over there,—of pineapple fibre, it looks from here. A hammock is very becoming when one is eighteen, and has golden hair, and dark eyes, and an emerald-coloured illusion dress looped up after the fashion of a Dresden china shepherdess, and is *chaussée* like a belle of the time of Louis Quatorze. All this splendour goes into that hammock, and sways there like a pond-lily in the golden afternoon. The window of my bed-room looks down on that piazza,—and so do I.

But enough of this nonsense, which ill becomes a sedate young attorney taking his vacation with an invalid father. Drop me a line, dear Jack, and tell me how you really are. State your case. Write me a long, quiet

letter. If you are violent or abusive, I'll take the law to you.

### III.

JOHN FLEMMING TO EDWARD DELANEY.

August 11, —

YOUR letter, dear Ned, was a godsend. Fancy what a fix I am in,—I, who never had a day's sickness since I was born. My left leg weighs three tons. It is embalmed in spices and smothered in layers of fine linen, like a mummy. I can't move. I haven't moved for five thousand years. I'm of the time of Pharaoh.

I lie from morning till night on a lounge, staring into the hot street. Everybody is out of town enjoying himself. The brown-stone-front houses across the street resemble a row of particularly ugly coffins set up on end. A green mould is settling on the names of the deceased, carved on the silver door-plates. Sardonic spiders have sewed up the key-holes. All is silence, and dust, and desolation.—I interrupt this a moment, to take a shy at Watkins with the second volume of Césaire Birotteau. Missed him! I think I could bring him down with a copy of Sainte-Beuve or the Dictionnaire Universel, if I had it. The small Balzac books somehow don't quite fit my hand; but I shall fetch him yet. I've an idea Watkins is tapping the old gentleman's Château Yquem. Duplicate key of the wine-cellar. Hibernian swarries in the front basement. Young Cheops up stairs, snug in his ceremonies. Watkins glides into my chamber, with that colourless, hypocritical face of his drawn out long like an accordion; but I know he grins all the way down stairs, and is glad I have broken my leg. Was not my evil star in the very zenith when I ran up to town to attend that dinner at Delmonico's? I didn't come up altogether for that. It was partly to buy Frank Livingstone's roan mare Margot. And now I shall not be able to sit in the saddle these two months. I'll send the mare down to you at The Pines,—is that the name of the place?

Old Dillon fancies that I have something on my mind. He drives me wild with lemons. Lemons for a mind diseased! Nonsense. I am only as restless as the devil under this confinement,—a thing I'm not used to. Take a man who has never had so much as a headache or a toothache in his life, strap one of his legs in a section of water-spout, keep him in a room in the city for weeks, with the hot weather turned on, and then expect him to smile and purr and be happy! It is preposterous. I can't be cheerful or calm.

Your letter is the first consoling thing I have had since my disaster, ten days ago. It really cheered me up for half an hour.

Send me a screed, Ned, as often as you can, if you love me. Anything will do. Write me more about that little girl in the hammock. That was very pretty, all that about the Dresden china shepherdess and the pond-lily; the imagery a little mixed, perhaps, but very pretty. I didn't suppose you had so much sentimental furniture in your upper story. It shows how one may be familiar for years with the reception-room of his neighbour, and never suspect what is directly under his mansard. I supposed your loft stuffed with dry legal parchments, mortgages and affidavits; you take down a package of manuscript, and lo! there are lyrics and sonnets and canzonettas. You really have a graphic descriptive touch, Edward Delaney, and I suspect you of anonymous love-tales in the magazines.

I shall be a bear until I hear from you again. Tell me all about your pretty *inconnu* across the road. What is her name? Who is she? Who's her father? Where's her mother? Who's her lover? You cannot imagine how this will occupy me. The more trifling the better. My imprisonment has weakened me intellectually to such a degree that I find your epistolary gifts quite considerable. I am passing into my second childhood. In a week or two I shall take to India-rubber rings and prongs of coral. A silver cup, with an appropriate inscription, would be a delicate attention on your part. In the mean time, write!

### IV.

EDWARD DELANEY TO JOHN FLEMMING.

August 12, —

THE sick pasha shall be amused. *Bismillah!* he wills it so. If the story-teller becomes prolix and tedious,—the bow-string and the sack, and two Nubians to drop him into the Piscataqua! But, truly, Jack, I have a hard task. There is literally nothing here,—except the little girl over the way. She is swinging in the hammock at this moment. It is to me compensation for many of the ills of life to see her now and then put out a small kid boot, which fits like a glove, and set herself going. Who is she, and what is her name? Her name is Daw. Only daughter of Mr. Richard W. Daw, ex-colonel and banker. Mother dead. One brother at Harvard, elder brother killed at the battle of Fair Oaks, nine years ago. Old, rich family, the Daws. This is the homestead, where father and daughter pass eight months of the twelve; the rest of the year in Baltimore, and Washington. The New England winter too many for the old gentleman. The daughter is called Marjorie,—Marjorie Daw. Sounds odd at first, doesn't it? But after you say it over to yourself half a dozen times, you like it. There's

a pleasing quaintness to it, something prim and violet-like. Must be a nice sort of girl to be called Marjorie Daw.

I had mine host of The Pines in the witness-box last night, and drew the foregoing testimony from him. He has charge of Mr. Daw's vegetable-garden, and has known the family these thirty years. Of course I shall make the acquaintance of my neighbours before many days. It will be next to impossible for me not to meet Mr. Daw or Miss Daw in some of my walks. The young lady has a favourite path to the sea-beach. I shall intercept her some morning, and touch my hat to her. Then the princess will bend her fair head to me with courteous surprise not unmixed with haughtiness. Will snub me, in fact. All this for thy sake, O Pasha of the Snapt Axle-tree! . . . How oddly things fall out! Ten minutes ago I was called down to the parlour,—you know the kind of parlours in farm-houses on the coast, a sort of amphibious parlour, with sea-shells on the mantel-piece and spruce branches in the chimney-place,—where I found my father and Mr. Daw doing the antique polite to each other. He had come to pay his respects to his new neighbours. Mr. Daw is a tall, slim gentleman of about fifty-five, with a florid face and snow-white moustache and side-whiskers. Looks like Mr. Dombey, or as Mr. Dombey would have looked if he had served a few years in the British Army. Mr. Daw was a colonel in the late war, commanding the regiment in which his son was a lieutenant. Plucky old boy, backbone of New Hampshire granite. Before taking his leave, the colonel delivered himself of an invitation as if he were issuing a general order. Miss Daw has a few friends coming, at 4 p.m., to play croquet on the lawn (parade-ground) and have tea (cold rations) on the piazza. Will we honour them with our company? (or be sent to the guard-house.) My father declines on the plea of ill-health. My father's son bows with as much suavity as he knows, and accepts.

In my next I shall have something to tell you. I shall have seen the little beauty face to face. I have a presentiment, Jack, that this Daw is a *rara avis*! Keep up your spirits, my boy, until I write you another letter,—and send me along word how's your leg.

## V.

EDWARD DELANEY TO JOHN FLEMING.

August 13, —.

THE party, my dear Jack, was as dreary as possible. A lieutenant of the navy, the rector of the Episcopal church at Stillwater, and a society swell from Nahant. The lieutenant looked as if he had swallowed a couple

of his buttons, and found the bullion rather indigestible; the rector was a pensive youth, of the daffydowndilly sort; and the swell from Nahant was a very weak tidal wave indeed. The women were much better, as they always are; the two Miss Kingsburys of Philadelphia, staying at the Sea-shell House, two bright and engaging girls. But Marjorie Daw!

The company broke up soon after tea, and I remained to smoke a cigar with the colonel on the piazza. It was like seeing a picture to see Miss Marjorie hovering around the old soldier, and doing a hundred gracious little things for him. She brought the cigars and lighted the tapers with her own delicate fingers, in the most enchanting fashion. As we sat there, she came and went in the summer-twilight, and seemed, with her white dress and pale golden hair, like some lovely phantom that had sprung into existence out of the smoke-wreaths. If she had melted into air, like the statue of Galatea in the play, I should have been more sorry than surprised.

It was easy to perceive that the old colonel worshipped her, and she him. I think the relation between an elderly father and a daughter just blooming into womanhood the most beautiful possible. There is in it a subtle sentiment that cannot exist in the case of mother and daughter, or that of son and mother. But this is getting into deep water.

I sat with the Daws until half past ten, and saw the moon rise on the sea. The ocean, that had stretched motionless and black against the horizon, was changed by magic into a broken field of glittering ice, interspersed with marvellous silvery fjords. In the far distance the Isles of Shoals loomed up like a group of huge bergs drifting down on us. The Polar Regions in a June thaw! It was exceedingly fine. What did we talk about? We talked about the weather—and *you*! The weather has been disagreeable for several days past,—and so have you. I glided from one topic to the other very naturally. I told my friends of your accident; how it had frustrated all our summer plans, and what our plans were. I played quite a spirited solo on the fibula. Then I described you; or rather, I didn't. I spoke of your amiability; of your patience under this severe affliction; of your touching gratitude when Dillon brings you little presents of fruit; of your tenderness to your sister Fanny, whom you would not allow to stay in town to nurse you, and how you heroically sent her back to Newport, preferring to remain alone with Mary, the cook, and your man Watkins, to whom, by the way, you were devotedly attached. If you had been there, Jack, you wouldn't have known yourself. I should have excelled as a criminal lawyer, if I had not turned my attention to a different branch of jurisprudence.



Miss Marjorie asked all manner of leading questions concerning you. It did not occur to me then, but it struck me forcibly afterwards, that she evinced a singular interest in the conversation. When I got back to my room, I recalled how eagerly she leaned forward, with her full, snowy throat in strong moonlight, listening to what I said. Positively, I think I made her like you!

Miss Daw is a girl whom you would like immensely, I can tell you that. A beauty without affectation, a high and tender nature,—if one can read the soul in the face. And the old colonel is a noble character, too.

I am glad the Daws are such pleasant people. The Pines is a isolated spot, and my resources are few. I fear I should have found life here somewhat monotonous before long, with no other society than that of my excellent sire.

It is true, I might have made a target of the defenceless invalid; but I haven't a taste for artillery, *moi*.

## VI.

JOHN FLEMMING TO EDWARD DELANEY.

August 17, —.

FOR a man who hasn't a taste for artillery, it occurs to me, my friend, you are keeping up a pretty lively fire on my inner works. But go on. Cynicism is a small brass field-piece that eventually bursts and kills the artilleryman.

You may abuse me as much as you like, and I'll not complain; for I don't know what I should do without your letters. They are curing me. I haven't hurled anything at Watkins since last Sunday, partly because I have



grown more amiable under your teaching, and partly because Watkins captured my ammunition one night, and carried it off to the library. He is rapidly losing the habit he had acquired of dodging whenever I rub my ear, or make any slight motion with my right arm. He is still suggestive of the wine-cellar, however. You may break, you may shatter Watkins, if you will, but the scent of the Roederer will hang round him still.

Ned, that Miss Daw must be a charming person. I should certainly like her. I like her already. When you spoke in your first letter of seeing a young girl swinging in a hammock under your chamber window, I was somehow strangely drawn to her. I cannot account for it in the least. What you have subsequently written of Miss Daw has strengthened the impression. You seem to be describing a woman I have known in some previous

state of existence, or dreamed of in this. Upon my word, if you were to send me her photograph, I believe I should recognize her at a glance. Her manner, that listening attitude, her traits of character, as you indicate them, the light hair and the dark eyes,—they are all familiar things to me. Asked a lot of questions, did she? Curious about me? That is strange.

You would laugh in your sleeve, you wretched old cynic, if you knew how I lie awake nights, with my gas turned down to a star, thinking of The Pines and the house across the road. How cool it must be down there! I long for the salt smell in the air. I picture the colonel smoking his cheroot on the piazza. I send you and Miss Daw off on afternoon rambles along the beach. Sometimes I let you stroll with her under the elms in the moonlight, for you are great friends by this time, I take

it, and see each other every day. I know your ways and your manners! Then I fall into a truculent mood, and would like to destroy somebody. Have you noticed anything in the shape of a lover hanging around the colonial Lares and Penates? Does that lieutenant of the horse-marines or that young Stillwater parson visit the house much? Not that I am pining for news of them, but any gossip of the kind would be in order. I wonder, Ned, you don't fall in love with Miss Daw. I am ripe to do it myself. Speaking of photographs, couldn't you manage to slip one of her *cartes-de-visite* from her album,—she must have an album, you know,—and send it to me? I will return it before it could be missed. That's a good fellow! Did the mare arrive safe and sound? It will be a capital animal this autumn for Central Park.

O—my leg? I forgot about my leg. It's better.

## VII.

EDWARD DELANEY TO JOHN FLEMMING.

August 20, —.

You are correct in your surmises. I am on the most friendly terms with our neighbours. The colonel and my father smoke their afternoon cigar together in our sitting-room or on the piazza opposite, and I pass an hour or two of the day or the evening with the daughter. I am more and more struck by the beauty, modesty, and intelligence of Miss Daw.

You ask me why I do not fall in love with her. I will be frank, Jack: I have thought of that. She is young, rich, accomplished, uniting in herself more attractions, mental and personal, than I can recall in any girl of my acquaintance; but she lacks the something that would be necessary to inspire in me that kind of interest. Possessing this unknown quantity, a woman neither beautiful nor wealthy nor very young could bring me to her feet. But not Miss Daw. If we were shipwrecked together on an uninhabited island,—let me suggest a tropical island, for it costs no more to be picturesque,—I would build her a bamboo hut, I would fetch her bread-fruit and cocoanuts, I would fry yams for her, I would lure the ingenuous turtle and make her nourishing soups, but I wouldn't make love to her,—not under eighteen months. I would like to have her for a sister, that I might shield her and counsel her, and spend half my income on thread-laces and camel's-hair shawls. (We are off the island now). If such were not my feeling, there would still be an obstacle to my loving Miss Daw. A greater misfortune could scarcely befall me than to love her. Flemming, I am about to make a revelation that will astonish you. I may be all wrong in my premises and consequently in my conclusions; but you shall judge.

That night when I returned to my room after the croquet party at the Daws', and was thinking over the trivial events of the evening, I was suddenly impressed by the air of eager attention with which Miss Daw had followed my account of your accident. I think I mentioned this to you. Well, the next morning, as I went to mail my letter, I overtook Miss Daw on the road to Rye, where the post-office is, and accompanied her thither and back, an hour's walk. The conversation again turned on you, and again I remarked that inexplicable look of interest which had lighted up her face the previous evening. Since then, I have seen Miss Daw perhaps ten times, perhaps oftener, and on each occasion I found that when I was not speaking of you, or your sister, or some person or place associated with you, I was not holding her attention. She would be absent-minded, her eyes would wander away from me to the sea, or to some distant object in the landscape; her fingers would play with the leaves of a book in a way that convinced me she was not listening. At these moments if I abruptly changed the theme,—I did it several times as an experiment,—and dropped some remark about my friend Flemming, then the sombre blue eyes would come back to me instantly.

Now, is not this the oddest thing in the world? No, not the oddest. The effect which you tell me was produced on you by my casual mention of an unknown girl swinging in a hammock is certainly as strange. You can conjecture how that passage in your letter of Friday startled me. Is it possible, then, that two people who have never met, and who are hundreds of miles apart, can exert a magnetic influence on each other? I have read of such psychological phenomena, but never credited them. I leave the solution of the problem to you. As for myself, all other things being favourable, it would be impossible for me to fall in love with a woman who listens to me only when I am talking of my friend!

I am not aware that anyone is paying marked attention to my fair neighbour. The lieutenant of the navy—he is stationed at Rivermouth—sometimes drops in of an evening, and sometimes the rector from Stillwater; the lieutenant the oftener. He was there last night. I would not be surprised if he had an eye to the heiress; but he is not formidable. Mistress Daw carries a neat little spear of irony, and the honest lieutenant seems to have a particular facility for impaling himself on the point of it. He is not dangerous, I should say; though I have known a woman to satirize a man for years, and marry him after all. Decidedly, the lowly rector is not dangerous; yet, again, who has not seen Cloth of Frieze victorious in the lists where Cloth of Gold went down?

As to the photograph. There is an exquisite

ivorytype of Marjorie, in passe-partout, on the drawing-room mantelpiece. It would be missed at once, if taken. I would do anything reasonable for you, Jack; but I've no burning desire to be hauled up before the local justice of the peace, on a charge of petty larceny.

P. S.—Enclosed is a spray of mignonette, which I advise you to treat tenderly. Yes, we talked of you again last night, as usual. It is becoming a little dreary for me.

## VIII.

EDWARD DELANEY TO JOHN FLEMMING.

*August 22, —.*

YOUR letter in reply to my last has occupied my thoughts all the morning. I do not know what to think. Do you mean to say that you are seriously half in love with a woman whom you have never seen,—with a shadow, a chimera? for what else can Miss Daw be to you? I do not understand it at all. I understand neither you nor her. You are a couple of ethereal beings moving in finer air than I can breathe with my commonplace lungs. Such delicacy of sentiment is something I admire without comprehending. I am bewildered. I am of the earth earthy, and I find myself in the incongruous position of having to do with mere souls, with natures so finely tempered that I run some risk of shattering them in my awkwardness. I am as Caliban among the spirits!

Reflecting on your letter, I am not sure it is wise in me to continue this correspondence. But no, Jack; I do wrong to doubt the good sense that forms the basis of your character. You are deeply interested in Miss Daw; you feel that she is a person whom you may perhaps greatly admire when you know her: at the same time you bear in mind that the chances are ten to five that, when you do come to know her, she will fall far short of your ideal, and you will not care for her in the least. Look at it in this sensible light, and I will hold back nothing from you.

Yesterday afternoon my father and myself rode over to Rivermouth with the Daws. A heavy rain in the morning had cooled the atmosphere and laid the dust. To Rivermouth is a drive of eight miles, along a winding road lined all the way with wild barberry-bushes. I never saw anything more brilliant than these bushes, the green of the foliage and the pink of the coral berries intensified by the rain. The colonel drove, with my father in front, Miss Daw and I on the back seat. I resolved that for the first five miles your name should not pass my lips. I was amused by the artful attempts she made, at the start, to break through my reticence. Then a silence fell upon her; and then she

became suddenly gay. That keenness which I enjoyed so much when it was exercised on the lieutenant was not so satisfactory directed against myself. Miss Daw has great sweetness of disposition, but she can be disagreeable. She is like the young lady in the rhyme, with the curl on her forehead,

"When she is good,  
She is very, very good,  
And when she is bad, she is horrid!"

I kept to my resolution, however; but on the return home I relented, and talked of your mare! Miss Daw is going to try a side-saddle on Margot some morning. The animal is a trifle too light for my weight. By the by, I nearly forgot to say Miss Daw sat for a picture yesterday to a Rivermouth artist. If the negative turns out well, I am to have a copy. So our ends will be accomplished without crime. I wish, though, I could send you the ivorytype in the drawing-room; it is cleverly coloured, and would give you an idea of her hair and eyes, which of course the other will not.

No, Jack, the spray of mignonette did not come from me. A man of twenty-eight doesn't enclose flowers in his letters—to another man. But don't attach too much significance to the circumstance. She gives sprays of mignonette to the rector, sprays to the lieutenant. She has even given a rose from her bosom to your slave. It is her jocund nature to scatter flowers, like Spring.

If my letters sometimes read disjointedly, you must understand that I never finish one at a sitting, but write at intervals, when the mood is on me.

The mood is not on me now.

## IX.

EDWARD DELANEY TO JOHN FLEMMING.

*August 23, —.*

I HAVE just returned from the strangest interview with Marjorie. She has all but confessed to me her interest in you. But with what modesty and dignity! Her words elude my pen as I attempt to put them on paper; and, indeed, it was not so much what she said as her manner; and that I cannot reproduce. Perhaps it was of a piece with the strangeness of this whole business, that she should tacitly acknowledge to a third party the love she feels for a man she has never beheld! But I have lost, through your aid, the faculty of being surprised. I accept things as people do in dreams. Now that I am again in my room, it all appears like an illusion,—the black masses of Rembrandtish shadow under the trees, the fire-flies whirling in Pyrrhic

dances among the shrubbery, the sea over there, Marjorie sitting on the hammock!

It is past midnight; and I am too sleepy to write more.

*Thursday Morning.*

My father has suddenly taken it into his head to spend a few days at the Shoals. In the mean while you will not hear from me. I see Marjorie walking in the garden with the colonel. I wish I could speak to her alone, but shall probably not have an opportunity before we leave.

## X.

EDWARD DELANEY TO JOHN FLEMMING.

*August 28, —.*

You were passing into your second childhood, were you? Your intellect was so reduced that my epistolary gifts seemed quite considerable to you, did they? I rise superior to the sarcasm in your favour of the 11th instant, when I notice that five days' silence on my part is sufficient to throw you into the depths of despondency.

We returned only this morning from Appledore, that enchanted island,—at four dollars per day. I find on my desk three letters from you! Evidently there is no lingering doubt in *your* mind as to the pleasure I derive from your correspondence. These letters are undated, but in what I take to be the latest are two passages that require my consideration. You will pardon my candour, dear Fleming, but the conviction forces itself upon me that as your leg grows stronger your head becomes weaker. You ask my advice on a certain point. I will give it. In my opinion you could do nothing more unwise than to address a note to Miss Daw, thanking her for the flower. It would, I am sure, offend her delicacy beyond pardon. She knows you only through me; you are to her an abstraction, a figure in a dream,—a dream from which the faintest shock would awaken her. Of course, if you enclose a note to me and insist on its delivery, I shall deliver it; but I advise you not to do so.

You say you are able, with the aid of a cane, to walk about your chamber, and that you purpose to come to The Pines the instant Dillon thinks you strong enough to stand the journey. Again I advise you not to. Do you not see that, every hour you remain away, Marjorie's glamour deepens, and your influence over her increases? You will ruin everything by precipitancy. Wait until you are entirely recovered; in any case, do not come without giving me warning. I fear the effect of your abrupt advent here—under the circumstances. Miss Daw was evidently glad to see us back again, and gave me both hands in the frankest

way. She stopped at the door a moment, this afternoon, in the carriage; she had been over to Rivermouth for her pictures. Unluckily the photographer had spilt some acid on the plate, and she was obliged to give him another sitting. I have an intuition that something is troubling Marjorie. She had an abstracted air not usual with her. However, it may be only my fancy. . . . I end this, leaving several things unsaid, to accompany my father on one of those long walks which are now his chief medicine,—and mine!

## XI.

EDWARD DELANEY TO JOHN FLEMMING.

*August 29, —*

I WRITE in great haste to tell you what has taken place here since my letter of last night. I am in the utmost perplexity. Only one thing is plain,—*you* must not dream of coming to The Pines. Marjorie has told her father everything! I saw her for a few minutes, an hour ago, in the garden; and, as near as I could gather from her confused statement, the facts are these: Lieutenant Bradley—that's the naval officer stationed at Rivermouth—has been paying court to Miss Daw for some time past, but not so much to her liking as to that of the colonel, who it seems is an old friend of the young gentleman's father. Yesterday (I knew she was in some trouble when she drove up to our gate) the colonel spoke to Marjorie of Bradley,—urged his suit, I infer. Marjorie expressed her dislike for the lieutenant with characteristic frankness, and finally confessed to her father—well, I really do not know what she confessed. It must have been the vaguest of confessions, and must have sufficiently puzzled the colonel. At any rate, it exasperated him. I suppose I am implicated in the matter, and that the colonel feels bitterly towards me. I do not see why: I have carried no messages between you and Miss Daw; I have behaved with the greatest discretion. I can find no flaw anywhere in my proceeding. I do not see that anybody has done anything,—except the colonel himself.

It is probable, nevertheless, that the friendly relations between the two houses will be broken off. "A plague o' both your houses," say you. I will keep you informed, as well as I can, of what occurs over the way. We shall remain here until the second week in September. Stay where you are, or, at all events, do not dream of joining me. . . . Colonel Daw is sitting on the piazza looking rather wicked. I have not seen Marjorie since I parted with her in the garden.



## XII.

EDWARD DELANEY TO THOMAS DILLON, M. D.,  
MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.

August 30, —.

MY DEAR DOCTOR: If you have any influence over Flemming, I beg of you to exert it to prevent his coming to this place at present. There are circumstances, which I will explain to you before long, that make it of the first importance that he should not come into this neighbourhood. His appearance here, I speak advisedly, would be disastrous to him. In urging him to remain in New York, or to go to some inland resort, you will be doing him and me a real service. Of course you will not mention my name in this connection. You know me well enough, my dear doctor, to be assured that, in begging your secret co-operation, I have reasons that will meet your entire approval when they are made plain to you. We shall return to town on the 15th of next month, and my first duty will be to present myself at your hospitable door and satisfy your curiosity, if I have excited it. My father, I am glad to state, has so greatly improved that he can no longer be regarded as an invalid. With great esteem, I am, etc., etc.

## XIII.

EDWARD DELANEY TO JOHN FLEMMING.

August 31, —.

YOUR letter, announcing your mad determination to come here, has just reached me. I beseech you to reflect a moment. The step would be fatal to your interests and hers. You would furnish just cause for irritation, to R. W. D.; and, though he loves Marjorie tenderly, he is capable of going to any lengths if opposed. You would not like, I am convinced, to be the means of causing him to treat *her* with severity. That would be the result of your presence at The Pines at this juncture. I am annoyed to be obliged to point out these things to you. We are on very delicate ground, Jack; the situation is critical, and the slightest mistake in a move would cost us the game. If you consider it worth the winning, be patient. Trust a little to my sagacity. Wait and see what happens. Moreover, I understand from Dillon that you are in no condition to take so long a journey. He thinks the air of the coast would be the worst thing possible for you; that you ought to go inland, if anywhere. Be advised by me. Be advised by Dillon.

## XIV.

TELEGRAMS.

September 1, —.

## 1.—To EDWARD DELANEY.

Letter received. Dillon be hanged. I think I ought to be on the ground. J. F.

## 2.—To JOHN FLEMMING.

Stay where you are. You would only complicate matters. Do not move until you hear from me. E. D.

## 3.—To EDWARD DELANEY.

My being at The Pines could be kept secret. I must see her. J. F.

## 4.—To JOHN FLEMMING.

Do not think of it. It would be useless. R. W. D. has locked M. in her room. You would not be able to effect an interview. E. D.

## 5.—To EDWARD DELANEY.

Locked her in her room. Good God. That settles the question. I shall leave by the twelve-fifteen express. J. F.

## XV.

THE ARRIVAL.

ON the second of September, 187—, as the down express due at 3.40 left the station at Hampton, a young man, leaning on the shoulder of a servant, whom he addressed as Watkins, stepped from the platform into a hack, and requested to be driven to "The Pines." On arriving at the gate of a modest farmhouse, a few miles from the station, the young man descended with difficulty from the carriage, and, casting a hasty glance across the road, seemed much impressed by some peculiarity in the landscape. Again leaning on the shoulder of the person Watkins, he walked to the door of the farm-house and inquired for Mr. Edward Delaney. He was informed by the aged man who answered his knock, that Mr. Delaney had gone to Boston the day before, but that Mr. Jonas Delaney was within. This information did not appear satisfactory to the stranger, who inquired if Mr. Edward Delaney had left any message for Mr. John Flemming. There *was* a letter for Mr. Flemming, if he were that person. After a brief absence the aged man reappeared with the Letter.

## XVI.

EDWARD DELANEY TO JOHN FLEMMING.

September 1, —.

I AM horror-stricken at what I have done! When I began this correspondence I had no other purpose than to relieve the tedium of your sick-chamber. Dillon told me to cheer you up. I tried to. I thought you entered into the spirit of the thing. I had no idea, until within a few days, that you were taking matters *au sérieux*.

What can I say? I am in sackcloth and ashes. I am a pariah, a dog of an outcast. I tried to make a little romance to interest you, something soothing and idyllic, and, by Jove! I have done it only too well! My father doesn't know a word of this, so don't jar the old gentleman any more than you can help. I fly from the wrath to come—when you arrive! For O, dear Jack, there isn't any colonial mansion on the other side of the road, there isn't any piazza, there isn't any hammock,—there isn't any Marjorie Daw!

—From "*Marjorie Daw, and Other People*."

## SWELLS, PAST AND PRESENT.

THE natural history of the "Gent" has been written by Mr. Albert Smith; and Thackeray has placed the "Snob" in his dreadful pillory; but I do not remember that the "Swell" has been the object of any similar attention, at least of a sustained kind. It seems to me that something may be said of this last-named genus during the last two hundred years, and that it may be interesting to compare the character affected by the swells of one age with that which became the *beau idéal* of their successors.

When I say that no history of "swells" has been written, I mean, of course, with the pen. With the pencil abundant justice has been rendered them; and Mr. Leech's collected drawings contain a most elaborate record of their manners and customs during the last twenty years. We see the representative of this interesting race in every phase of his career, from the moment when, beautiful as a butterfly, he bursts the bonds of sleep in the morning, until he enters a ball-room at night, solicitous as to the parting of his "back-hair," or, still later, repairs to the smoking-room to blazon his triumphs in the lists of love. Slowly walking, seated outside a drag, eating white-bait at Greenwich, installed at the opera, lorgnette in hand and flower in button-hole, or taking what he calls "his exercise" in the Park, seated on one chair with his arms resting on a supplemental chair upon each side of him—we see him in his habit as he lives, with his eternal "ya-as" and "haw-haw," and the drawing languor which is his distinguishing grace.

But, unhappily, there is no such continued record of his predecessors, and we are compelled to glean such particulars as we may from those observers who have painted with the pen and not with the pencil. One of these

is Mr. Samuel Pepys, who, during one of his very frequent visits to the theatre, was somewhat disturbed to find that his pretty wife attracted the attention of some "Hectors" in the boxes, whose admiration of the lady was somewhat too freely expressed. There was no stall or "omnibus box" at that time in the playhouse, and the swells of the period appear to have sat in the tier—which we now call the dress-circle.

This term "Hectors" alluded undoubtedly to the swaggering, bullying, Captain-Bobadil airs affected by the cavaliers of Charles's and James's courts—the result, I suppose, of the long period of civil war preceding the Restoration, and of the determination of the party then uppermost to make the most of their short term of power. The Diaries of the time are full of instances of the tyrannical oppression of the Court party, and the reckless manners which were the fashion of the period. There is, indeed, some reason to believe that our modern word *brawl*, which is now chiefly used in reference to the public-house or pot-house stratum of society, is the same word as *branle*, which was the Court dance of the Whitehall of Charles the Second's time, and one in which he frequently bore a part. It seems to have been a riotous kind of galop, something like the modern *tempête*, and to have partaken of the stormy character of that rough hurly-burly. That it frequently ended in a *brawl*, one can readily believe.

During Dutch William's reign, I fancy that hectoring was rather at a discount. That silent monarch was a man of deeds rather than words; very little given to hectoring himself, and not at all likely to admire it in others. But in Queen Anne's time the hectors of the Caroline period had, it seems, effloresced into the full-blown flower of the

"Mohocks," whose brutal violence towards unoffending citizens, in the ill-guarded streets of the London of 1710-11, is painted with great detail in the *Spectators* of Addison and Steele. These facetious gentlemen, it appears, were in the habit of sallying out in gangs, flushed with insolence and wine, and of torturing any one as the whim seized them. One of their most favourite diversions, which they called "sweating" or "roasting" a person, consisted in surrounding the unhappy victim with a circle of their swords, and in pricking him with the sword-point behind, each in turn, so as to keep him constantly revolving in their midst—an operation which undoubtedly would act as a very copious sudorific. So far the names of the roysterers of this class are easily explained, and I think no one will deny that these gentlemen showed a just sense of their merits in assuming the name of one of the cruellest tribes of North-American Indians, whose scalping and tomahawking feats they emulated so far as they dared.

But the swell of the succeeding era appears to have been an animal of a much milder disposition, and the "Macaroni" of the earlier Georgian reigns possessed but little of the savagery of his ancestors, the Hectors and Mohocks. In Hogarth's pictures those ferocious braggarts seem to have subsided into the "exquisite" or "pretty fellow" variety of the genus. The dancing-master is evidently abroad; and we see that Minister of Grace, in the second plate of the *Rake's Progress*, pointing his toes with extraordinary intensity as he approaches his pupil, kit in hand. It is true that Captain Stab is there also, but he shares a joint dominion with the functionary last named. The outdoor exquisite of the period seems to have distinguished himself by wearing two watches and by carrying a muff; whilst indoors we see him in the levée of the Countess (*Marriage à la Mode*) seated demurely sipping a cup of chocolate, with his hair in curl-papers, listening with one ear to the fair enthusiast who dilates on china and pictures, and with the other to the flute-accompanied warblings of Farinelli the opera-singer.

The interesting creature appears by this time to have entirely emerged from the rough and brutal chrysalis of the Hector and the Mohock, and to have come forth a very gorgeous butterfly indeed. The laudable object of his ambition is no longer to bully and frighten people to death, but rather to shine as the fastidious connoisseur and art critic—the "fine gentleman," sometimes almost the fine lady; for the

"Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,  
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,"

of Pope's time, had become so very effeminate towards the latter part of the eighteenth century, that Cowper denounces the

"Civited fellows, smelt ere they are seen,"

and the

"Fine puss-gentleman that's all perfume,"

of his day, and indignantly inquires how the armies of England are likely to conquer under the leadership of such soldiers:—

"How, in the name of soldiership and sense,  
Should England prosper, when such things, as smooth  
And tender as a girl, all essenced o'er  
With odours, and as profligate as sweet;  
Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath,  
And love when they should fight; when such as these  
Presume to lay their hands upon the ark  
Of her magnificent and awful cause?"

Perfumery seems to have been the special weakness of the swells of that era, and, indeed, of all. Pope, as we see, writes of Sir Plume's amber snuff-box more than fifty years before; and Hogarth paints Viscount Squanderfield taking snuff with the sweetest grace imaginable, and simpering at his own loveliness reflected in the mirror beside him. Shakespeare's picture, drawn a century and a half before, of the soldier-fop who roused Harry Hotspur's bile, will recur to every one:

"He was perfumed like a milliner,  
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held  
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon  
He gave his nose; and still he smiled and talk'd."

The simper and the snuff-box are still there you see. Cowper's estimate of the military capacity of the soldier-milliner of his day is confirmed by one of Dr. Johnson's *Ramblers*, in which he declares that all the then-existing duties of the British army could be performed by women, "except, perhaps, that of obedience," he adds, with a delightful sense of humour. It is not a little curious, by the way, that a poet so refined and fastidious as Cowper, and whom the present age sneers at as a "teapot" moralist, should have found the effeminacy of the fine gentlemen of his era so extreme as to cause him positive nausea and disgust. His picture of the military commander's embarkation looks more like Cleopatra in her galley than a warlike expedition:

"Strew the deck  
With lavender, and sprinkle liquids sweet,  
That no rude savour maritime invade  
The nose of nice nobility! Breathe soft,  
Ye clarionets; and softer still ye flutes;  
That winds and waters lull'd by magic sounds  
May bear us safely to the Gallic shore;"

and so forth. Here, certainly, the swell of the Georgian era contrasts unfavourably with the Prince Rupert and Duke of York of Charles's time, who bore themselves like men in the great sea-fights with Van Tromp and the other great Dutch admirals; and, if they were "profligate," were certainly by no means "sweet." As regards Cowper's sneer at "the nose of nice nobility," it should not be forgotten that he was himself the cadet of a noble house, and never forgot that he was a

gentleman. The sneer is at the niceness and effeminacy, by no means at the nobility.

In the Peninsular War of this century the Great Duke is said to have declared that "the dandies made the best soldiers;" but he himself was not without some suspicion of dandyism. Mr. Larpent tells us that he used himself to cut the skirts of his frock-coats shorter after they came home from the tailor; and I think that Mr. Raikes discovered from his grace's valet that the white trousers worn by him in his old age were lined with flannel—that is, he chose to wear white "ducks," for appearance's sake, when the weather was unsuitable. Well, "a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind."

So far the names of the three different generations of swells appear to carry each one its own particular significance upon its face. "Hector" and "Mohock," as we have seen, are abundantly descriptive of the kind of reputation aimed at by these gentry; and "Macaroni" is hardly less so, though in a curious way, for, upon the first blush of it, it is a *foreign* word; and one of the most salient features of the exquisite of the latter half of the eighteenth century was the affectation of foreign speech and manner, dress and tastes.

Perhaps the fact that the first two Georges were in truth foreigners may have had some share in this pretension. The heart of the first George never left Hanover, whatever his body may have done. He was for ever running over to that paradise of putrid oysters and obese mistresses, and never cared to conceal his dislike to England. Possibly the royal preference for foreign ways may have made such liking fashionable, but I suspect that the "grand tour"—that important element of education amongst the gentle youth of the England of that day—had much more to do with it. When the young Englishman returned with that diploma of travel, he made it a point to show

"How much a dunce that has been sent to roam  
Excels a dunce who has been kept at home."

And a main point of such superiority consisted in depreciating all homespun ways and manners, dress, food, and language, and in the persistent preference of everything foreign. The tone of the gilded youth of the period is most amusing in this particular; and any volume of letters written by a fashionable gentleman or lady of the time is so interlarded with French words and quotations as to be almost macaronic in the literary sense of the word. Mrs. Montague's letters to Hannah More are an admirable specimen of this gallicised style of the period. Scarcely a single sentence is free from an infusion of French—not, be it observed, to express some shade of meaning unattainable in English, but simply to air the

good lady's French and to indicate her superior refinement and gentility. Throughout all such correspondence, moreover, there breathes a strain of gentle compassion for the poor benighted inhabitants of this foggy island, whose minds have not been enlightened, nor their tastes ripened, by the warmer suns of France and Italy. They resemble the missives of a papist prelate living in *partibus infidelium*, and never lose sight of the savage ignorance and stupidity with which the writer is surrounded. The typical fine gentleman of the age, Lord Chesterfield, was by no means free from this sort of affectation; and Horace Walpole's letters are full of it. Voltaire and the other *beaux esprits* of Paris encouraged the feeling; and Mirabeau points out how even the speech of "those islanders" is coloured by their geographical insulation, and how they speak of being "*launched into eternity*," and "*plunged into distress*," and so forth.

Still, the literal meaning of the term "macaroni" is hardly flattering to the race it describes. It means, I believe, the Italian mountebank, or Jack Pudding; or, worse still, the mountebank's *man*. Addison has pointed out in the *Spectator* how the word came to be applied to such persons: "These circumforaneous wits every nation calls by the name of the dish of meat which it loves best. In Holland they are termed Pickle-Herings; in France, Jean Pottages; in Italy, Maccaronies; and in Great Britain, Jack Puddings." So that, in fact, the swell of that age was called a mountebank, in allusion, I suppose, to the affectation and pretension, the sham and hypocrisy, of the character. The plan of calling these gentry "by the name of the dish of meat which it loves best" may remind us of the common modern Americanism of "loving a person *like pie*."

Another of the generic terms for the race of swells, but not confined to any particular time, that of "coxcomb," conveys a compliment almost as equivocal as that of Macaroni. For the cock's comb, which was the acknowledged emblem of the buffoon or jester, owed its origin to the fact that lunatics commonly attired themselves fantastically with the feathers of birds (witness the drawings of Barnaby Rudge in the tale of that name), and thence the comb of the bird, or rather a representation of it, came to be accepted as the bauble of the buffoon. The case is concisely stated by Minshew: "Because natural idiots and fools (!) have and still do accustom themselves to wear in their capps cock's feathers, or a hat with a neck and head of a cock on the top, and a bell thereon, &c., and think themselves finely fitted and proudly attired therewith. Wherefore, Englishmen used to call vain and proud braggards and men of mean discretion and judgment *Coxcombes*."





A TRAVELLING BEAR-SHOW.—See MISCELLANEA.



Verily the race of swells has been hardly dealt with by the race of bookworms. The grubs have done their very best to disfigure the butterflies.

But to return. The effeminacy and affectation suggested by the term *Macaroni* were kept up by the succeeding sobriquet of "*pretty fellow*," and, in the meaning of the word at least, by that which brings us into the nineteenth century, the word "*dandy*." This seems allied to the verb to *dandle*, signifying to nurse, or "*hugge fondly*," as an old writer expresses it, and is best illustrated perhaps by a nurse's "*dancing*" an infant in her arms. The original word appears to have been *dandiprat*, which meant a dwarfish hop-o'-my-thumb sort of puppet. The last syllable of this word *dandiprat* appears to have been a great puzzle to the most learned of English etymologists. May I venture to suggest that it may be a contraction of *sprat*, which is a very common symbol of diminutive size: "*a little sprat of a fellow*" is still a frequent term of abuse in such cases.<sup>1</sup>

The dandies of the Regency, however, introduced one momentous change. Their arch-priest Brummel issued his ukase that perfumery was *mauwais ton*. A gentleman, he declared, should revel in abundance of the best and cleanest linen, but he was no longer to be "*perfumed like a milliner*." The "*pouncet-box*" he spared, and indeed the art of taking snuff gracefully was one still much cultivated. A particular kind of scented snuff, still called "*Prince's Mixture*," is said to have owed its origin to the refined taste of Brummel's august pupil; and the delicious "*Violet Strasbourg*" was also greatly affected.

But as geologists find it convenient to divide the prehistoric existence of the earth by certain definite lines, and to distinguish each particular era by some descriptive name, as "*the glacial period*," and so forth; so, in writing the history of sweldom, we may safely distinguish the dandihood of the regency as the Age of Starch. Never in the history of the human race was that abominable invention so much used to afflict mankind, I think, as during the time that the great Brummel continued the arbiter of fashion. Indeed, no small part of that great man's success was supposed to be owing to the consummate skill with which he manipulated that particular instrument of torture known as a white cravat. This astonishing invention, when folded and starched ready for the human gullet, was, in his time, nearly a foot deep; and a great part of the magic of its induction, second indeed only to the bow, was the art with which,

by moving his chin gently from side to side, he creased this dreadful collar down to the requisite depth, and so fixed it in such folds that it remained secure. Not that such glorious success was to be easily attained. Like all other great achievements of human skill, it could only be secured with patient labour and after innumerable defeats. His valet used to be seen issuing forth from his master's dressing-room, with his arms full of cravats spoiled in the all-important attempt, and saying with solemn face, "*These are our failures*." He took care, you see, to claim a share in the great venture, and to claim for himself some part, however small, in the glorious victory. "*I also am a painter*," exclaimed Correggio, as he gazed with rapture at the unattainable triumphs of his great predecessors.

And these deep cravats may serve to illustrate one of the apparently fixed laws of fashionable rotation, I mean the tendency of the wheel to revolve from one extreme to the other. The fine gentlemen of the eighteenth century confined their throats only by a silk or velvet band of the most narrow dimensions, which fact seems to cause their immediate successors to adopt the dreadful pillory already described, and to submit to the galling bondage of starch and shirt-collars. Nor is such revolution from one extreme to its opposite confined to matters of dress with the class in question. The Hectors and Mohocks deemed education, as Lord Chesterfield did the art of playing the fiddle, beneath the notice of a gentleman. They rather sought to distinguish themselves by such athletic feats as beating the watch, and running such races as that described by Pepys, in which Sir Charles Sedley and Lord Buckhurst "*ran up and down all the night almost naked through the streets; and at last fought and were beaten by the watch and clapped up all night*"—a piece of impartial justice, by the bye, which drew down upon the poor constable the displeasure of his gracious sovereign Charles II., who made his Lord Chief Justice incarcerate that over-zealous officer in their stead.

Their successors, the Macaronies, as I have said, affected the arts of connoisseurship and travelled graces; whilst *their* successors, again, the dandies of the regency, and the awful swells of the present day, profess the languid ignorance of Lord Dundreary as to all sorts of innumerable things "*which no fellar can understand, you know*." So the Homeric feasts of the Caroline cavaliers, the mighty joints and foaming tankards, the "*lamb's-wool*" and strong waters of these swaggering Bobadils, together with their scorn of milksops and so forth, gave way to the chocolate-sipping exquisites of Hogarth's pictures; who, again, in their turn have vanished before the grouse-

<sup>1</sup> Lest I should be thought to have emasculated the word "*dandy*" more than the truth warrants, I quote the following, part of the definition in Hotten's *Slang Dictionary*: "*A fop or fashionable nondescript. . . . Dandies wore stays, studied femininity, and tried to undo their manhood.*"

shooters and salmon-fishers of this latter half of the nineteenth century, and have made way for the athletes, real and sham, whose sole ambition appears to be to win a cup in some foot-race or high-leap.

Perhaps the dandies of the Regency may lay claim to having invented, or at least worn, the most hideous costume ever seen in England, at least since our woad-stained forefathers chased each other, or their prey, through the then forest-covered island. If any one will take the trouble to glance at a costume-book, or a volume of caricatures of the first twenty years of this century, he will, I think, be compelled to admit that the force of folly could no farther go. The hair disposed in artificial curls, or in that remarkable manifestation known as a "Brutus;" the enormous coat-collar standing up behind half-way up the head, the abominable cravat and collars, the waist up almost between the shoulders, the tight skinny pantaloons, and the "pumps" and shoe-strings, form a *tout ensemble* of ugliness and absurdity only to be equalled by the facial mutilations and war-paint of some tribe of savages; whilst the exceeding tightness and misery of the whole costume gave an awkwardness to the carriage of the sufferers from which those noble savages are entirely free. It is hardly possible, while looking over a collection of such illustrations, to believe that any human beings could have been deluded into wearing such garments as those I have described. And yet it was in those very garments that Beau Brummel and his Prince comported themselves with such unimaginable grace, and attained a pitch of perfection which our grandfathers and grandmothers declare is quite beyond the reach of us degenerate moderns. We sometimes catch a faint reflection or after-glow of that magnificent sunset in such characters as Dickens's Mr. Turveydrop; but they can, at the best, "their great original proclaim" but feebly and indistinctly.

The two words by which the species is known in modern times seem, curiously enough, to have been suggested by the same idea. I mean "fop" and "swell;" for although the former dates from Roscommon<sup>2</sup> and the writers of that age, it is still in common use, and "fop's alley" at the Opera House still is, or lately was, the passage through the pit in which those brilliant birds disported themselves.

"Fop" is said to be derived from the Danish "pof," which means *fungous*, and indicates,

<sup>2</sup> It occurs indeed in Shakespeare, but not quite in the same sense. He seems to use it to express a *fool* rather than a *dandy*.

says Richardson, "one *puffed* up with vain-glory of his persons or dress." Swift seems to have thought that fops resembled fungi, no less in their specific lightness than in their empty inflation, when he declares

"The current of a female mind  
Stops thus and turns with every wind,  
Thus whirling round, together draws  
Fools, fops, and rakes, for chaff and straws."

But the primary idea sought to be conveyed by the word was no doubt that of being puffed out—swelling as if inflated—a meaning which at once places it side by side with our modern swell, and proves that the *motif* of the word is the same. Our Yankee cousins have a vulgar phrase to describe a person who is enacting the part of the frog in the fable: such a person, they declare, "looks as big as *all-out-of-doors*." And I suppose it is this swelling consciousness of perfection in dress which the word swell is designed to indicate. Perhaps there is also just a *souppçon* of the bully about it too. In the third plate of Hogarth's *Marriage à la Mode*, he has most wonderfully indicated this swelling air of a female-bully in the figure of the principal woman in the quack's studio, and I take it, it is just this turkey-cock inflation which the word was originally intended to suggest. This inflation, either of dress, manner, or speech, appears to have been always an essential characteristic of the race; and Mr. Singer, in a note upon one of Ancient Pistol's tirades in *Henry V.*, says, "The unmeaning *tumour* of Pistol's speech very naturally reminds Nym of the sounding nonsense uttered by conjurors."

Upon the "swell" of the present day I do not presume to dilate. He is well known to all of us, and is a very harmless, nay, a very amusing creature. He is a constant resource for caricaturists, who represent him with admirable fidelity in every phase of his interesting career; and, as I have already said, Mr. Leech's exhaustive drawings leave nothing to be desired in the shape of a history of him during the last twenty-five or thirty years.

A sketch by another great artist may fitly conclude my paper. It is the ball-room at Bath, and the painter is Charles Dickens:

"Lounging near the doors, and in remote corners, were various knots of silly young men, displaying various varieties (*sic*) of puppyism and stupidity; amusing all sensible people near them with their folly and conceit; and happily thinking themselves the objects of general admiration,—a *wise and merciful dispensation which no good man will quarrel with.*"

—*Belgravia*.

## MISCELLANEA.

**THE SPANISH FLOWER-GIRL.**—(*See Frontispiece.*)—This noble and beautiful picture—a *chef d'œuvre* of the great Spanish painter, Murillo, and the most valued gem of the Dulwich Gallery—was painted in the best time of the master. It is the simple portrait of the village girl, true to nature, and entirely unexaggerated; hence its influence over the uninformed mind, as well as over that of the connoisseur. It has ever been a favourite with all classes. "The Flower-Girl," a single figure, life size, is seated on a bench, holding in her scarf the flowers she is apparently submitting to a purchaser. Her head-dress is a white turban, loosely folded, with a full-blown rose decorated. The countenance is full of expression—an expression of heart-gaiety, in keeping with the character. As a work of art, it is classed among the most estimable productions of the several schools; it is the one quoted when the purpose is to illustrate the happier style of the "mighty master" of the school of Spain. He has painted many more elaborate pictures; but none more entirely satisfactory than this.

This famous and almost invaluable picture was "formerly in the cabinet of M. Randon de Boisse," whence it was sold for nine hundred louis d'or to M. de Calonne, at whose sale, in 1795, it was purchased for six hundred and forty pounds, by M. Desenfans; by him it was bequeathed to his friend Sir Francis Bourgeois, and by him to the Dulwich Gallery.

**THE AMERICAN CENTENNIAL AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.**—(*Illustration, Page 641.*)—Among the multitude of palaces on the Centennial grounds devoted to industry and art, the Agricultural Building is deserving of prominent mention. It is, in architectural grandeur and comeliness, a fit symbol of that great branch of industry which is the foundation of all national wealth, and to which America owes its unexampled growth and prosperity. The building measures five hundred and forty by eight hundred and twenty feet, with ten and a quarter acres under roof. From its Gothic style one might fancy it to be some vast cathedral of the olden time if its contents and surroundings did not betray its utilitarian purpose. The materials, of which it is constructed, are wood and glass, and the contract price of the edifice was a quarter of a million of dollars.

**A TRAVELLING BEAR-SHOW.**—(*Illustration, Page 657.*)—An original drawing by Vincenz Melka. The nomadic menagerie represented in our illustration is a spectacle often met with in various parts of the European continent. The half-civilised people who follow the trade for a precarious livelihood are, for the most part, natives of Servia or Transylvania, and they commonly add to their stock of sensationalism by asserting that they themselves captured the learned beasts which they exhibit to curious throngs on the highway. The bears, whose mission it is to contribute to the public entertainment, have to go through a long course of training, which brings them, in intelligence and cleverness, pretty nearly to the level of their semi-pagan masters. Certainly the vocation of directing an exhibition of dancing bears is not a very lofty one; but the public must be amused, the greater part of them in a cheap way; and therefore, if one is manifestly called to exhibit bears for the entertainment of children of all sizes, why should he not regard himself as

pursuing a respectable business? Pass around the hat and let us give the little menagerie our penny and good wishes!

**MISS ELIZABETH THOMPSON.**—According to the *Athenæum*, this distinguished artist, whose portrait we reproduced in a late number of our *Magazine*, has joined the Catholic church, and will hereafter devote herself exclusively to religious painting. Her two battle pieces, the "Roll Call," and "Bal-clava," have already given her a world-wide fame, and we trust that fresh laurels await her in her newly-chosen field.

**AN EXILED PAINTER.**—The well-known French artist Gustave Courbet, who was banished from his native country on account of his participation in the Commune, has, since his exile, resided in Vevey, Switzerland. He is now contemplating a public exhibition of his works in the country of his adoption, they being prohibited wares in France. There is a passion in human nature for lionising martyrs, and an irrepressible curiosity to look at prohibited things; and it were no wonder if the embargo placed upon Courbet's works in his native land should vastly add to their popularity abroad.

**MEISSONIER AND HIS MASTERPIECE.**—A few months since Meissonier's *chef d'œuvre*, which he has entitled "1807," arrived in New York, and was placed in the gallery of the late Mr. Alexander T. Stewart, who purchased the picture early in 1875 for the sum of sixty thousand dollars in gold. This is believed to be the largest price ever paid for a modern painting. The nearest approach to this that we now recall is the sum of fifty-four thousand dollars, given in 1874 for Hunt's "Shadow of Death," a much larger work than Meissonier's. As the duty on the picture amounted to about eight thousand dollars, it will make the enormous sum of *sixty-eight thousand dollars* for a piece of canvas four feet six inches by eight feet. Murillo's "Immaculate Conception," a painting which enjoys the distinction of being the highest-priced picture in the world, cost the French government, at Marshal Soult's sale, *one hundred and eighteen thousand dollars*.

"1807" is the largest picture Meissonier ever painted. He began it in 1864, and has been engaged on it ever since that time till within a few months, when it was exhibited in Paris for the benefit of a national charity. The subject is one of Napoleon's great victories—the battle of Friedland. The Emperor is represented on the field of battle, with all his marshals and masses around him, a troop of cavalry riding up to join the magnificent throng. A regiment of French cuirassiers are seen galloping into action, with a flood of light falling upon them such as only Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier could paint.

This great artist was born in Lyons in 1812, and went at eighteen to Paris to enter the studio of Cogniet. He displayed skill in microscopic painting, but yet his merits were not at first recognised. Like Turner and David Cox and many other young artists in their early struggles, Meissonier was glad to dispose of his works for merely nominal sums. The writer was informed in Paris last summer that the painter of "1807," returning one day from a fruitless search

for a purchaser, told his artist friend Daubigny of his ill luck, adding, "But the worst of it is, I would give anything to have a game of billiards, but I have not a single sou." "Um!" replied Daubigny; "I would be happy to lend you, but the truth is I have only two francs left for my dinner this evening." "Suppose you divide with me," said Meissonier: "give me a franc, and you shall have my water-colour." Daubigny accepted his offer, and the picture still adorns the purchaser's studio in Paris. The painter of the "Lecture chez Diderot" first attracted attention by his "Little Messenger," exhibited in the *salon* of 1836. Ten years later he was decorated with the Legion of Honour, and in 1855 he received two medals of the first class. In 1861 he was made a member of the Academy of Beaux Arts. Meissonier is still a hard worker, and paints most of his pictures at his beautiful chateau in the environs of Paris.

**AN ACQUISITION TO ART.**—The directors of the Westminster Aquarium have purchased, for 2500 pounds sterling, the entire collection of etchings and other works by Mr. George Cruikshank, belonging to that noted artist, and representing the labour of a life-time. It is one of the richest and most numerous collections ever produced by one man, and will be of great public benefit, not only as illustrating the genius of this great master, but the manners, customs, costume, and humour of the English people during a period of more than half a century. These works are a precious addition to the exhibition at Westminster, where Mr. Cruikshank is arranging them.

**AMERICAN WINDOW IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.**—The name of an American citizen honourably appears in Westminster Abbey, in this Centennial year of Independence. The first chapel or bay in the nave, on the right in entering by the great west door, contains monuments of Wordsworth and other well-known names. It is sometimes called "Western Poets' Corner." Dean Stanley, in his restorations of the Abbey, proposed to place here a memorial window in honour of three poets, who had all been old Westminster boys: George Herbert, Charles Wesley, and William Cowper. The erection of a monument to John and Charles Wesley, in another part of the nave, confined the memorial to Herbert and Cowper. Circulars were issued, asking funds for the proposed window. One of these circulars came into the hands of George Washington Childs, of Philadelphia, who generously offered to be at the sole expense of the memorial, as a tribute of respect from an American to these Christian poets of the old country. The offer was accepted in the spirit in which it was made. The design of the window by the Dean included a full-length portrait of the poets, in the two compartments of the window, Herbert at Bemerton and Cowper at Olney, these places being also accurately depicted in rich stained glass. Heraldic devices and other accessories completed the design, which was drawn and the work executed by Messrs. Clayton and Bell, ecclesiastical architects. The window has been fixed, and underneath it is a brass tablet bearing the inscription "D. D. (*dat dedicat*) Georgius Gulielmus Childs, Civis Americani, MDCCCXLVII."

**THE WAGNER CORONATION.**—The little city of Bayreuth has become the Jerusalem of to-day, whither all the tribes of the earth have gone to do homage to genius. The recent festival in honour of Richard Wagner may be rated as the great musical event of the century. There was, probably, never before an artistic display honoured by the presence of so many distinguished individuals from every quarter of the

civilised worlds. Kings and princes united in loyal brotherhood to crown the great composer, whose fame already encircles the globe. The world of criticism is now divided between Wagnerites and anti-Wagnerites. But, allowing for diverse tastes and the jealousies inseparable from the fate of genius, the almost unanimous verdict of the best judges is that Wagner has achieved, in his new Trilogy, a triumph which will hand his name down, with immortal lustre upon it, to the generations of the future. It was, perhaps, not too much for the great composer to say that "Germany has now an art of her own;" albeit modesty might have suggested that other lips than his should have said it. But a touch of egotism can be forgiven in one who has performed so great a service to mankind, and we join with the world of culture in the coronation of the great master, who for the first time has put the old mediæval legends into poetry, drama, and song.

**THE MEMORY OF BALFE.**—A generation ago Balfé, whom we may call the father of English opera, was as much the rage on the British Isles and in America as Wagner is to-day in Germany. For forty years he held the supremacy in the musical circles of his native land. It is now proposed to perpetuate his memory by the foundation of a Balfé scholarship in the British Royal Academy of Music; and to this end a magnificent concert has lately been given in the Alexandra Palace, at which the finest resident artists assisted in rendering the works of the great composer. In default of a tomb in Westminster Abbey, which honour has been given to many a man less worthy, it is fitting that such a memorial of departed genius should be contributed by the public; and we are happy to know that the enterprise has been rewarded with generous patronage, and is likely to prove a success.

**THE EXCAVATIONS AT OLYMPIA.**—The sculptures which have been sent to Berlin from the excavations at Olympia, are now being mounted, and will probably be exhibited in the Museum of the German Capital during the month of September. It is proposed to restore several of the most mutilated statues of the collection, which, when complete, will possibly rival that of the British Museum for the exhibition of Grecian art in its classic age.

**THE EXCAVATIONS OF ANCIENT TROY.**—Dr. Schliemann has left Troy, as the Pasha there would not allow him to continue his excavations, notwithstanding the firman which he had obtained from the Sultan.

**MR. STANLEY'S AFRICAN EXPEDITION.**—For more than a year Mr. Henry Stanley, the brave correspondent of the *New York Herald*, who found Dr. Livingstone, has been as much lost from the world's knowledge as if he had been dead. At length dispatches have been received from him, and they are full of interest to the scientific world. Mr. Stanley has encountered extraordinary hazards of every description, and has more than once been near being numbered among the illustrious martyrs of geographical discovery. At last accounts he was pursuing his researches in excellent health, and with an enthusiasm which seemingly no reverses can dampen. Among other interesting discoveries which he reports, is a large inlet of Albert Lake, which he has christened "Beatrice Gulf," after Her Royal Highness the Princess Beatrice, daughter of the British Queen.



A NEW GUIDE-BOOK FOR EGYPT.—"Bædeker's Handbook to Egypt" will be ready for publication in a few months, and the English translation will be commenced at once.

A CURIOSITY OF LITERATURE.—A work by Charles G. Leland, entitled "Pidgin-English Sing-Song," is announced for immediate publication. This is a collection of ballads and stories in the English dialect spoken by the Chinese, and is accompanied by a vocabulary and rules for speaking this curious dialect. This is the first work of the kind ever published, and it is believed that it will be found not only amusing but useful to any persons who intend to visit the coast of China. It would be difficult to name a man better qualified for this curiosity than the ingenious, witty, and at the same time scholarlike author of the "Breitmann Ballads."

CHINA'S FIRST RAILWAY.—On the last day of June the first railway of China was opened with great ceremony. It required much management, discretion, and patience for the English engineers to inaugurate this enterprise. The road is a single line, with a narrow gauge, employing three very small locomotives, and at present completed for a distance of only five miles, from Shanghai to Kangwan. It is expected that the remaining half, from Kangwan to Woosung, will be opened in a few weeks. During the first week after the opening the patronage is represented as having been very encouraging, and the enterprise gives good promise of ultimate success.

HARRIET MARTINEAU AND GEORGE SAND.—Both loved the country, and both spent the last years of life as the central figures of quiet country homes, where not only the inmates of the house, but the poor neighbours round were the recipients of care, and returned care with affection. Both had tasted the pleasures of the life of cities, though Harriet Martineau's experiences were short, comparatively quiet, and only too willingly given up; while George Sand exhausted not only all the amusements which are ordinarily open to her sex, but endeavoured to share also in those belonging to the other. Both returned from the glare, the dust, the bustle of cities, to that quiet home life which both loved.

THE POET WHITTIER.—One who has recently seen the American poet, Whittier, at his cottage at the Isles of Shoals, speaks of him as follows:—"Nearly six feet in height, perfectly straight and spare in form, and with an awkward swing in his gait, the poise of the head is noble, and like that of Sir Walter Scott, it towers in sugar loaf shape, the highest point being at the crown; regular features, which yield an expression of almost childlike simplicity, but redeemed from all weakness by a deep set and brilliant eye, the pale complexion of the student, a meditative air, with a gentleness of manner which would become a young and modest girl."

THE BRAZILIAN EMPEROR.—His Majesty, Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, has arrived in Europe after a prolonged visit to the United States, where he inspected the great Centennial Exposition, and explored the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. During a brief stay in England en route for Germany, where his consort, the Empress, takes a course of baths for her health, Dom Pedro visited the British

Museum and other scientific institutions, and, among other evidences of exceptional culture, manifested the deepest interest in the "Elgin Marbles," and the cuneiform inscriptions of Assyria, of which His Majesty has been an enthusiastic student.

A BEAUTIFUL GIFT TO ROYALTY.—The finest gift brought home from India by the Prince of Wales is a golden boat, more than a foot long, and wonderfully enamelled. The stern represents the head, wings and tail of a peacock, the lustrous breast of the bird being carved into the body of the boat with great skill.

IN a photographic gallery at Washington is a chair which has a story. Abraham Lincoln went there to have his picture taken, but was not satisfied with his "pose." So he sent to the Capitol for a large oak chair with cushioned seat. On its arrival a fine picture was taken, and the President was satisfied. He told the photographer to keep the chair for long-legged men to sit comfortable in when having their "phizzes" taken.

BENJAMIN WEST.—A pretty story is told of his first attempts at painting. Inspired at the age of nine by the sight of some engravings and the gift of a paint-box, he used to play truant from school, "and as soon as he got out of sight of his father and mother he would steal up to his garret, and there pass the hours in a world of his own. At last, after he had been absent from school some days, the master called at his father's house to inquire what had become of him. This led to the discovery of his secret occupation. His mother, proceeding to the garret, found the truant; but so much was she astonished and delighted by the creations of his pencil, which also met her view when she entered the apartment, that, instead of rebuking him, she could only take him in her arms and kiss him with transports of affection." Doubtless many other soft-hearted mothers have thus greeted what they fondly imagined to be the dawning of genius in their offspring, but with consequences less appalling. The young artist went early to Rome, where his appearance, coming from the far Western world, excited curious interest and attention. Crowds followed him to observe the impressions created by the marvels he encountered. On the completion of his studies, which he pursued with assiduity, he went to England, there soon afterward married, and there remained until his death, at the age of seventy-nine. But a very small number of his works are owned in this country. His "Christ Healing the Sick," presented by the artist to the Pennsylvania Hospital, is still in the possession of that institution. It was once greatly admired. The Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts owns his "Death on the Pale Horse," his "Christ Rejected" and his "Cupid" are also owned in that city. His "Lear" may be seen in the gallery of the Boston Athenæum. Two of his pictures, illustrating scenes from the Iliad, belong to the collection of the New York Historical Society. It must be remembered to his honour that he was the first historical painter to break through the absurd academical traditions which required modern subjects to be painted in the so-called classic style. When his "Death of Wolfe" was exhibited at the Royal Academy of London, the adherents of the old style "complained of the barbarism of boots, buttons, and blunderbusses, and cried out for naked warriors with bows, bucklers, and battering-rams." Reynolds and the Archbishop of York remonstrated with West against his daring innovation. The artist calmly replied that "the event to be commemorated happened in the year 1758, in a region of the world un-

known to the Greeks and Romans, and at a period when no warrior who wore classic costume existed. The same rule which gave law to the historian should govern the painter." Reynolds was at length compelled to acknowledge the justice of the popular verdict in favour of the new style, and to declare that "West has conquered. I foresee that this picture will not only become one of the most popular, but will occasion a revolution in art." West was a sensible, kindly man, of pure life and lofty aims. His ambition, unhappily, was far beyond his capacity as an artist, and his fame has steadily declined since his death. His highest distinction as an artist was his elevation to the Presidency of the Royal Academy.—*Harper's Magazine*.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE AND MRS. SIDDON'S DAUGHTERS.—Lawrence's enthusiastic admiration for my uncle John and Mrs. Siddons, testified by the numerous striking portraits in which he had recorded their personal beauty and dramatic picturesqueness, led to a most intimate and close friendship between the great painter and the eminent actors, and subsequently to very painful circumstances, which estranged him for years from all our family, and forbade all renewal of the relations between himself and Mrs. Siddons which had been so cruelly interrupted. While frequenting her house upon terms of the most affectionate intimacy, he proposed to her eldest daughter, my cousin Sarah, and was accepted by her. Before long, however, he became deeply dejected, moody, restless, and evidently extremely and unaccountably wretched. Violent scenes of the most painful emotion, of which the cause was inexplicable and incomprehensible, took place repeatedly between himself and Mrs. Siddons, to whom he finally, in a paroxysm of self-abandoned misery, confessed that he had mistaken his own feelings, and that her younger daughter, and not the elder, was the real object of his affection, and ended by imploring permission to transfer his addresses from the one to the other sister. How this most extraordinary change was accomplished I know not; but only that it took place, and that Maria Siddons became engaged to her sister's faithless lover. To neither of them, however, was he destined ever to be united; they were both exceedingly delicate young women, with a tendency to consumption, which was probably developed and accelerated in its progress in no small measure by all the bitterness and complicated difficulties of this disastrous double courtship. Maria, the youngest, an exceedingly beautiful girl, died first, and on her deathbed exacted from her sister a promise that she would never become Lawrence's wife; the promise was given, and she died, and had not lain long in her untimely grave when her sister was laid in it beside her. The death of these two lovely and amiable women broke off all connection between Sir Thomas Lawrence and my aunt, and from that time they never saw or had any intercourse with each other. —*Frances Anne Kemble*, in "*Atlantic*" for June.

HOUSEHOLD FUN.—Make home bright and beautiful with all that wit, taste, and good nature can accomplish. It is a refuge from the world, the flesh, and the devil. Macaulay was never married, and yet he was never homeless. His life was full of domestic joy. His biography bids fair to be as popular as his own writings. In 1823 the Macaulay family took a large house in Great Ormond street, a quarter of London then occupied largely by professional men and merchants. Here the great historian lived for several years, and some of the scenes in that life are thus described:

"The fun that went on in Great Ormond street was of a jovial, and sometimes uproarious, description. Even when

the family was by itself, the school-room and the drawing-room were full of young people; and friends and cousins flocked in numbers to resort where so much merriment was perpetually on foot. There were seasons during the school holidays when the house overflowed with noise and frolic from morning to night; and Macaulay, who at any period of his life could literally spend whole days playing with children, was master of the innocent revels. Games of hide and seek, that lasted for hours, with shouting and the blowing of horns up and down the stairs and through every room, were varied by ballads, which, like the Scalds of old, he composed during the act of recitation, while the others struck in with the chorus. He had no notion whatever of music, but an infallible ear for rhythm. His knack of improvisation he, at all times, exercised freely. The verses which he thus produced, and which he invariably attributed to an anonymous author, whom he styled 'the Judicious Poet,' were exclusively for home consumption. Some of these effusions illustrate a sentiment in his disposition which was among the most decided and the most frequently and loudly expressed. Macaulay was only too easily bored, and those whom he considered fools he, by no means, suffered gladly. He once amused his sisters by pouring out whole *Iliads* of extempore doggerel upon the head of an unfortunate country squire of their acquaintance who had a habit of detaining people by the button, and who was addicted to the society of the higher order of clergy.

"His Grace Archbishop Manners Sutton  
Could not keep on a single button.  
As for Right Reverend John of Chester,  
His waistcoats open at the breast are.  
Our friend has filled a mighty trunk  
With trophies torn from Doctor Monk,  
And he has really tattered foully  
The vestments of Archbishop Howley.  
No button could I late discern on  
The garments of Archbishop Vernon,  
And never had his fingers mercy  
Upon the garb of Bishop Percy.  
The buttons fly from Bishop Ryder  
Like corks that spring from bottled cider,"

and so on throughout the entire bench, until, after a good half-hour of hearty and spontaneous nonsense, the girls would go laughing back to their Italian and their drawing-boards."

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. M., Heidelberg.—"Chamber's Encyclopedia of English Literature," or "Half Hours with the Best Authors" would be proper books for you.

ANNA S., Tübingen.—Director Scholl, of the Stuttgart Conservatory, is a good authority.

T. F., Kaiserslautern.—We have not space to answer your question, but refer you to the "Conversations-Lexicon" of Brockhaus.

N. Y., Jena.—Yes, by all means.

Dr. C., New York.—Braun's autotypes are fadeless. They are, what their name implies, not only photographs, but prints.

M. W., Geneva.—You can purchase such a collection as you describe for about 400 Marks or 500 francs.

C. M., Weimar.—Lübke's "Grundriss der Kunstgeschichte" is the work which you require.

ELISE, Ulm.—There are several first-class colleges for women in America besides Vassar College, of which we gave an account in No. 13 of our *MAGAZINE*. Besides these educational advantages, young women have free admission to all the privileges and honours of several American universities, which were originally built and endowed for the benefit of men only. In 1870, for example, the University of Michigan opened its doors freely for the admission of women

to all its departments. Recent statements show that one hundred and seventeen young ladies have this year availed themselves of its privileges. Sixty of these have chosen literature and science, and forty-seven medicine.

J. E., Heidelberg.—The smallest watch of which we have any knowledge, was manufactured in Switzerland, and is now on exhibition at the Centennial in Philadelphia. Its circumference is only three quarters that of a gold dollar, that is about that of a twenty Pfennig piece, and its weight is very little, if anything, in excess of this. The price asked for this little machine is eight hundred dollars. It is questionable, however, if a good time-keeping mechanism can be crowded into so small a space, and therefore, in making your contemplated purchase, we would advise you to seek for a real chronometer, rather than a pretty toy of this description.

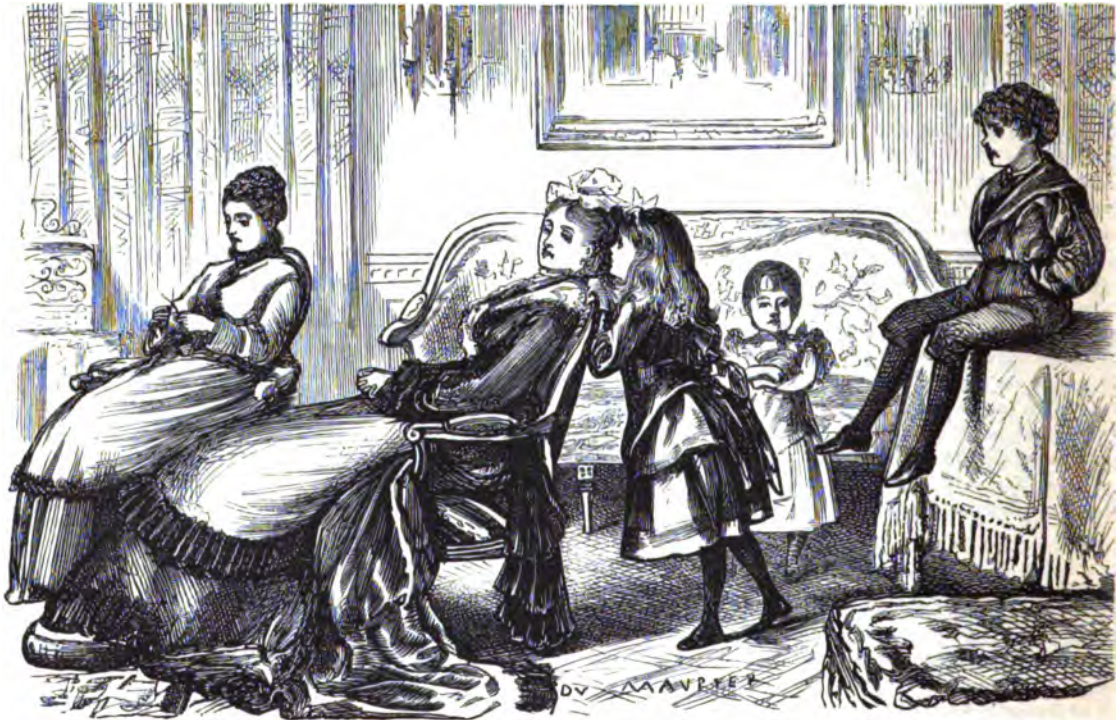
\*\*\* Altona.—"Christy minstrelsy" is a term applied to a rather unclassical but popular species of concert in America. It takes its name from its founder, George Christy, who died in New York some years since. It is a peculiarity of these minstrels that they paint their faces black when appearing in their public performances, affecting as close an imitation as possible of the American negro.

Maria.—Your inquiry is rather a perplexing one. The young gentleman is possibly all you represent him to be, and we will not question that he is worthy of your trust

and affection. If this is the case, and your parents are reasonable beings, they will not refuse their consent to a continuance of your friendship. Frankly tell them all. Parents are the natural confidants of their children, and, as an almost universal rule, it is unsafe to enter into such an alliance without their knowledge and approval.

ART STUDENT.—Your curiosity concerning the fate of famous paintings, suggested by the lost "Gainsborough," represented in No. 12 of our MAGAZINE, opens an almost endless field of research. The varied chapters of this long story are scattered through the entire literature of art. We recall now two well-known examples analogous to the stolen "Gainsborough." The first is the "Magdalene," of Correggio, now in the Dresden Gallery, which, on the stormy night of October 22d, 1788, was taken, together with two other paintings, by a great art-thief named Wogaz, and was afterward found in a hay-loft in Dresden. The second is the celebrated "San Antonio," of Murillo, which less than two years ago was mutilated in the cathedral at Seville, its principal figure being cut out of the canvas, and carried away. The pillaged treasure found its way to America, where it was offered for sale to Mr. Schaus, the well-known art-dealer of New York, who purchased it, and restored it to Spain. Mr. Schaus has lately received from the Spanish government the order of Charles III., for his agency in the recovery of the lost masterpiece.

## OUR HUMOROUS PORTFOLIO.



### A BELGRAVIAN MOTHER.

*Ethelinda.* "MOTHER! ISN'T IT WICKED TO SAY, 'YOU BE BLOWED,' AS ALGY DOES?"

*Mother.* "IT'S WORSE THAN WICKED, MY DEAR—IT'S VULGAR!"







THE RENDEZ-VOUS.

(SEE MISCELLANEA.)

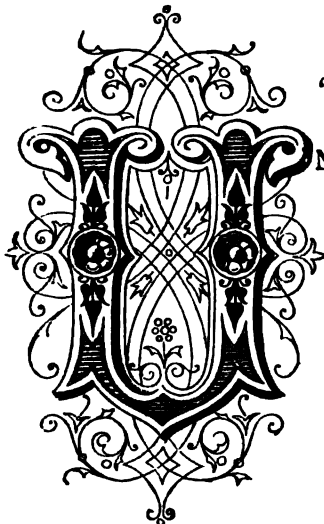
# HALLBERGER'S ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

## JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

BY

M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.



### CHAPTER XXVIII.

"AND YET I FEEL A  
FEAR."

UNDER that quiet surface which life wore in Joshua Haggard's household there were troubled waters. Naomi had never forgotten the awful look in her father's face that afternoon in the wood. It haunted her in all places and at all seasons. The impression it had made upon her mind would not pass away. What it meant she knew not—dared not shape the thought in her mind—but she was very sure that it meant evil of some kind, evil to her father's soul, wrong to Oswald.

If she could have known for certain that Oswald had carried out the intention set forth in his fatal letter to Cynthia, she would have been, comparatively speaking, at ease and happy. But of this she knew nothing. Whether he had really gone to America, how and when he had left Combhollow, of these things she was ignorant. Cynthia might know, perhaps, but not even to set these anxious fears at rest could Naomi stoop so low as to seek for any information about her lover from the woman for whose sake she had been abandoned. No, if Cynthia knew anything for certain, the knowledge must remain locked in her breast. Save in the merest outward and ceremonial

form, a bare civility in every-day intercourse, there could be no contact between Naomi and her stepmother. The gulf that sundered these two was impassable.

Oswald's letter had stated that he meant to leave Combhollow by the night coach. He had not gone by that coach, for James Haggard, who was fond of an evening stroll when the shutters were up, and who took a lively interest in other people's business, had watched the departure of the coach on that particular evening; and entertained his family at the silent supper-table with a detailed account of that exciting event in the every-day life of his town.

"There was only one inside, and that was old Mrs. Skevinew, who is going to Exeter to see her married daughter," said Jim; "she had three handboxes, two umbrellas, a pair of pattens, and a pair of the new-fashioned clogs—she bought 'em of Aunt Judith the day before yesterday—a hamper of peas, a green goose, a basket of eggs, a tin of clouted cream, a red cotton handkerchief full of bullaces, two pasties done up in brown paper, and a pig's cheek. Won't her friends be glad to see her?"

"Who were the outsides?" asked Judith.

Jim ran over the names, checking them off on his fingers.

"Was there no one else in the coach?" asked Naomi, looking at her father, who sat in his usual place with bent brows, neither eating nor drinking.

"No one."

He had not gone by that coach then, thought Naomi. But presently it occurred to her that Mr. Pentreath's return to Combhollow having been a secret and underhand proceeding, he would hardly care to leave the place under



the broad glare of his town's-people's eyes. The departure of the coach from the First and Last Inn was a public event. To leave by that vehicle, at that point of departure, and not be seen, came hardly within the limits of possibility, unless a man had got himself hidden away in the boot before the spectators assembled; no, if Oswald had made up his mind to travel by that coach, he had doubtless walked on to some quiet spot, to be taken up as the mail passed.

This reflection quieted Naomi's fears in some measure, yet did not set her heart at ease. Her father's face haunted her like some unholy image sent by Satan to suggest evil. What had passed between Joshua and that weak sinner—what violence of upbraiding had the minister used against his wife's lover? That there had been an angry meeting of some kind Naomi did not doubt. Only a wild indulgence of evil passion, only an utter abandonment of himself to man's omnipresent tempter, could have conjured up such a look in Joshua Haggard's face. The dark mind of the spirit of evil was there reflected. The lurid gleam in those darkly brooding eyes was the red glare caught from the open doors of hell.

There had been hard words spoken, words of hatred and fury, perchance even some open act of violence, a blow struck by that strong hand of Joshua's, who might have spurned the sinner as if he had been the tempter himself, in his base form of serpent. But it was over, and Joshua had doubtless begun to repent of his violence, and Oswald was on his way to a distant world to begin a new and wiser life.

"God keep him and guard him and lead him aright," thought Naomi, "and make him a good and great man. I could bear the pang of parting with him, could I feel secure about his happy future here and in the better world."

Oh, empty life from which he had vanished for ever—oh, dreary days which hung upon this young spirit like a burden, and weighed her down to the dust. Yes, verily, to the dust; so that, in her utter weariness, she felt as if it would be a good and pleasant end of all things to lie down in some lonely corner of the land—lie face downward among the fern and wild flowers, and wait for death. Surely the dark angel would take pity upon her joyless fate, and come and fold her in his sheltering wings, and comfort and cure her.

"There is no other comfort, no other cure," she said, forgetting all the old pious lessons in her despair, forgetting even to do good to others in the sharpness of her pain.

She sought for consolation from no one—not even from honest Jim—who was distressed at seeing such blank hopeless faces in his home, and was eager, after his rough and ready fashion, to administer comfort.

"Come, Naomi, cheer up and be bright, like a sensible girl," he would say. "There's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, and though you've missed landing a fine salmon through father's foolishness, you'll have your net full by-and-by, I'll warrant. A good-looking, straight-built lass like you will never want a sweetheart."

"Jim, if you talk to me like that I shall hate you!" cried Naomi. "I shall go single to my grave, and you know it, or if you can think otherwise of me, you're not worthy to be my brother."

"Hoity-toity!" cried Jim, "what fine notions run in our family! Here's father refusing the lord of the manor for his son-in-law, and you talking of dying an old maid because your first affections have been blighted. Why, if my first love takes a wrong direction, I shall turn my heart into the right road, as easily as I guide gray Dobbin down a lane where he doesn't want to go. Just a shake of the reins or a touch of the whip, and off we start."

Crushed by this weariness of life, Naomi strove notwithstanding to do her duty. Even Aunt Judith found no room for complaint with Naomi or Cynthia, unless haggard eyes and pale faces, and low voices with no joyous ring in them, were sufficient ground for upbraiding. The household work was faithfully performed. The starching and ironing, the dusting and beeswaxing, the sewing and darning were duly done. Cynthia had finished her dozen of shirts, without a gusset set awry, a seam puckered, or one deviation from a right line in the pearl-like stitching of collars and wristbands; and now she had taken to knitting Joshua's gray woollen stockings, which was a pleasantly dreamy occupation calling for very little exercise of the intellectual faculties till one came to the heel. She used to sit in the garden or the Wilderness in the calm September afternoons, with a grave quiet face bent over her flashing needles—a face that told of an abiding sorrow. The Miss Weblings would scarcely have recognised their cheerful sunny-faced little maid in the serious young matron, with a complexion almost as white as her cap. Joshua rarely saw that patient figure sitting in his place on the grass plat, for he had been growing more and more indefatigable in his visitations among the scattered members of his flock, walking great distances to lonely homesteads or labourers' cottages, or, when not thus occupied, spending his afternoons in solitary wanderings by the wild seashore, holding commune with his troubled soul.

Save at family prayer, and at meals, he was now seldom seen in his own house, while he had almost wholly deserted the shop. Aunt Judith bewailed this falling away from the good old habits which had made Haggard's

the leading commercial institution in Combhollow. The salvation of one's soul was a vital transaction, doubtless; but a man secure of his calling and election in eternity could well afford to attend to his temporal business, instead of wandering about in desolate places like John the Baptist, without having anyone to baptise.

"He might as well live on the top of a pillar like St. Simon What's-his-name, and have his meals sent up to him by a ladder," said Judith contemptuously, "if his mind is never in his business. We're always running out of things now, for want of proper attention to the stock."

To Naomi it was a small thing that her father should be indifferent to loss and gain, and turn his back upon the business by which his father and grandfather had maintained their importance and respectability in the little town. The change she saw in him was more alarming than this neglect of daily duties—a change which she associated involuntarily with that bitter day on which she had seen his gloomy murderer's face pass by her in the woodland dimness.

In the autumn evenings, when she could escape from the joyless house, Naomi felt herself drawn, as by a magnet, to Pentreath wood. It was not that she found peace there, or consolation. She loved the shadowy scene as a place in which she could feed her grief, and haunted it as an inconsolable mourner haunts the burial-ground where lies her dead. How desolate the place seemed in the season of earth's decay, all the winding ways deeply strewn with the red-brown leaves, soft and soddened in the hollows where the autumn rains lay longest; frogs croaking in the marshy places, and a dead snake lying here and there among the brambles.

It was not often that Naomi went within sight of the deserted house, where the old servants lived on in a lazy seclusion, waiting their master's bidding; almost as slumberous a household as that which slept for a hundred years in the old fairy story, only that here there was no lovely princess shining like a jewel in the innermost chamber of the castle. Here were only empty rooms, and dust and loneliness.

One evening early in October, Naomi roamed a little farther than she had intended, and found that, to reach home in decent time, she must take the nearest way, which was across the park, and out into the road by the park-gate. This would take her very near the house.

It was a fine bright evening. The sun had set redly behind the trees before she had entered the wood, and now the moon had risen and was shining over the great sea yonder—a lovely evening, mild and peaceful. She was

loth to go back to the lighted room at home, and her father's evening lecture, now always of so gloomy a character as to minister to her despair, rather than to lift up her soul from its depth of sorrow.

The hall-door stood open, and a light burned dimly within. Old Nicholas, the butler, was sitting in the porch. He recognised Naomi as she skirted the outer garden, and got up quickly and came after her.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Haggard, but seeing you go by just now, I made bold to follow you. Have you heard any news of the young Squire? I've wanted to ask sometimes when I've been up at the shop, to get my bit of tea and sugar, but your father wasn't about, and I don't like to ask your aunt—she's apt to be snappy."

"No, Nicholas, we have had no news. You would be more likely to hear of your master than we."

"Deary, now! I knew there was something wrong when he came down here so sudden, and told me I was to say nothing about it, and he was going off to Ameriky, and I was to keep the place in order agen Mr. Arnold came home, and then he was to be the master here. A power of changes to happen in such a short time, ain't it, Miss? I feel as if the world was topsy-turvy, somehow. The poor old master gone! He was dreadful near, to be sure, but I'd got used to him, and I misses his fidgety pinching ways, looking after every candle-end, and such a nose of his own if he suspected we was frying a bit of bacon for supper. Well, he's gone where scraping and saving won't help him, poor gentleman. There's no candle-ends in the heavenly Jerusalem."

Nicholas sighed despondently, as if he doubted whether an immortal home, in which cheese-paring could not be practised, would satisfy his departed master.

"And you haven't heard nothing, Miss?"

"Nothing," answered Naomi. "But there is hardly time for anyone to have had a letter yet—is there, Nicholas?"

"I can't say, Miss. Perhaps not. It were the beginning of August when he went away, warn't it? and here we are in October. I suppose there wouldn't be time; and yet I begin to feel oneasy in my mind about him. There was something queer about his going away, you see!"

"How do you mean?" asked Naomi, looking at him intently.

"Well, you see, he says to me, 'Nicholas, you get they two big trunks down to the coach this evening, and that there bag.' The trunks was what he'd packed his clothes and books in, and such like, that morning, purpose to take them with him to Ameriky. 'I shall walk on ahead, and let the coach pick me up this side of Henbury turnpike,' he says.



'But you get they trunks safe in the boot,' says he. So the gardener and I puts 'em in a barrer and wheels 'em down, and gets 'em safe packed into the boot afore seven o'clock."

"Well, what then?" asked Naomi, with suppressed eagerness.

"What then, Miss Haggard? Why, they trunks and that there bag is in the young Squire's room now—come back, like a bad penny!"

"Come back?"

"Yes. The coach never picked him up this side of Henbury turnpike. The coachman never set eyes upon him all along the road. When he got to Exeter, there was no one to take to they trunks, no directions left about 'em, so he just brought 'em back; and if the young Squire be gone to Ameriky, he be gone without his luggage. Lord, Miss, how you do trimble! I hope there's nothing wrong, but it comes over me sometimes that things ain't altogether right!"

"He may have changed his mind at the last," said Naomi falteringly. "He may not have gone to America!"

"Perhaps not, Miss; but wherever he's gone, he's gone without his luggage—even the carpet-bag, with his razors and night-clothes."

"He may have had other luggage in London."

"He had a black portmanteau at the inn where he'd been stopping in London, but it wasn't a big one. It wouldn't have been luggage enough for Ameriky, or any where else in foreign parts. And then the books and things that he was so fond of, and his writing-desk, and most of his clothes—all in they big boxes. It's odd he didn't send for 'em."

"He may not want them."

"But it's queer for him not to want 'em all this time. And if that there coach didn't pick him up—and we know it didn't—how did he get away? Nobody saw him leave, nobody heard of him. Lord a mercy, Miss, how white you be! I didn't ought to say such-like things, but it weighs so heavy on my mind. It's a comfort to talk about it. The London lawyer he sends me down my wages monthly, and board wages for me and the others indoors. We might live on the fat of the land if we chose, only our constitutions have got used to pinching and we likes it. We couldn't have a better place, only they two trunks weighs upon my mind, and I shan't feel easy till I've had a letter from my master."

What comfort could Naomi give him—she whose thoughts were full of fear? She went home and found the family circle waiting for her. It was past the customary prayer-time by ten minutes or so.

"Rambling again, Naomi!" said her father severely, and then opened his Bible and began to read a chapter of Jeremiah, which he

afterwards expounded, dwelling darkly on all that was darkest in the text. The prayer that followed was rather a cry of self-abasement and desolation than a supplicatory address, curiously different from that simple and single-minded appeal which the Divine Teacher dictated to His disciples. Joshua asked for no common wants of common life; he pleaded not to be forgiven as freely as he forgave—but he grovelled in the dust before an angry God, and heaped ashes upon his head, and abased himself with humility which touched the confines of fanaticism.

"What kept you out so long, Sis?" asked James, when they were seated at supper.

"Nicholas, the butler at the Grange, stopped me to ask about his master. He is very anxious about him."

"Why?" asked her father sharply.

"Because he has been away so long, and has not written."

Cynthia lifted her languid-eyes, large with sudden terror.

"How could anyone get a letter? He has not been gone three months. And even if there were time enough, why should he write to Nicholas?" said Joshua.

"Nicholas is anxious about him, anyhow," answered Naomi.

She said nothing about the luggage left behind, which was the chief cause of the old servant's uneasiness.

"Well, all I can say is that a young man with such a property as that was a fool to go to America," remarked Jim conclusively.

It was a generally accepted fact by this time that the young Squire had gone to America, and there were various versions of his motive for this exile. The male gossips inclined to the idea that he and Naomi had quarrelled, and that this lovers' quarrel had been the cause of his departure; the female portion of the community pinned their faith upon the young man's fickleness. He had repented of his engagement to the grocer's daughter, and had gone away to avoid its fulfilment.

"It was all very fine while his father was living, and likely to live to a hundred, and he hadn't a five pound note," said Mrs. Spradgers. "He knew that Mr. Haggard was a warm man, and he might do worse than marry Naomi; but it was quite another thing when the old gentleman went off and the property turned out better than young Mr. Pentreath had ever expected. It's only natural he should look higher. Circumstances alter cases."

The year wore to its close, and yet there came no tidings of the young Squire. There was, perhaps, no reason why he should trouble himself to write to anyone at Combhollow, argued Naomi, trying to shake off that burden of unquiet thoughts which oppressed her. He could hardly be expected to write to his old

servants; he had provided for their comfort through his London solicitor. His rents were collected by a local agent and paid to the same man of business. There was no one at Combhollow who had any right to expect letters from him. He had broken away from all his old moorings, and begun a new life in a new country. He was happy, perhaps, amused and interested by the novelty of his surroundings—occupied—adventurous, a light-hearted traveller, while her thoughts of him were so full of gloom.

"Why cannot I banish him from my mind altogether?" she asked herself. "It is a sin to dwell thus persistently upon an earthly loss. 'If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off.' He came between me and heaven—for I loved him too well. Even now that he is far away, the thought of him binds me down to earth. Why cannot I forget him?"

There was another question in her mind which hardly shaped itself in direct words: "Why cannot I forget my father's face that day in the wood?"

The new year began, and there was no change in the quiet household, save a change in Cynthia which had been so gently wrought that it was invisible to the eyes that saw her daily. The minister's young wife had faded and drooped since that troubled summer-time of the year just gone. The slender figure had lost its graceful curves, the white arm was no longer round and full, the oval of the cheek had fallen, and the blue-veined lids drooped languidly over the gentle eyes, in which there was a look that seemed to plead for pity or forgiveness.

Joshua's popularity was at its height this winter. Those stirring sermons—those eloquent theological fulminations—acted on his hearers as a stimulant and a tonic. People flocked to hear him from distant villages. He was proud of his popularity, lifted up and exalted by the idea that he was bringing sinners home to God, fighting hand to hand with the devil and all his angels. He lived apart from his own household, a stranger among them, though sitting by the same fireside. It was as if they were people of old time giving shelter to a prophet. They scarcely dared speak to him, but approached him with an awful respect. It was an understood thing that he had no more to do with the business which had in years past occupied half his time and some portion of his care. James now took the helm in the commercial vessel, and felt that he was of the stuff that makes great captains. Joshua seemed hardly aware of the change that had come over his life. He was a dreamer and lived in a world of dreams.

So the year began, and it was early spring again, and Naomi felt that her youth was gone, and that the years could bring her no-

thing but age and death. They would come and go and make no difference in her life. They held no promise, they knew no hope.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### "THE WANDERER'S RETURN."

It was March—just a year since the old Squire had been stricken with his fatal illness. The daffodils were blooming in sunny places. There was a faint tinge of green upon the hedgerows.

Naomi was sitting alone in the twilit parlour in the calm gray evening. She had done all her daily duties, and could afford to rest from her toil. She looked at the familiar scene—the glimpse of sea, the curve of the road winding up the hill towards Pentreath Grange—with sad, hopeless eyes. No bright harbinger of joy would ever come to her by yonder road, down which she had seen the Squire's funeral train slowly descending with wind-tossed plumes and scarves less than a year ago.

"I had such a strange sense of loss that day," she thought, remembering the dismal procession, and her own feelings as she watched its approach. "I seemed to know that the end of my happiness had come; that change, or sorrow, or death was near."

Twilight deepened, and the scene took a shadowy look. Who was this walking down the hill at a leisurely pace, with a careless easy gait which seemed familiar? Nay, it was familiar, for it set Naomi's heart beating vehemently; it made her cold and faint. This was no peasant returning from his work. She knew how the Combhollow population carried themselves. This tall slim figure, so straight and yet so easy of motion—was no son of the soil, no hard-handed agricultural labourer, no fisherman smelling of tar and sea-weed, with wet raiment all glistening and scaly.

She stood up, and opened the window—stood with the chill March breeze blowing upon her pale terror-stricken face. This time she felt verily as if she were seeing a ghost.

"He has come back," she thought. "He is not dead. Oh, foolish fear! Oh, wretched doubt of the best and truest upon earth! He is safe; and has come back again. I shall see him once again—living and happy. My God, I thank thee!"

The figure came nearer. Yes, it was Oswald Pentreath. She saw the well-remembered face in the dim light. How well he looked; how strong; how brave! Travel and strange countries had improved him. His chest had expanded—he walked with a firmer step—held his head higher. And he was coming to her father's house—boldly; with no stealthy ap-

proach. He came as a man who had done no evil, and had no cause for fear.

"He is cured of his folly; he is my true and noble lover once again. Oh God, Thou art full of mercy; Thy love aboundeth."

The familiar figure was close at hand. There was nothing but the narrow front garden between him and Naomi; yet now there was a strangeness—her heart grew lead. The young man looked up at the house enquiringly, like a stranger who reconnoitres an unfamiliar place. He glanced up and down the street—quite empty of humanity at this moment, the solitary young woman with a basket, who had constituted its traffic a minute ago, having just gone indoors—then looked again at the house, and became conscious of Naomi's pale face at the window.

"I beg your pardon," he began courteously. "Is this Mr. Haggard's?"

Life-long sorrows are not so keen as a sudden stab like this—an arrow that pierces the heart and kills its hope for ever. It was not Oswald's voice. There was a likeness in the tone; that family resemblance so often to be found in the tones of kindred; but these tones were more decided—rougher. They lacked the poetic languor—the gentle sweetness—of Oswald's utterance. This speaker was one who had commanded men on the high seas; not the musing idler who had wasted half his life lying listlessly in summer woods, or wandering with his rod beside autumn's swollen streams.

It was not Oswald. For the space of half a minute, the surging blood in Naomi's brain almost blinded her. For an instant or so reason faltered, and she was on the verge of unconsciousness. Then the strong young soul resumed her power, and she comprehended that this was no shade from Avernus, but her lost lover's sailor brother, the Squire's runaway son.

"Yes," she answered, with a steady voice, "this is Mr. Haggard's house. Do you want to see my father?"

"Ah, then you are Naomi," cried the stranger eagerly. "I think I would rather talk to you than to your father. You can tell me more. I have only just come home, and I am very unhappy about my brother. May I come in, please?"

How friendly, how dear his voice sounded in its resemblance to the voice of Oswald. The familiar tones comforted Naomi, somehow, after that bitter disappointment just now. Her heart was lifted up from its despair. Arnold had come home—Arnold would find out all about his beloved brother.

At that thought a sudden dread came upon her like a vision of doom.

If there were any guilty mystery in Oswald's fate, would not his brother bring the deed to light? Her shapeless fears rose up like gorgons and confronted her.

She opened the door for Arnold, and stood dumbly as he came in and held out his hand to her.

"How deadly cold your hand is!" he exclaimed. "I'm afraid I startled you coming so suddenly. People say I am very like my brother. And I daresay you are anxious about Oswald."

He had gone into the parlour with her, and seated himself with a familiar friendliness close to the chair into which Naomi had sunk, scarcely able to stand.

"Yes; I have been very anxious," she said faintly.

"I can see that. Please God, there is no real cause for fear, though old Nicholas has frightened me a little by his raven-like talk. The last letter I had from my brother was written in London, on the fourteenth of July. He urged me to come home, and told me he had some thoughts of going to America; and that, if he went, I was to take care of the estate in his absence; and to consider myself master, and so on, in his generous reckless way—as ready to give up all his privileges as Esau was to swop his birthright against a dish of lobscouse. This letter has been following me from port to port, and I only got it nine or ten weeks ago at Shanghai, where my ship was waiting for a cargo. I went straight to Oswald's London agent when I left the docks; but he could tell me nothing, except that my brother had made all arrangements for a long absence from England. He was to have sailed for New York on the fourteenth of August. But a thing that puzzled this lawyer fellow a little was that Oswald should have drawn no money since he left home. 'He may have taken plenty with him,' said I—for you see Oswald was brought up to make a little money go a long way, or to do without it altogether mostly. 'So he may,' said the lawyer; 'but I find that young men generally do draw a good deal of money when they've got any sources to draw upon—and even, sometimes, when they have not. It's a way they have.' This made me rather uneasy, and I came down here as fast as those blundering coaches, which hardly do five knots an hour, could bring me. And the old house looked so lonely and dismal without Oswald, that the mere sight of it made me miserable; and then old Nicholas's raven croakings made me worse—so I came straight off to you for comfort."

"I can tell you nothing," answered Naomi, with a sigh.

"Nicholas told me you had received no letter. That's strange, certainly. He would have written to you before anyone, I should think."

"No, I had no right to expect any letter from him. I expected none."

"What—not as his betrothed wife?"

"Our engagement was broken off some time before he went. Did you not know?"

"Not a word. His last mention of you was full of affection—not in his latest letter, by the way, but in the one which told me of my father's death. I was to come home, and be very fond of you, and we were all to be happy together."

"Yes, I know," said Naomi, with a pang of bitterest remembrance. How often had Oswald talked to her of union and love and happiness—sweet domestic joys which Arnold was to share!

"But why was your engagement broken off?" asked the sailor bluntly. "Did you quarrel?"

"Quarrel? No."

"He must have behaved very ill, then."

"No, no. It was my father's wish. I obeyed my father in setting Oswald free. And he accepted his liberty—he was grateful for his release. Love does not always last a lifetime: there is a difference, you see. I think that he once loved me, but——"

Here the tears rained down upon her trembling hands. Arnold drew nearer to her, and gently pressed one of those cold hands with a brotherly kindness.

"My poor girl—my sister that was to have been! He behaved badly, I'm afraid. There was something wild and queer in his last letter, and then that sudden resolve to go to America! I ought to have seen that things had gone wrong with him. Poor Oswald! And I expected to see him so happy with you."

"Providence willed it otherwise. I was too happy with him, I think: too much absorbed in the joys of this world."

"Why should we not be happy in this world? God would never have made so fair a world for a scene of suffering. You can't imagine—you stay-at-home people—how beautiful this earth is. The birds and animals and reptiles and insects are happy. All free creation enjoys itself, from its birth till its death. Why should man be wretched, or the source of misery in others? Why should Providence be offended because you and my brother loved each other and were happy?"

Naomi could not answer. It was an article of her religion that Heaven disapproved of too much earthly bliss.

"But you must have known where he was going—he told you his plans surely?" asked Arnold.

"No, I knew nothing of his intentions—directly," answered Naomi, a faint blush dyeing her pallid cheek.

"Did you not see him when he came back to the Grange in the beginning of August? He came to bid you good-bye, I suppose!"

"No, I did not see him."

"Then why did he come back to Comb-

hollow at all? I can hear of nothing that he did in the way of business, except to pack those trunks, which he left behind him after all his trouble. What was the motive of his return?"

"Indeed, I cannot tell you," faltered Naomi, sorely distressed.

Arnold looked troubled. He got up and walked up and down the narrow parlour, as he had walked his quarterdeck in many an hour of doubt and difficulty.

"I can't understand it," he said. "It is the strangest business altogether. Why did he come back and pack his trunks, and have them taken to the coach, and why did he not appear to claim them? If he did not leave by the coach, how did he get away?"

"There are vessels that sail between Rockmouth and Bristol, are there not?" suggested Naomi. "He may have gone that way."

"A slow roundabout way for him to choose, after making up his mind to go by the coach. I begin to feel as anxious as Nicholas. Oh, my dearest Oswald, where are you, and why this mystery? God grant that he is safe and happy somewhere! God grant there has been no foul play!"

At these words Naomi's face took a death-like hue. But the room was too dark for Arnold to see the change.

"If harm of any kind has happened to him, Heaven help the wrongdoers, for they shall have no mercy from me! I'll hunt them down. But no, I won't think it. I won't believe that he has come to an untimely end. The brother who carried me in his arms, and was so gentle and loving, and whom I loved, God knows, with all my heart, though I left him! How I have looked forward to our reunion, and counted upon it, and built upon it in all these years. And I come back to find him far away, and his fate a mystery." He threw himself into a chair and sobbed aloud, honest manly tears coming from a true and brave heart.

It was Naomi's turn to comfort now. She bent over him, and laid her hand lightly on his shoulder.

"Pray do not say that evil has befallen him," she said. "He may have changed his mind as to his way of travelling at the last; who can tell what trifling thing may have influenced him?"

"What did he do with himself all that day?" asked Arnold. "Nicholas tells me that he left the Grange before one o'clock, and the coach was not to pick him up till after eight in the evening. Where was he? With whom did he spend his time? He seems to have no friends in Combhollow but you and your family, and he was not with you?"

"No."



"Cannot you help me to find out where he was?"

"No, I cannot."

"That's a pity. If I could only find out the people who saw the last of him here, they might enlighten me as to his intentions. I must see what I can do elsewhere. I came to you naturally for help; but then I did not know your engagement was broken off."

Sally brought in the lighted candles, and started and stared at sight of the sea-captain.

"Don't be frightened, Sally," said Naomi; "this is Captain Pentreath, the Squire's brother."

"Lor' sakes!" faltered the hand-maiden, "I took he for the young Squire's ghost."

"Is your father at home?" asked Arnold presently; "I should like to see him."

"No, it is his class-night; he will not be home for nearly an hour. And I know he could tell you nothing more than I have told you," added Naomi.

"Perhaps not, but he might advise me; I have heard that he is a superior man. I should like to see him: I'll call to-morrow. Good-night, Naomi—I may call you Naomi, I hope, for my brother's sake? He told me to think of you as a sister."

"I should like you to think me so still, if you can," Naomi answered gently. And then he pressed her hand, and was gone.

There was some kind of comfort in the sailor's friendliness, in this brave, strong, manly figure, suddenly introduced into the dull scene of a sorrow-shadowed life. He was so like Oswald, and yet so unlike. And he loved his brother so dearly. Oswald's fate would be no longer a mystery. All those unspoken fears, which had preyed upon her like a consuming disease, would be proved vain and foolish. He was safe, he was happy in some strange land. There needed only a little energy and cleverness to find out all about him, and Arnold would supply both.

Then there flashed upon her the memory of that awful moment in the wood, when she saw her father go by with a look upon his face that seemed to her like the brand of Cain, full of awful meaning.

### CHAPTER XXX.

"WHERE IS THY BROTHER?"

"FATHER," said Naomi at supper-time, "Captain Pentreath has come home, and wants to see you to-morrow."

"Captain Pentreath!" echoed Joshua, staring at her blankly; "who's he?"

"Oswald's brother."

"Oh, Arnold, the younger son; the boy who ran away to sea? He's come home, has he, to

take possession of the estate? That's a good thing."

"Not to take possession, father; to take care of the old place, perhaps. He has no right to take possession in his brother's lifetime."

"Not unless he had stayed away seven years without being heard of," interjected Jim, the English mind having a firm grip upon this idea of seven years.

"Why should anyone suppose him dead?" asked Naomi with a look that was half indignant, half apprehensive; "he has only been away a little more than six months. His brother has come home to look for him; he is determined to find him."

"What's the use of looking for him at Combhollow, when everybody knows he's gone to America?" cried Jim.

"I mean that Captain Pentreath is going to find out all about his brother, when and how he left England."

"Poor worm!" exclaimed Joshua with lofty scorn. "His brother's fate is in the hands of God. As if he could make or mend it!"

"But he has a right to know, father, and it is natural he should be anxious."

"That shows he belongs to the unregenerate," said Jim, glad to have a fling at the creed which had been forced upon him before he was able to form his own estimate of its merits, like vaccination. "If he were sure of his own election, he needn't care a toss what became of his brother——"

"In time, perhaps not," said Joshua, with an awful look; "but how dreadful to know him lost in eternity. Better to remain for ever ignorant of the fate of those we love than to be sure of their condemnation."

"Judge not, that ye be not judged," said Naomi, for the first time in her life daring to lift up her voice against her father. "Who can be sure of another's condemnation? It is blasphemy to say such a thing."

"What new Daniel is this?" exclaimed Joshua, scornfully. "Is my daughter going to be my teacher? I tell you, Naomi, there are some sins which cannot be repented of. There is a guiltiness which seals the sinner's doom, and sends him, self-convicted, to receive his Maker's sentence."

"I have no fear that Oswald would be such a sinner," answered Naomi, meeting her father's dark look with defiant eyes. "Weak, erring, led astray by one more erring than himself—yes, he might be these, but not a deliberate offender, not obstinately guilty!"

What was this new feeling which made her talk to her father as if she was arguing with an adversary? She felt a thrill of horror at her own audacity. But she was not mistress of herself when her father spoke harsh words of Oswald Pentreath. Reason grew clouded



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and the voice of passion cried aloud in defence of her lost lover. He was weak, and she would not let the strong man spurn him. He was absent, and she would not hear him condemned.

Cynthia sat silent, and heard them talk of the man who had loved her too well, whose only sin and sorrow was to have let his heart go out to her as a young bird flies from its nest into the glad new world. He had loved her, and that love had darkened his life. She could see him looking down at her, as on that last day, passion-pale, bidding his eternal farewell. What a dream it had been—so fair, so sweet, so unreal! She had suffered herself to be beloved, and to love again, and in this dreaming, half-unconscious state had tasted an ineffable happiness. She did not regret this lost dream-world; she would not have recalled its vanished sweetness; she was honestly repentant of her sin against the husband she honoured; but the past was ineffaceable—a part of her being.

I cannot but remember such things were  
That were most precious to me.

Though full of anxious thoughts, Arnold Pentreath brought brightness and pleasant days to the old Grange and all who came within his influence. His candid intelligent face, the frank heartiness of his manners, with just a dash of the seaman's bluntness, and that firm straightforwardness which comes from the habit of commanding others and restraining oneself—all these things gave him immediate mastery over the simple folks at Combhollow. The old servants worshipped him. He had been the most daring and mischievous of the two brothers, in boyhood, and naturally the most popular. He had defied his old father, and had won golden opinions from the household by his juvenile mutinies. He came back a man, broad-shouldered and strongly built, bronzed and battered a little by all kinds of climates and hard weather, but all the handsomer, in the eyes of a sea-loving population, for his sunburnt cheek and the stubborn crispness of his hair. He was fonder of his fellow-men than Oswald had been, and, instead of dreaming over Childe Harold in Pentreath Wood, was out and about all day, tramping along the lanes, making acquaintance with every hind who worked upon his land, tossing cottage children in his strong arms, with a kindly word for everyone he met.

He had not been three days at the Grange before the fact of his return was known far and wide, and brought all manner of applicants to the old house to ask favours which no agent would grant. He heard all complaints with an equable good nature, and lent his attention to the smallest detail. The slates blown off the homestead in "they high winds—

now do'ee see what you can do for us, Squire." The granary thatch which had "cotched fire" in such a mysterious way after last midsummer's thunder-storm, that old Farmer Westall was firmly convinced it was the work of Nancy Dowben, the witch.

"For she be a witch, Squire," said the farmer, "that's well bekownst. And I do say as it ain't right a spiteful old woman like she should be allowed to meddle with forked lightning."

"Well, farmer, if it was witchcraft fired the barn, you can't expect me to pay for new thatching it?" argued Arnold.

"But look'ee now, Squire. It was the ould gentleman, your feyther, brought it on us. All they witches bore an evil eye towards him. He were so hard upon 'em, and that screwy, never a drop of milk or a faggot to give 'em."

"Wasn't it you, now, that refused old Nancy the faggots, Farmer Westall?" suggested Arnold Pentreath.

"Well, now, you're a bit of a conjurer yourself, Squire. There was one day as the ould ooman come for some wood to bile her kittle, and I wasn't in the best of tempers, for our ould sow had etten up seven pegs, and I thowt it was some o' Nancy's work, so I calls out, 'Now jist look yere, Nancy; you had a faggot yesterday, and another the day afore that, and I didn't make that stack o' wood o' purpose for you, old lady.' So she gives a sniff and a grunt, and off she goes, and it wasn't a week from that when the lightning caught the thatch o' my biggest barn. And I'm a man with a long fambly, Squire, and I've had the roof covered up anyhow with some old boards and a bit of tarpaulin ever since, because Bill Stowell, the thatcher, asks a mort o' money before he'll make a good job of it!"

"We'll see what can be done, farmer. Perhaps I might go halves in the expense, if the barn was roofed in to my satisfaction. I'm only a steward, you see—a kind of deputy for my brother."

Farmer Westall sighed and looked glum. Old Nicholas, the butler, had infected most of his acquaintance with his own dismal ideas about the absent lord of the manor. It was a general opinion that the vessel in which Oswald had sailed for America had gone to the bottom.

"There are some folks that'll never get no luck out o' the sea," said the voice of public opinion as represented by the fishermen of Combhollow. "Remember that storm, and the way the *Dolphin* went to pieces. The two sailors was saved easy enough, but the Squire would have been drowned or knocked to pieces on they rocks but for Joshua Haggard. And what were the use of saving him? He never did no good to the Haggards; and here he



is gone down to the bottom, as sure as fate. It was what were meant from the fust, and there's never no good in flying in the face of Providence. You may 'save a ship's cargo—that's man's business—and an honest way of providin' for a famby: but they as is aboard the ship is in the care o' Providence, and it's clean blasphemy to risk your life in fishing of 'em out of the water!"

Captain Pentreath had exhausted his resources, and had found no clue to his brother's proceedings after that August noontide in which he had left the Grange, with the avowed intention of going to Exeter—on his way to London—by the evening coach. Arnold had gone back to London, and had seen the solicitor again, and had made his enquiries in every likely and unlikely direction, but he had learned nothing. The London lawyer did not know the name of the vessel in which Arnold had booked his passage to New York. His client had told him nothing, except that he had made up his mind to go to America, and that he wanted his affairs administered in his absence. The household at the Grange was to suffer no alteration, and when Arnold came he was to be master.

"Until your return!" the lawyer had said to him.

"My return is an event of the remote future," Oswald had replied; "I may never return."

Arnold went to Liverpool, and the result of his researches there convinced him that Oswald had not left that port in any vessel bound for America, unless he had sailed under an assumed name. From Liverpool he went to Cork—from Cork he went by water to Bristol—from Bristol westward to Plymouth; and the most searching enquiries at these places resulted as his enquiries had resulted at Liverpool. There was no trace of Oswald Pentreath's passage to America to be found in any shipping office. He went back to the Grange sorely depressed, for his brother's fate was beginning to assume a hue of mystery which gave room for the darkest fears.

His conversation with Joshua Haggard had told him nothing more than he had already learned from Naomi. The minister had received him with a chilling reserve which held him at arm's length. The frank outspoken sailor wondered that his brother could have written to him so warmly in praise of such a man.

He called on Joshua the day after his return from his round of enquiry.

"This is a bad business, Mr. Haggard," he began, plunging at once into the subject nearest his heart; "I have found out enough to feel very sure that my brother has not gone to America."

Joshua's grave countenance betrayed no sur-

prise. "Why, the fellow is not a man but a machine," Arnold thought indignantly.

"You don't seem to understand what a serious question this is," said Arnold. "If my brother did not go to America last August, what has become of him?"

"That is a question that I cannot be expected to answer, Captain Pentreath. We are all in God's hands. In life or in death He deals with us as seemeth best to Him. He may have appointed your brother for an evil end. You had best be content to leave all to Him."

"Do you mean that if my brother has come to an evil end, I am to let his murderer go scot-free?" cried Arnold, indignantly. "Do you think that I shall fold my hands and wait for Providence to avenge my brother? Why, if I did, God would have the right to ask of me as he did of Cain, 'Where is thy brother?' You do not know how dearly we two loved each other, Mr. Haggard."

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay," quoted Joshua solemnly; "be sure that if your brother has been murdered, an idea I do not for a moment entertain, his assassin has suffered or will suffer as heavy a punishment as any vengeance of yours could inflict."

"May God make conscience an undying worm to feed upon his soul!" said Arnold. "But it shall be my business to bring his body to the gallows."

Joshua heard him in silence. He sat with folded hands, and a countenance as mysterious in its solemn thoughtfulness as the head of Memnon.

"Come, Mr. Haggard, you must be able to give me some help in this matter, if you choose," urged Arnold passionately; "my brother was your daughter's lover—her affianced husband, till you, for some motive of your own, forbade their marriage. There is a story underlying that act of yours—a story that might cast some light upon my poor brother's fate. You must have had strong reasons for such a step. A man of your principles would hardly be governed by caprice. Tell me honestly, as one who has a right to ask, what that reason was."

"I can give you no details upon that point," answered Joshua, after some moments of profound thought, "but I will tell you broadly that I had reason to disapprove of your brother's conduct in relation to another woman. I had reason to know that his heart had gone away from my daughter. He would have kept his promise, and married her, and would have believed that he was acting as a man of honour; but he would have lied at God's altar, and his marriage would have offended Heaven."

"You believe that my brother's heart had gone astray?"

"I know it."



"Then, for heaven's sake, tell me all you know. This love affair may throw light upon his after conduct—may give us the clue to his present whereabouts. There would be a false delicacy—an absolute cruelty—in hiding anything from me—from me, his brother, who am distracted by the most hideous apprehensions."

"I can tell you nothing more," answered Joshua, with a stern resoluteness which chilled Arnold to the heart. "I am withholding no knowledge which could help you in the smallest degree. Your brother sinned—and is gone. You must be content to know no more than that."

"I will not be content," cried the sailor, vehemently. "You are juggling with me—you, a preacher of God's Word, who ought to be truthful as the day. But I forgot—the prophets were dark of speech, and God taught His chosen people by dreams and allegories, and you seek to imitate those mysterious ways. Have you no human pity—as a man and a Christian—for a brother's grief for a lost brother? You could tell me something that would make this mystery clear; and you lock your lips, and abandon me to the agony of uncertainty. My brother respected, admired—nay, loved you, Mr. Haggard."

This wrung a sigh from a breast which Arnold had deemed marble.

"I tell you I am withholding nothing that could give you comfort," said Joshua, looking downward with fixed and gloomy brow. "I deplore your brother's fate, and the mystery which surrounds it. Yet for your sake—for the sake of my daughter who loved him—I say, May the veil never be lifted!"

"Why?"

"Because I fear he came to a bad end."

"You must have some reason for that fear. You know something," exclaimed Arnold, breathlessly.

"I am guided by my knowledge of his character—of his condition of mind last summer."

"You think he destroyed himself?"

"I do."

Arnold bowed his face upon his clasped hands; his strong frame was shaken by the agony of that moment. To have stayed away from his brother all the days of his youth—to come home full of hope and pleasure—and to be told this! The cup was bitter.

When Arnold looked up, Joshua Haggard was gone.

He stayed in the empty room, looking out into the windy March street—where one old woman was tightening a three-cornered shawl across her skinny shoulders—with eyes that saw not, and thinking over Joshua's words.

What did they mean? How much, or how little? Was this idea of Oswald's suicide a mere speculation on the minister's part, or

had he sound evidence on which to found his conclusions?

"It is too bad of him to leave me in the dark," mused Arnold. "I have a right to know everything that can be said or thought about my brother. He is a hard-hearted scoundrel. These overpious men are adamant. And yet he saved my brother's life at the risk of his own. Oswald told me the story, and the fishermen here are never tired of talking about it. Don't let me forget that. The man is better than his speech. And he tells me he is keeping nothing back. But to think that my brother took his own life—that he was wretched enough to find the coward's last release from difficulty! I will not believe it."

He rose to depart; but before he got to the door, Naomi came in, and they stood face to face, both startled, both agitated by this sudden meeting, natural as it was.

"Oh, Naomi, I want you," cried the sailor, taking both her hands, and looking into the pale face with beseeching earnestness. "I want you to advise, to comfort, to enlighten me. I have been talking to your father, and he has almost broken my heart. Tell me, for pity's sake, the truth, dear, as sister to brother. Say that you do not believe Oswald killed himself."

"Killed himself?" she echoed, growing very white. "No. Who says so—who thinks so?"

"Your father."

"My father says that—my father believes that?"

"Yes, dear. He told me so five minutes ago. Only say that you don't believe it."

"I do not!" she answered with flashing eyes. "I know that he was unhappy, but I cannot believe—I will not believe—that he could be so weak—so guilty. No, there was no such thought in his mind. He had made his plans for beginning a new life; he had taken his passage for America."

"You know that from himself?" cried Arnold eagerly.

Naomi bowed her head in assent.

"God bless you, sister!" said the sailor. "You have comforted me more than I can say. You knew him—you loved him."

"With all my heart and soul—too much for duty, or peace, or righteousness."

"And do you think he really did go to America?"

Naomi's troubled face took a still deeper shadow.

"I know he meant to go; he may not have gone after all."

"Yet it was strange that he should not have left by the coach, after telling Nicholas that he meant to go that way. Very strange that he should leave those trunks behind him after packing them."

"He may have changed his mind at the

last. He was troubled in mind, and might be careless about things which people in an ordinary state of mind would consider important."

"True, my dear. How clearly you see everything. Yes, that was so. And he sailed from some small port, perhaps—or from the other side of the Channel, Havre or Brest. The fact that I cannot trace him is worth nothing.

We will wait and hope, Naomi; hope for your husband and my brother's return."

"For our brother's return," answered Naomi, with a tender gravity. "He can never again be more to me than a brother: and to the end of my life I shall love him with a sister's love."

"Poor fellow!" said Arnold dreamily; "he threw away a jewel above all price when he lost you."

TO BE CONTINUED.

## RICHARD WAGNER, AS SEEN WITH ENGLISH EYES.

### THE COMPOSER, PAST AND PRESENT.

ON one of those fine Summer afternoons such as you sometimes see on the borders of the Tsar, in the year 1865, I, accompanied by a Professor of the University of Munich, went for a stroll beyond the gates of the Propylæum. As we found ourselves in front of a villa, built after a fanciful style of architecture and surrounded by high walls, the Professor suddenly halted and, turning to me, said, "Shall we go and see Wagner?" "With all my heart," I replied, my anxiety being prompted rather by curiosity than sympathy.

He rang the bell. The door was opened to us by a mulatto, wearing a fez. We presented our cards and, two minutes afterward, were shown into a delicious little sitting-room opening on to a veranda, which led down to a garden full of roses and butterflies. A lady was reclining lazily on a chair, fanning herself with a Chinese fan, and by her side, with his elbows on the piano, was a gentleman in spectacles, turning over the leaves of a manuscript score. In the middle of the room was a marble bust of the young King of Bavaria. The lady, in a most gracious manner, asked us to be seated, and commenced speaking to me in the purest French. Our conversation was suddenly interrupted by the slamming of a side door, from which emerged a demon-like figure, his long hair hanging over his shoulders, and his spindle shanks terminating in huge felt shoes. This was Wagner. He introduced us to M. and Mme. Bülow.

Out of friendship and admiration for Wagner, Bülow had acted as the *chef d'orchestre* of his operas. It was the night before "Tristan and Isolde" was to be produced, and the *maestro*, full of feverish impatience, could scarcely keep himself quiet. He jumped and fidgeted about in his slippers; he threw his restless spider-arms from one side to the other; the words rushed from his mouth in discordant sounds; it seemed like a torrent swollen with heavy rain.

Such was Wagner in 1865 at Munich. Such we find him, after a lapse of ten years, at Bayreuth. The only change is in the hair, which is now slightly grizzled. The head is the same, as resolute in expression as ever, as strongly marked in outline—the head of a knight of old. His gestures are still as brusque as the thrusts of a rapier, and his tongue has still the volubility of a windmill. The man is highly nervous and passionate. He is a musical Orlando. He is always furious, as though he were going to fight a duel or preach a crusade. He is a perfect volcano. In all he does, in all he says, there is a mixture of lava, of flame, and of fire. When you first approach this volcano, you seem to smell burning, and you feel tempted to call the fire brigade.

His villa has the sacred aspect of a temple. The façade from the roadway is adorned with a large fresco, representing Wotan, the Goddess of Music, and Siegfried. Wotan and Siegfried are the two principal characters in "Nibelungenring," the opera in three days, for the performance of which the theatre at Bayreuth has been built. Wagner has given Wotan the features of the tenor, Schnorr von Carolsfeld, who was to sing the part, but who died young. The Goddess of Music is represented by Mme. Bülow, (I should say, Mme. Cosima Wagner,) and Siegfried by his son of six years of age. Above these allegorical pictures appears, in gold letters, the name of another person belonging to the "Nibelungenring," he who gave the house its name—Wahnfried. If the exterior is a church, the interior is a pagoda. The large reception-room, surrounded by a circular gallery, is lighted by a cupola. The busts of Wagner and Mme. Cosima are displayed for the veneration of the faithful on a sort of altar, round which are ranged, like Brahmins, the statues of "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," "Siegfried," "Tristan," and "Walter von der Vogelweide," draped in marble.

From this sanctuary, you go into another room, the window of which looks on to a terrace. A bookcase fills three sides of the room, and a grand piano, half hidden by a drapery, opens its ivory mouth like the familiar monster of the place. The walls are ornamented with medallions of Schiller, Goethe, Louis II., and of Schopenhauer, the Pantheist philosopher. The splendour of this room is somewhat theatrical. Everything in it is brilliant and dazzling, and the picturesque disorder is possibly the result of art. It is here that Wagner ascends his tripod.

He works in the morning, according to the German motto, *Morgenstunde ist golden Stunde*. In the Winter an immense fire is lighted, the rose-coloured candles, burning in silver candlesticks, emit voluptuous odours; in the Summer the windows are open, and the room is filled with the sweet scent of the dawn. Before setting to work Wagner takes a bath, and in a cup of black coffee, brought to him in a gold cup, pours forth libations to the goddess of music. What care he takes of his body and mind! When the great naturalist, Buffon, wrote the works the style of which answers so well to the majesty of the subject, he was satisfied to wear a decent coat, a shirt-frill and ruffles of lace; when Wagner begins to work he must needs have the curtains and hangings of his room in harmony with the subject upon which he is engaged; he even insists on his dressing-gown, trowsers, cap, and slippers being in harmony with his musical subject. It is not easy to comply with all these requirements. When the object has been attained the *maestro* exhibits his inspiration by strange antics and small exclamations of joy. Wagner can only work in complete silence.

At 11 o'clock he crosses Bayreuth in a carriage and goes to his theatre, which is at the other extremity of the town. The rehearsals

generally last three hours. Upon his return he breakfasts alone, taking oysters, cold meat, and wine. Two hours later he dines with his family. His dinner consists invariably of six *entrées*. He has an inordinate passion for thrushes, and he manages to get them all the year round. Cheese, likewise, is a favourite relish of his. In his cellar he has a special compartment which is called "The Cheese Museum;" here Brie ripens gently, Gruyère becomes a deeper gold, Roquefort becomes stronger, and Camembert melts into tenderness. Wagner only drinks beer from a patriotic motive. Every evening he goes to Ankerman's, the general rendezvous of all the singers and musicians, and drinks his beer. In the midst of the smoke of the pipes which envelopes him, he resembles a god of Walhalla who has descended, *incognito*, into the country of potatoes. At his own house the author of "Tannhäuser" only moistens his divinity with champagne. His little suppers are reputed as being very lively. *Les grives les rendent grivois*. He is a man emphatically full of contrasts, for if he finds his friends a little too jovial he has an easy method of damping their spirits. Mysteriously he brings forth a dark lantern and invites his friends to follow him. You go down into the garden, passing through a door half hidden by a curtain of ivy, and you suddenly find yourself in the midst of a sombre forest surrounded by strange, fantastic sounds. At first you are puzzled, then you begin to get anxious, and at length, silence roots you to the spot. Wagner suddenly darts his lantern upon a huge block of granite, and in a sepulchral voice says: "My friends, this is my tomb; think of death!" This announcement acts as a *douche*; you return to the drawing-room to talk of death, the plurality of worlds, the soul, and virtue; but you always finish up with Bismarck and France.

—Concordia.

## DEAD.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.



SORROWFUL woman said to me,  
"Come in and look on our child."  
I saw an Angel at shut of day,  
And it never spoke,—but smiled.

I think of it in the city's streets,  
I dream of it when I rest,—  
The violet eyes, the waxen hands,  
And the one white rose on the breast!  
—From "Cloth of Gold, and other Poems."



## JEANIE DEANS.

**W**HATEVER may be the position that Scott is entitled to hold as a poet—and on this point there are very different opinions—there can be but one judgment as to his pre-eminence as a novelist. Next to Shakespeare he takes his place as the great interpreter of humanity. Like the bard of Avon, the seer of Abbotsford was endowed with instincts that seemed intuitively to open up to him all the hidden springs of the human heart, bordering almost upon inspiration. The universality of his genius comprehended life from the highest to the lowest, from the civilised to the savage, from the acts and thoughts of men to the varying moods and aspects of Nature, in her storm and her calm, in her wild grandeur and her serene beauty. Lord Russell, in his life of Moore, very happily observes of Scott, "Picturesque, interesting, and bard-like as are his narrative poems, the pathos, humour, description, character, and, above all, the marvellous fertility displayed in the novels, show far greater power: a whole region of the territory of imagination is occupied by this extraordinary man, alone and unapproachable." These works, indeed, exercised an influence over the public mind and the public taste which it is impossible to over-estimate. They found their way into every civilised region of the earth, and were translated into every language that had a literature, making themselves part of the thought of the world, so that the fame of Scott may be pronounced to be as wide-spread as it is enduring.

It is, however, in the depiction of Scottish character and Scottish scenery that the strength

and beauty of Scott's genius are displayed in their highest excellence. There are to be found his finest descriptions, his most characteristic portraits, his most beautiful creations. We select one from amongst his novels, as eminently illustrating these observations—the "Heart of Midlothian," and take Jeanie Deans for our heroine.

Though Jeanie Deans may be justly considered as the ideal creation of the author, and a most beautiful illustration of the moral dignity of virtue, though unaided by birth, beauty, or talent, yet is she not without a prototype in real life. We learn from Scott that Helen Walker, the daughter of a small farmer, did really exhibit that strength of character and unswerving love of truth that enabled her to resist the temptation of saving a sister's life by perjury, while she travelled barefoot to London and obtained pardon for the convict. All beyond that, however, has existence only in the imagination of the great novelist. Jeanie and Effie are the daughters—so goes the tale—but by different mothers, of old Davie Deans, a tough, true-blue Presbyterian, who has gone through fiery persecutions only to make him the more stern, fanatical, and uncompromising—one of those religious fanatics of exalted personal piety, whom Scott drew with a power and truth unequalled by any other writer. The old Cameronian dwelt on a farm at St. Leonard's Crags, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, and, now a widower, saw his girls growing up to womanhood. Here is the portrait of Jeanie, the elder:—



"She was short, and rather too stoutly made for her size, had gray eyes, light-coloured hair, a round, good-humoured face, much tanned with the sun, and her only peculiar charm was an air of inexpressible serenity, which a good conscience, kind feelings, contented temper, and the regular discharge of all her duties, spread over her features."

Now look on the picture of the younger, Effie, who, under the tender and loving care of her sister, has grown up into a beautiful and blooming girl:—

"Her Grecian-shaped head was profusely rich in waving ringlets of brown hair, which, confined by a blue snood of silk, and shading a laughing Hebe countenance, seemed the picture of health, pleasure, and contentment. Her brown russet short-gown set off a shape which time, perhaps, might be expected to render too robust—too frequent objection to Scottish beauty—but which, in her present early age, was slender and taper, with that graceful and easy sweep of outline which at once indicates health and beautiful proportion of parts. . . . The traveller stopped his weary horse on the eve of entering the city which was the end of his journey, to gaze at the sylph-like form that tripped by him, with her milk-pail poised on her head, bearing herself so erect, and stepping so light and free under her burden, that it seemed rather an ornament than an encumbrance. The lads of the neighbouring suburb, who held their evening rendezvous for putting the stone, casting the hammer, playing at long bowls, and other athletic exercises, watched the motions of Effie Deane, and contended with each other which should have the good fortune to attract her attention. Even the rigid Presbyterians of her father's persuasion, who held each indulgence of the eye and sense to be a snare at least, if not a crime, were surprised into a moment's delight while gazing on a creature so exquisite."

Jeanie has her admirers—one, the Laird of Dumbiedikes, whose courtship consists in riding daily to St. Leonard's, and sitting bashful, sheepish, and silent, gazing on the object of his affections; the other, Reuben Butler, the son of a neighbouring widow, and the companion of Jeanie from childhood. And the two love each other with a tender love, yet sober and undemonstrative, as becomes their characters; for Reuben is a scholar, and a candidate for the ministry. And Effie—is her heart untouched? Alas! no: the girl is somewhat spoiled by the indulgence of sire and sister, and is self-willed, and lacks the steadiness of her sister; and she has partaken stealthily in the abominations of dances, and lingers out at eventide. A sad story is hers; the whiteness of the "Lily of St. Leonard's" is stained, and she hides her shame and her secret from all—even from her sister. Let us pass over the terrible scene when the officers of justice come with a warrant to arrest the girl on the charge of child-murder; the horror which crushes the father to the earth; the stern indignation with which, after a time, he denounces and disowns the darling of his heart, and thrusts aside those who would comfort him. "Leave me, sirs; leave me. I maun warstle wi' this trial in privacy, and on my knees." One only there is, in the midst of all this affliction, whose force of character and self-sacrificing nature sustain her. And Jeanie crushes down her own feelings of anguish and shame, to support, by an affected calmness, her stern, heart-broken father. The interview of Jeanie with Butler is a touching scene,

and conceived entirely in accordance with the character of the girl, and the simplicity and candour of her nature.

"'I am glad you have come in, Mr. Butler,' said she, 'for—for for I wished to tell ye that all maun be ended between you and me—it's best for baith our sakes.'"

"'Ended!' said Butler, in surprise; 'and for what should it be ended? I grant this is a heavy dispensation, but it lies neither at your door nor mine—it's an evil of God's sending, and it must be borne; but it cannot break plighted troth, Jeanie, while they that plighted their word wish to keep it.'"

"'But, Reuben,' said the young woman, looking at him affectionately, 'I ken weel that ye think mair of me than yourself; and, Reuben, I can only in requital think mair of your weal than of my ain. Ye are a man of spotless name, bred to God's ministry, and a' men say that ye will some day rise high in the kirk, though poverty keep ye down, e'en now.'"

In vain the lover pleads. She is firm in her resolve; for she loves him better than she loves herself, and will not bring disgrace to his hearth. "I will bear my load alone—the back is made for the burden." According to the law of Scotland at the time of the tale, the concealment of the birth of a child who was not forthcoming was presumptive evidence of childmurder against the mother. This presumption might be rebutted by evidence that the mother had made known her state, or had sought for assistance. The trial of Effie approaches; and he who has been the cause of all her misfortune seeks an interview with Jeanie, to induce her to give the necessary testimony. The scene at Muschat's Cairn is one of deep interest. The man, driven to desperation, threatens Jeanie with death if she will not swear to comply with his request; but not even the fear of death can force her to consent to do what is wrong. "I wad ware the best blood in my body to keep her skaithless," said Jeanie, weeping in bitter agony; "but I canna change right into wrang, or make that true which is false." Further pressure is unavailing. "It is not man I fear: the God whose name I must call on to witness the truth of what I say, he will know the falsehood." "And he will know the motive," said the stranger. "He will know that you are doing this—not for lucre of gain, but to save the life of the innocent, and prevent the commission of a worse crime than that which the law seeks to avenge." "He has given us a law," said Jeanie, "for the lamp of our path; if we stray from it we err against knowledge. I may not do evil, even that good may come out of it." The perplexity of the truthful girl increases hourly, all the more that her father, believing that her hesitation proceeds from her unwillingness to take an oath in a court of justice, reasons with her in terms which she mistakes to be a suggestion that she should to some extent strain her conscience. "Jeanie," said he, closing the discussion, "if ye can, wi' God and gude conscience, speak in favour of this pair unhappy—"

here his voice faltered. "She is your sister in the flesh. Worthless and cast-away as she is, she is the daughter of a saint in heaven, that was a mother to you, Jeanie, in place of your ain. But if ye arena free in conscience to speak for her in the court of judicature, follow your conscience, Jeanie, and let God's will be done." And when he retired to his own chamber, and the door closed upon him,

the poor girl said to herself, "Can these be his words that I have heard, or has the Enemy taken his voice and features to give weight unto the counsel which causeth to perish? A sister's life, and a father pointing out how to save it! O God, deliver me! This is a fearful temptation!"

A sorer trial awaits her in the meeting with Effie in the Tolbooth.



"Ye are ill, Effie," were the first words Jeanie could utter; 'ye are very ill.'

"O, what wad I gie to be ten times waur, Jeanie!" was the reply—"what wad I gie to be cauld dead afore the ten o'clock bell the morn! And our father—but I am his bairn nae langer now—O, I hae nae friend left in the world!—O, that I were lying dead at my mother's side, in Newbattle kirkyard!"

"O Effie," said her elder sister, 'how could you conceal your situation from me? O woman, had I deserved this at your hand? Had ye spoke but ae word, sorry we might hae been, and shamed we might hae been, but this awful dispensation had never come over us.'

"And what gude wad that hae done?" answered the prisoner. 'Na, na, Jeanie, a' was ower when ance I forgot what I promised when I faulded down the leaf of my Bible. See,' she said, producing the sacred volume, 'the book opens aye at the place o' itself.'

Jeanie took her sister's Bible, and found that the fatal mark was made at this impressive text in the Book of Job: 'He hath stripped me of my glory, and taken the crown from my head. He hath destroyed me on every side, and I am gone. And mine hope hath he removed like a tree.'

"Isna that ower true a doctrine?" said the prisoner—"Isna my crown, my honour removed?"

"O, if ye had spoken ae word," again sobbed Jeanie—"if

I were free to swear that ye had said but ae word of how it stude wi' ye, they couldna hae touched your life this day."

Then Effie catches at this hope, and draws from Jeanie the fact of the meeting with him who had ruined her, but whom she still loves.

"And he wanted you to say something to yon folks that wad save my young life?"

"He wanted," answered Jeanie, "that I suld be mansworn."

"And you tauld him," said Effie, "that ye wadna hear o' coming between me and the death that I am to die, and me no aughteen year auld yet?"

"I told him," replied Jeanie, who now trembled at the turn which her sister's reflections seemed about to take, "that I daured na swear to an untruth."

"And what d'ye ca' an untruth?" said Effie, again showing a touch of her former spirit. "Ye are muckle to blame, laas, if ye think a mother would, or could, murder her ain bairn—murder!—I wad hae laid down my life just to see a blink o' its ee!"

"I do believe," said Jeanie, "that ye are as innocent of sic a purpose as the new-born babe itsell."

"I am glad ye do me that justice," said Effie haughtily; "it's whiles the faut of very good folk like you, Jeanie, that they think a' the rest of the world are as bad as the warst temptations can make them."

"I dinna deserve this frae ye, Effie," said her sister, sobbing, and feeling at once the injustice of the reproach, and compassion for the state of mind which dictated it.

"O, if it stude wi' me to save ye wi' risk of my life!" said Jeanie.

"Ay, laas," said her sister, "that's lightly said, but no sae lightly credited, frae aye that winna ware a word for me; and if it be a wrang word, ye'll hae time enough to repent o't."

"But that word is a grievous sin, and it's a deeper offence when it's a sin wilfully and presumptuously committed."

Poor Effie feels bitterly that Jeanie will not make this sacrifice to save her.

"Never speak mair o't," said the prisoner. "It's just as weel as it is—and gude-day, sister; ye keep Mr. Ratcliffe waiting on—Ye'll come back and see me, I reckon, before—" here she stopped, and became deadly pale.

"And are we to part in this way," said Jeanie, "and you in sic deadly peril? O Effie, look but up, and say what ye wad hae me to do, and I could find in my heart amais to say that I wad do't."

"No, Jeanie," replied her sister, after an effort, "I am better minded now. At my best, I was never half sae gude as ye were, and what for suld you begin to mak yoursell waur to save me, now that I am no worth saving?"

And at length, after many a tear and many an embrace, Jeanie retired, and heard the jarring bolts turned upon her whom she loved so dearly.

At last the sorest trial of all is at hand, and Effie stands at the bar of justice arraigned on the capital charge. It would be difficult to find anything, either in the records of judicial proceedings or in the pages of fiction, so intensely interesting, so deeply emotional, as this masterpiece of our great novelist. Even to abbreviate it would far transcend both our limits and our object. Who that has read it can ever forget it? The unhappy and beautiful girl, stupefied, bewildered, and agonised—with her abundant tresses of long fair hair, which she dared not cover with a matron's cap or confine with a maiden's snood, falling down and nearly concealing her features—looking wildly around in fear and shame, till at last her pale cheek is gradually suffused with a blush that spreads over brow and neck, while she tries with her small hand

to cover her face. And there, too, is the wretched father, shrinking away in concealment, and groaning to himself, "Ichabod! my glory is departed!" The indictment is read, and the prisoner is asked, "Guilty, or not guilty?" "Not guilty of my poor bairn's death," said Effie, in an accent corresponding in plaintive softness of tone to the beauty of her features. The address of counsel for the prosecution and for the defence follow, admirably conceived, and the examination of witnesses to prove the charge, and the reading of the prisoner's own statements. At last Jeanie is called into court, from which she has been kept, in attendance.

"The poor prisoner instantly started up, and stretched herself half-way over the bar, towards the side at which her sister was to enter. And when, slowly following the officer, the witness advanced to the foot of the table, Effie, with the whole expression of her countenance altered from that of confused shame and dismay to an eager, imploring, and almost ecstatic earnestness of entreaty, with outstretched hands, hair streaming back, eyes raised eagerly to her sister's face, and glistening through tears, exclaimed, in a tone which went through the hearts of all who heard her—"O, Jeanie, Jeanie, save me, save me!"

"Jeanie in the meantime had advanced to the bottom of the table, when, unable to resist the impulse of affection, she suddenly extended her hand to her sister. Effie was just within the distance that she could seize it with both hers, press it to her mouth, cover it with kisses, and bathe it in tears, with the fond devotion that a Catholic would pay to a guardian saint descended for his safety; while Jeanie, hiding her own face with her other hand, wept bitterly."

The solemn oath was administered by the judge, with an impressive admonition. After some ordinary questions, the prisoner's counsel proceeded:—

"Pray, young woman, did you ask your sister any question when you observed her looking unwell? Take courage—speak out."

"I asked her," replied Jeanie, "what ailed her."

"Very well—take your own time—and what was the answer she made?"

"Jeanie was silent and looked deadly pale."

"Take courage, young woman," said Fairbrother—"I asked what your sister said ailed her when you inquired."

"Nothing," answered Jeanie with a faint voice, which was yet heard distinctly in the most distant corner of the courtroom.

"Fairbrother's countenance fell; but he immediately rallied. 'Nothing? True; you mean nothing at first—but when you asked her again, did she not tell you what ailed her?'

"Alack! alack! she never breathed word to me about it."

"A deep groan passed through the court. It was echoed by one deeper and more agonised from the unfortunate father. The hope to which unconsciously and in spite of himself, he had still secretly clung, had now dissolved, and the venerable old man fell forward senseless on the floor of the courtroom, with his head at the foot of his terrified daughter. The unfortunate prisoner, with impotent passion, strove with the guards betwixt whom she was placed. 'Let me gang to my father!—I will gang to him—I will gang to him—he is dead—he is killed—I hae killed him!' she repeated in frenzied tones of grief, which those who heard them did not speedily forget."

"Even in this moment of agony and general confusion, Jeanie did not lose that superiority which a deep and firm mind assures to its possessor under the most trying circumstances."

"He is my father—he is our father," she mildly repeated, to those who endeavoured to separate them, as she stooped, shaded aside his gray hairs, and began assiduously to chafe his temples."

"The judge, after repeatedly wiping his eyes, gave directions that they should be conducted into a neighbouring apartment, and carefully attended. The prisoner, as her father was borne from the court, and her sister slowly followed, pursued them with her eyes so earnestly fixed, as if they

would have started from their sockets. But when they were no longer visible she seemed to find, in her despairing and deserted state, a courage which she had not yet exhibited.

"The bitterness of it is now past," she said, and then boldly addressed the court. "My lords, if it is your pleasure to gang on wi' this matter, the weariest day will hae its end at last."

The evidence is closed, for the case is now hopeless. The speeches of counsel follow; the judge charges the jury, who, after an hour's deliberation, return a verdict of Guilty, with a strong recommendation for mercy. Then follow the impressive address of the judge, and the sentence pronounced by the doomster, and Effie's last touching words, and all is over.

By the bedside of her crushed father Jeanie sits motionless, in the house of a kind friend, who at last enters. "Is all over?" asked Jeanie; "and is there nae hope for her?" She is told, "Nane, or next to nane." "But can the king gie her mercy?" asks Jeanie earnestly. When she is told he can, the heroic girl at once forms her resolution. She arises, declares she must go home, commends her father to her friend's care, and kneeling by his bedside, she cries, "O father, gie me your blessing. I dare not go till ye bless me. Say but God bless ye, and prosper ye, Jeanie—try but to say that." The old man murmurs a blessing, and she says, "He has blessed mine errand, and it is borne in upon my mind that I shall prosper."

Let us pass briefly over that journey, performed chiefly on foot; the perils she encountered; the strange meeting with Effie's betrayer, who she finds is the son of a man of wealth in England, and heir to a baronetcy, and who entreats her, if her own prayers fail, that she shall secure Effie's pardon by his offer to surrender himself to justice as one of the ring-leaders in the Porteous murder. Let us, too, pass over her interview with the Duke of Argyll, to whom she brings a letter of recommendation, and who is deeply interested by the heroism, good sense, and noble conduct of the poor Scottish maiden, and promises to use his best endeavours to promote her suit. Argyll procures Jeanie an audience with Queen Caroline at Richmond. No one can read that exquisitely pathetic narrative without emotion. The Queen smiled at the awestruck manner of the quiet, demure little Scotchwoman, and at her broad northern accent. But Jeanie had a voice low and sweetly toned, and "besought her leddyship to have pity on a poor misguided young creature, in tones so affecting that, like the notes of some of her native songs, provincial vulgarity was lost in pathos."

The Queen asks how she had travelled.

"Upon my foot mostly, madam," was the reply.

"What, all that immense way upon foot? How far can you walk in a day?"

"Five-and-twenty miles and a bittock."

"I thought I was a good walker," said the Queen, "but this shames me sadly."

"May your Ledyship never hae sae weary a heart, that ye canna be sensible of the weariness of the limbs," said Jeanie.

With what admirable knowledge of the human heart does Scott put the aptest words into the mouth of this poor girl in her final pleading!

"But my sister—my puir sister Effie—still lives, though her days and hours are numbered! She still lives, and a word of the King's mouth might restore her to a broken-hearted auld man, that never, in his daily and nightly exercise, forgot to pray that his Majesty might be blessed with a long and a prosperous reign, and that his throne, and the throne of his posterity, might be established in righteousness. O madam, if ever ye kend what it was to sorrow for and with a sinning and a suffering creature, whose mind is sae tossed that she can be neither ca'd fit to live or die, have some compassion on our misery!—Save an honest house from dishonour, and an unhappy girl, not eighteen years of age, from an early and dreadful death! Alas! it is not when we sleep soft and wake merrily ourselves, that we think on other people's sufferings. Our hearts are waxed light within us then, and we are for fighting our ain wrangs and fighting our ain battles. But when the hour of trouble comes to the mind or to the body—and seldom may it visit your Ledyship—and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low—lang and late may it be yours!—oh, my Ledy, then it isna what we hae dune for oursells, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly. And the thoughts that ye hae intervened to spare the puir thing's life will be sweeter in that hour, come when it may, than if a word of your mouth could hang the hail Porteous mob at the tail of ae tow."

The pardon is procured and dispatched to Edinburgh, while Jeanie accompanies the duke's servants, not to Edinburgh, but to the neighbourhood of Roseneath, where she finds her father—now in the employment of the duke—and Butler, to whom he has given a parish and a manse. To our thinking, the great passion and power of this tale terminates here. The spell that held us fascinated, awed, and agitated is removed, and we breathe freely. The rest is highly melodramatic—the marriage of Jeanie and Butler, and that of Staunton and Effie. The meeting between the sisters, first on the shore at evening near Roseneath, and subsequently when Lady Staunton, the great London belle—years afterwards, when old David Deans is dead—seeks the manse of Mrs. Butler, are finely told and full of true feeling. There is poetic justice, too, in the fate of Sir George Staunton, who meets his death from the hand of that son who he learned had not been murdered and for whom he was at the time seeking. And Effie sought the convent abroad where she had been educated, and lived and died in seclusion.

How can we conclude our paper in more fitting words than those with which the author concludes his delightful romance?

"**READER.**—This tale will not be told in vain if it shall be found to illustrate the great truth that guilt, though it may attain temporal splendour, can never confer real happiness; that the evil consequences of our crimes long survive their commission, and, like the ghosts of the murdered, for ever haunt the steps of the malefactor; and that the paths of virtue, though seldom those of worldly greatness, are always those of pleasantness and peace."

—From "Pictures from English Literature."



## THE KING OF CLUBS AND THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

**F**IVE-AND-TWENTY ladies, all in a row, sat on one side of the hall, looking very much as if they felt like the little old woman who fell asleep on the king's highway and awoke with abbreviated drapery, for they were all arrayed in gray tunics and Turkish continuations, profusely adorned with many-coloured trimmings. Five-and-twenty gentlemen, all in a row, sat on the opposite side of the hall, looking somewhat subdued, as men are apt to do, when they fancy they are in danger of making fools of themselves. They, also, were *en costume*, for all the dark ones had grown piratical in red shirts, the light ones nautical in blue; and a few boldly appeared in white, making up in starch and studs what they lost in colour, while all were more or less Byronic as to collar.

On the platform appeared a pile of dumb-bells, a regiment of clubs, and a pyramid of bean-bags, and stirring nervously among them a foreign-looking gentleman, the new leader of a class lately formed by Dr. Thor Turner, whose mission it was to strengthen the world's spine, and convert it to a belief in air and exercise, by setting it to balancing its poles and spinning merrily, while enjoying the "Sun-cure" on a large scale. His advent formed an epoch in the history of the town; for it was a quiet old village, guiltless of bustle, fashion, or parade, where each man stood for what he was; and, being a sagacious set, every one's true value was pretty accurately known. It was a neighbourly town, with gossip enough to stir the social atmosphere with small gusts of interest or wonder, yet do no harm. A sensible, free-and-easy town, for the wisest man in it wore the worst boots, and no one thought the less of his understanding; the belle of the village went shopping with a big sun bonnet and tin pail, and no one found her beauty lessened; oddities of all sorts ambled peacefully about on their various hobbies, and no one suggested the expediency of a trip on the wooden horse upon which the chivalrous South is always eager to mount an irrepressible abolitionist. Restless people were soothed by the lullaby the river sang in its slow journey to the sea, old people found here a pleasant place to make ready to die in, young people to survey the world from, before taking their first flight, and strangers looked back upon it as a quiet nook full of ancient legends and modern lights, which would keep its memory green when many a gayer spot was quite forgotten. Anything based upon common sense

found favour with the inhabitants, and Dr. Turner's theories, being eminently so, were accepted at once, and energetically carried out. A sort of heathen revival took place, for even the ministers and deacons turned Musselmen; old ladies tossed bean-bags till their caps were awry, and winter-roses blossomed on their cheeks; school-children proved the worth of the old proverb, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," by getting their backs ready before the burdens came; pale girls grew blithe and strong swinging their dumb namesakes; and jolly lads marched to and fro embracing clubs as if longevity were corked up in those wooden bottles, and they all took "modest quenchers" by the way.

August Bopp, the new leader of the class, was a German possessing but a small stock of English, though a fine gymnast; and being also a bashful man, the appointed moment had no sooner arrived than he found his carefully prepared sentences slipping away from his memory as the ice appears to do from under unhappy souls first mounted upon skates. An awful silence reigned: Mr. Bopp glanced nervously over his shoulder at the staring rows, more appalling in their stillness than if they had risen up and hooted at him; then piling up the bags for the seventh time, he gave himself a mental shake, and, with a crimson visage, was about to launch his first "Ladees and gentlemen," when the door opened, and a small, merry-faced figure appeared, looking quite at ease in the novel dress, as, with a comprehensive nod, it marched straight across the hall to its place among the weaker vessels.

A general glance of approbation followed from the gentlemen's side, a welcoming murmur ran along the ladies', and the fifty pairs of eyes changed their focus for a moment. Taking advantage of which, Mr. Bopp righted himself, and burst out with a decided,—

"Ladees and gentlemen: the time have arrived that we shall begin. Will the gentlemen serve the ladees to a wand, each one, then spread themselves about the hall, and follow the motions I will make as I shall count."

Five minutes of chaos, then all fell into order, and nothing was heard but the leader's voice and the stir of many bodies moving simultaneously. An uninitiated observer would have thought himself in Bedlam; for, as the evening wore on, the laws of society seemed given to the winds, and humanity gone mad.

Bags flew in all directions, clubs hurled through the air, and dumb-bells played a castinet accompaniment to peals of laughter that made better music than any band. Old and young gave themselves up to the universal merriment, and, setting dignity aside, played like happy-hearted children for an hour. Stout Dr. Quackenboss gasped twice round the hall on one toe; stately Mrs. Primmins ran like a girl of fifteen to get her pins home before her competitor; Tommy Inches, four feet three, trotted away with Deacon Stone on his shoulder, while Mr. Steepleton and Miss Maypole hopped together like a pair of lively young ostriches, and Ned Amandine, the village beau, blew arrows through a pop-gun, like a modern Cupid in pegtops instead of pinions.

The sprightly young lady whose entrance had been so opportune seemed a universal favourite, and was overwhelmed with invitations to "bag," "hop," and "blow" from the gentlemen who hovered about her, cheerfully distorting themselves to the verge of dislocation in order to win a glance of approbation from the merry black eyes which were the tapers where all these muscular moths singed their wings. Mr. Bopp had never seen such a little piece of earnestness before, and began to think the young lady must be training for a boat-race or the ring. Her dumb-bells flew about till a pair of white arms looked like the sails of a windmill; she hit out from the shoulder with a vigour that would have done execution had there been anything but empty air to "punish;" and the "one, two, three!" of the Zouave movement went off with a snap; while the colour deepened from pink to scarlet in her cheeks, the black braids tumbled down upon her shoulders, and the clasp of her belt flew asunder; but her eye seldom left the leader's face, and she followed every motion with an agility and precision quite inspiring. Mr. Bopp's courage rose as he watched her, and a burning desire to excel took possession of him, till he felt as if his muscles were made of india-rubber, and his nerves of iron. He went into his work heart and soul, shaking a brown mane out of his eyes, issuing commands like a general at the head of his troops, and keeping both interest and fun in full blast, till people laughed who had not laughed heartily for years; lungs got their fill for once, unsuspected muscles were suddenly developed, and when the clock struck ten, all were bubbling over with that innocent jollity which makes youth worth possessing, and its memory the sunshine of old age.

The last exercise was drawing to a close, and a large ring of respectable members of society were violently sitting down and rising up in a manner which would have scandalized Miss Wilhelmina Carolina Amelia Skeggs to the last degree, when Mr. Bopp was seen to

grow very pale, and drop in a manner which it was evident his pupils were not expected to follow.

At this unexpected performance, the gentlemen took advantage of their newly-acquired agility to fly over all obstacles and swarm on to the platform, while the ladies successfully lessened their unusual bloom by staring wildly at one another, and suggesting awful impossibilities. The bustle subsided as suddenly as it arose; and Mr. Bopp, rather damp about the head, and dizzy about the eye, but quite composed, appeared, saying, with the broken English and appalling manner, which caused all the ladies to pronounce him "a dear" on the spot,—

"I hope you will excuse me for making this lesson to be more short than it should; but I have exercise nine hours this day, and being just got well from a illness, I have not recover the strength I have lost. Next week I shall be able to take time by the hair, so that I will not have so much engagements in one day. I thank you for your kindness, and say good-evening."

After a round of applause, as a last vent for their spirits, the class dispersed, and Mr. Bopp was wrestling with a vicious pin as he put on his collar ("a sure sign he has no ma to see to his buttons, poor lamb!" thought Mrs. Fairbairn, watching him from afar); when the sprightly young lady, accompanied by a lad the masculine image of herself, appeared upon the platform, saying, with an aspect as cordial as her words,—

"Good-evening, sir. Allow me to introduce my brother and myself, Dick and Dolly Ward, and ask you, in my mother's name, to come home with us; for the tavern is not a cosy place, and after all this exertion you should be made comfortable. Please come, for Dr. Turner always stayed with us, and we promised to do the honours of the town to any gentleman he might send to supply his place."

"Of course we did; and mother is probably freezing her blessed nose off watching for us; so don't disappoint her, Bopp. It's all settled; the sleigh's at the door, and here's your coat; so, come on!"

Dick was a fine sample of Young America in its best aspect, and would have said "How are you?" to Louis Napoleon if he had been at hand, and have done it so heartily that the great Frenchman would have found it hard to resist giving as frank an answer. Therefore, no wonder that Mr. Bopp surrendered at once; for the young gentleman took possession of him bodily, and shook him into his coat with an amiable impetuosity which developed a sudden rent in the well-worn sleeve thereof, and caused an expression of dismay to dawn upon the owner's countenance.

"Beg pardon; never mind; mother'll sew you

up in two seconds, and your overcoat will hide the damage. Where is it? I'll get it, and then we'll be off."

Mr. Bopp coloured distressfully, looked up, looked down, and then straight into the lad's face, saying simply,—

"Thank you; I haf no coat but one."

Dick opened his eyes, and was about opening his mouth also, for the exit of some blunderingly good-natured reply, when a warning poke from his sister restrained him; while Dolly, with the innocent hypocrisy which is as natural to some women as the art of tying bows, said, as she led the way out,—

"You see the worth of gymnastics, Dick, in this delightful indifference to cold. I sincerely hope we may reach a like enviable state of health, and look upon greatcoats as effeminate, and mufflers a weakness of the flesh. Do you think we shall, Mr. Bopp?"

He shook his head with a perceptible shiver as the keen north wind smote him in the face, but answered, with a look half merry, half sad,—

"It is not choice, but what you call necessitee, with me; and I truly hope you may never haf to exercise to keep life in you when you haf sold your coat to pay your doctor's bill, or teach the art of laughing while your heart is heavy as one stone. You would not like that, I think, yet it is good, too; for small things make much happiness for me, and a kind word is often better than a rix-dollar."

There was something in the young man's tone and manner which touched and won his hearers at once. Dolly secretly resolved to put an extra blanket on his bed, and shower kind words upon him, while Dick tucked him up in buffalo robes, where he sat helplessly beaming down upon the red hood at his side.

A roaring fire shone out hospitably as they came, and glorified the pleasant room, dancing on ancient furniture and pictured walls, till the jolly old portraits seemed to wink a visible welcome. A cheery-faced little woman, like an elder Dolly, in a widow's cap, stood on the threshold, with friendly greeting for the stranger, which warmed him as no fire could have done.

If August Bopp had been an Englishman, he would have felt much, but said less on that account; if he had been an American, he would have tried to conceal his poverty, and impress the family with his past grandeur, present importance, and future prospects; but being a German, he showed exactly what he was, with the childlike frankness of his race. Having had no dinner, he ate heartily of what was offered him; being cold, he basked in the generous warmth; being homesick and solitary, he enjoyed the genial influences that surrounded him, and told his story, sure of

sympathy; for even in prosaic Yankeedom he had found it, as travellers find Alpine flowers among the snow.

It was a simple story of a laborious boyhood, being early left an orphan, with a little sister dependent on him, till an opening in America tempted him to leave her, and come to try and earn a home for her and for himself. Sickness, misfortune, and disappointment had been his companions for a year; but he still worked, still hoped, and waited for the happy hour, when little Ulla should come to him across the sea. This was all; yet as he told it, with the magical accompaniments of gesture, look, and tone, it seemed full of pathos and romance to his listeners, whose faces proved their interest more flatteringly than their words.

Mrs. Ward mended the torn coat with motherly zeal, and gave it many of those timely stitches which thrifty women love to sew. The young folks devoted themselves to their guest, each in a characteristic manner. Dick, as host, offered every article of refreshment the house afforded, goaded the fire to a perpetual roar, and discussed gymnastics, with bursts of boyish admiration for the grace and skill of his new leader, whom he christened King of Clubs on the spot. Dolly made the stranger one of them at once by talking bad German, as an offset to his bad English, and unconsciously symbolized his future bondage by giving him a tangled skein to hold for the furtherance of her mother's somewhat lengthened job.

The Cupid of the present day was undoubtedly "raised" in Connecticut; for the ingenuity and shrewdness of that small personage could have sprung from no other soil. In former times his stratagems were of the romantic order. Colin bleated forth his passion in rhyme, and cast sheep's eyes from among his flock, while Phyllis coquetted with her crook and stuck posies in his hat; royal Ferdinand and Miranda played at chess; Ivanhoe upset his fellow-men like nine-pins for love of lackadaisical Rowena; and "sweet Moll" turned the pages while her lover, Milton, sang. But in our day, the jolly little god, though still a heathen in the severe simplicity of his attire, has become modernized in his arts, and invented huskings, apple-bees, sleigh-rides, "drop-ins," gymnastics, and, among his finer snares, the putting on of skates, drawing of patterns, and holding skeins,—the last-named having superior advantages over the others, as all will testify who have enjoyed one of those hand-to-hand skirmishes.

August Bopp was three-and-twenty, imaginative, grateful, and heart-whole; therefore, when he found himself sitting opposite a blooming little damsel, with a head bound by a pretty red snood bent down before him, and very close to his own a pair of distracting

hands, every finger of which had a hit to make, and made it, it is not to be denied that he felt himself entering upon a new and very agreeable experience. Where could he look but in the face opposite, sometimes so girlishly merry and sometimes so beautifully shy? It was a winning face, full of smooth curves, fresh colors, and sunshiny twinkles,—a face every one liked, for it was as changeful as an April day, and always pleasant, whether mischievous, mournful, or demure.

Like one watching a new picture, Mr. Bopp inspected every feature of the countenance so near his own; and as his admiration "grew by what it fed on," he fell into a chronic state of stammer and blush; for the frank eyes were very kind, the smooth cheeks reflected a pretty shade of his own crimson, and the smiling lips seemed constantly suggesting, with mute eloquence, that they were made for kissing, while the expressive hands picked at the knots till August felt like a very resigned fly in the web of a most enticing young spider.

If the King of Clubs saw a comely face, the Queen of Hearts saw what observing girls call a "good face;" and with a womanly respect for strength, the manliest attribute of man, she admired the broad shoulders and six feet one of her new master. This face was not handsome, for, true to his fatherland, Bopp had an eminent nose, a blonde beard, and a crop of "bonnie brown hair" long enough to have been gathered into a ribbon, as in the days of Schiller and Jean Paul; but Dolly liked it, for its strength was tempered with gentleness; patience and courage gave it dignity, and the glance that met her own was both keen and kind.

The silk was wound at last,—the coat repaired. Dick with difficulty concealed the growing stiffness of his shoulders, while Dolly turned up the lamp, which bluntly hinted bedtime, and Mrs. Ward successfully devoured six gapes behind her hand, but was detected in the seventh by Mr. Bopp, who glanced at the clock, stopped in the middle of a sentence, and, with a hurried "goot-night," made for the door without the least idea whither he was going. Piloted by Dick, he was installed in the "best chamber," where his waking dreams were enlivened by a great fire, and his sleeping ones by an endless succession of skeins, each rapturously concluded in the style of Sam Weller when folding carpets with the pretty maid.

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"I TELL you, Dolly, it won't do, and I'm not going to have it."

"Oh, indeed; and how will you help it, you absurd boy?"

"Why, if you don't stop it, I'll just say to Bopp,—'Look here, my dear fellow; this

sister of mine is a capital girl, but she will flirt and—'"

"And it's a family failing, Dick," cut in Dolly.

"Not a bit of it. I shall say, 'Take care of your heart, Bopp, for she has a bad habit of playing battledore and shuttlecock with these articles; and, though it may be very good fun for a time, it makes them ache when they get a last knock and are left to lie in a corner.'"

"What eloquence! But you'd never dare to try it on Mr. Bopp; and I shouldn't like to predict what would happen to you if you did."

"If you say 'dare,' I'll do it the first minute I see him. As for consequences, I don't care that for 'em;" and Dick snapped his fingers with an aspect of much disdain. But something in his sister's face suggested the wisdom of moderation, and moved him to say, less like a lord of creation, and more like a brother who privately adored his sister, but of course was not going to acknowledge such a weakness,—

"Well, but soberly, now, I wish you wouldn't plague Bopp; for it's evident to me that he is hit; and from the way you've gone on these two months, what else was to be expected? Now, as the head of the family,—you needn't laugh, for I am,—I think I ought to interfere; and so I put it to you,—do you like him and will you have him? or are you merely amusing yourself, as you have done ever since you were out of pinafores? If you like him, all serene. I'd rather have him for a brother than any one I know, for he's a regular trump, though he is poor; but if you don't, I won't have the dear old fellow floored just because you like to see it done."

It may here be remarked that Dolly quite glowed to hear her brother praise Mr. Bopp, and that she endorsed every word with mental additions of double warmth; but Dick had begun all wrong, and, manlike, demanded her confidence before she had made up her mind to own she had any to bestow; therefore nothing came of it but vexation of spirit; for it is a well-known fact that, on some subjects, if boys *will* tease girls *will* fib, and both maintain that it is right. So Dolly wetted her feminine weapon, and assumed a lofty superiority.

"Dear me! what a very sudden spasm of virtue; and why, if it is such a sin, has not the 'head of the house' taken his sister to task before, instead of indulging in a like degeneracy, and causing several interesting persons to tear their hair, and bewail his forgetfulness, when they ought to have blessed their stars he was out of the way?"

Dick snow-balled a dozing crow and looked nettled; for he had attained that age when



"Tom Brown at Oxford" was the book of books, the twelfth chapter being the favourite, and five young ladies having already been endowed with the significant heliotrope flower,—all of which facts Dolly had skilfully brought to mind, as a return-shot for his somewhat personal remarks.

"Bah! they were only girls, and it don't amount to anything among us young folks; but Bopp is a grown man, and you ought to respect him too much to play such pranks with him. Beside, he's a German, and more tender-hearted than we rough Yankees, as anyone can see by the way he acts when you snub him. He is proud, too, for all his meekness, and waits till he's sure you like him before he says anything; and he'll need the patience of a family of Jobs at the rate you're going on,—a honey-pot one day and a pickle-jar the next. Do make up your mind, and say yes or no, right off, Dolly."

"Would you have me meet him at the door with a meek courtesy, and say, 'Oh, if you please, I'm ready to say, Yes, thank you, if you'll be good enough to say, Will you?'"

"Don't be a goose, child; you know I mean nothing of the kind; only you girls never will do anything straight ahead if you can dodge and fuss and make a mess of it. Just tell me one thing: Do you, or don't you, like old Bopp?"

"What an elegant way to put it! Of course I like him well enough as a leader; he is clever, and sort of cunning, and I enjoy his funny ways; but what in the world should I do with a great yellow-haired laddie who could put me in his pocket, and yet is so meek that I should never find the heart to hen-peck him? You are welcome to him; and since you love him so much, there's no need of my troubling myself on his account; for with you for a friend, he can have no earthly wish ungratified."

"Don't try to be cutting, Dolly, because you look homely when you do, and it's a woman's business to be pretty always. All I've got to say is, you will be in a nice state of mind if you damage Bopp; for every one likes him, and will be down upon you for a heartless little wretch; and I shan't blame them, I promise you."

"I wish the town wouldn't put its fingers in other people's pies, and you may tell it so, with my compliments; and all I have to say is, that you men have more liberty than you know what to do with, and we women have not enough; so it's perfectly fair that we should show you the worth of the thing by taking it away now and then. I shall do exactly as I please: dance, walk, ride, and flirt, whenever and with whomever I see fit; and the whole town, with Mr. Dick Ward at their head, can't stop me if I choose to go on. Now, then, what next?" After which declaration of in-

dependence Dolly folded her arms and wheeled about and faced her brother, a spirited statuette of Self-Will, in a red hood and mittens.

Dick sternly asked,—

"Is that your firm decision, ma'am?"

"Yes."

"And you will not give up your nonsense?"

"No."

"You are quite sure you don't care for Bopp?"

"I could slap him with all my heart."

"Very good. I shall see that you don't get a chance."

"I wouldn't try a skirmish, for you'll get beaten, Dick."

"We'll prove that, ma'am."

"We will, sir."

And the belligerents loftily paced up the lawn, with their purpose so well expressed by outward signs that Mrs. Ward knew, by the cock of Dick's hat and the decided tap of Dolly's heels, that a storm was brewing before they entered the door.

This fraternal conversation took place some two months from the evening of Mr. Bopp's advent, as the young folks were strolling home from school, which school must be briefly alluded to in order to explain the foregoing remarks. It was an excellent institution in all respects; for its presiding genius stood high in the townfolks' esteem, and might have served as an example to Dr. Watt's "busy bee," in the zeal with which he improved his "shining hours," and laid up honey against the winter, which many hoped would be long in coming. All manner of aids were provided for sprouting souls and bodies, diversions innumerable, and the best society. But, sad to relate, in spite of all these blessings, the students who resorted to this academy possessed an Adam-and-Eve-like proclivity for exactly what they hadn't got and didn't need; and, not contented with the pleasures provided, must needs play truant with that young scamp Eros, and turn the ancient town topsy-turvy with modern innovations, till scandalised spinsters predicted that the very babies would catch the fever, refuse their panada in jealous gloom, send *billets-doux* in their rattles, elope in wicker-carriages, and set up housekeeping in dolls' houses, after the latest fashion.

Certain inflammable Southerners introduced the new game, and left such romantic legends of their loves behind them that their successors were fired with an ambition to do the like, and excel in all things, from cricket to captivation.

This state of things is not to be wondered at; for America, being renowned as a "fast" nation, has become a sort of hot-bed, and seems to force humanity into early bloom. Therefore, past generations must not groan over the sprightly present, but sit in the chim-

ney-corner and see boys and girls play the game which is too apt to end in a checkmate for one of the players. To many of the lookers-on, the new order of things was as good as a puppet-show; for, with the enthusiasm of youth, the actors performed their parts heartily, forgetting the audience in their own earnestness. Bless us! what revolutions went on under the round jackets, and what love-tokens lay in the pockets thereof. What plots and counterplots occupied the heads that wore the innocent-looking snoods, and what captives were taken in the many-coloured nets that would come off and have to be taken care of. What romances blossomed like dandelions along the road to school, and what tales the river might

have told if anyone could have learned its musical speech. How certain gates were glorified by daily lingerings thereat, and what tender memories hung about dingy desks, old pens, and books illustrated with all manner of symbolical designs.

Let those laugh who will: older and wiser men and women might have taken lessons of these budding heroes and heroines; for here all was honest, sincere, and fresh; the old world had not taught them falsehood, self-interest, or mean ambitions. When they lost or won, they frankly grieved or rejoiced, and wore no masks except in play, and then got them off as soon as possible. If blue-eyed Lizzie frowned, or went home with Joe, Ned



with a wisdom older lovers would do well to imitate, went in for another game of football, gave the rejected apple to little Sally, and whistled "Glory Hallelujah" instead of "Annie Laurie," which was better than blowing a rival's brains out, or glowering at womankind forever after. Or, when Tom put on Clara's skates three successive days, and danced with her three successive evenings, leaving Kitty to freeze her feet in the one instance and fold her hands in the other, she just had a "good cry," gave her mother an extra kiss, and waited till the recreant Tom returned to his allegiance, finding his little friend a sweetheart in nature as in name.

Dick and Dolly were foremost in the ranks,

and expert in all the new amusements. Dick worshipped at many shrines, but most faithfully at that of a meek divinity, who returned charming answers to the ardent epistles which he left in her father's garden-wall, where, Pyramus and Thisbe-like, they often chatted through a chink; and Dolly was seldom seen without a staff of aids who would have "fought, bled, and died" for her as cheerfully as the Little Corporal's Old Guard, though she paid them only in words; for her Waterloo had not yet come.

\*

WITH the charming perversity of her sex in such matters, no sooner had Dolly declared that she didn't like Mr. Bopp, than she began

to discover that she did; and so far from desiring "to slap him," a tendency to regard him with peculiar good-will and tenderness developed itself, much to her own surprise; for with all her coquetry and seeming coldness, Dolly had a right womanly heart of her own, though she had never acknowledged the fact till August Bopp looked at her with so much love and longing in his honest eyes. Then she found a little fear mingling with her regard, felt a strong desire to be respected by him, discovered a certain something which she called conscience, restraining a reckless use of her power, and, soon after her lofty denial to Dick, was forced to own that Mr. Bopp had become her master in the finer species of gymnastics that came in with Adam and Eve, and have kept all creation turning somersets ever since. Of course these discoveries were unconfessed, even to that best bosom friend which any of us can have; yet her mother suspected them, and, with much anxiety, saw all, yet held her peace, knowing that her little daughter would, sooner or later, give her a fuller confidence than could be demanded; and remembering the happiest moments of her own happy past, when an older Dick wooed another Dolly, she left that flower, which never can be forced, to open at its own sweet will.

Meanwhile Mr. Bopp, though carrying his heart upon his sleeve, believed his secret buried in the deepest gloom, and enjoyed all the delightful miseries lovers insist upon making for themselves. When Dolly was quiet or absent, he became pensive, the lesson dragged, and people fancied they were getting tired of the humbug; when Dolly was blithe and bland, he grew radiant, exercised within an inch of his life as a vent for his emotions, and people went home declaring gymnastics to be the crowning triumph of the age; and when Dolly was capricious, Mr. Bopp became a bewildered weathercock, changing as the wind changed, and dire was the confusion occasioned thereby.

Like the sage fowl in the story, Dick said nothing, but "kept up a terrible thinking," and, not having had experience enough to know that when a woman says No she is very apt to mean Yes, he took Dolly at her word. Believing it to be his duty to warn "Old Bopp," he resolved to do it as a Roman brother, regardless of his own feelings or his sister's wrath, quite unconscious that the motive-power in the affair was a boyish love of ruling the young person who ruled every one else.

Matters stood thus, when the town was electrified by a general invitation to the annual jubilee at Jollyboys Hall, which this spring flowered into a masquerade, and filled the souls of old and young with visions of splendour, frolic, and fun. Being an amiable old town, it gave itself up, like a kind grandma, to the wishes of its children, let them put its

knitting away, disturb its naps, keep its hands busy with vanities of the flesh, and its mind in a state of chaos for three mortal weeks. Young ladies were obscured by tarlatan fogs, behind which they concocted angels' wings, newspaper gowns, Minnehaha's wampum, and Cinderella's slippers. Inspired but incapable boys undertook designs that would have daunted a costumer of the first water, fell into sloughs of despond, and, emerging, settled down from peers and paladins into jovial tars, friar water-proofs, and officers in miscellaneous uniforms. Fathers laughed or grumbled at the whole thing, and advanced pecuniary loans with good or ill grace, as the case might be; but the mothers, whose interest in their children's pleasure is a sort of evergreen that no snows of time can kill, sewed spangles by the bushel, made wildernesses of tissue-paper blossom as the rose, kept tempers sweet, stomachs full, and domestic machinery working smoothly through it all, by that maternal magic which makes them the human providences of this naughty world.

"What shall I go as?" was the universal cry. Garrets were taken by storm, cherished relics were teased out of old ladies' lavendered chests (happy she who saw them again!), hats were made into boots, gowns into doublets, cloaks into hose, Sunday bonnets despoiled of their plumage, silken cauliflowers sown broadcast over the land, and cocked-up caps erected in every style of architecture, while "Tag, Rag & Bobtail" drove a smashing business, and everybody knew what everybody else was going to be, and solemnly vowed they didn't, —which transparent falsehood was the best joke of the whole.

Dolly allowed her mates to believe she was to be the Queen of Hearts, but privately laid hold of certain brocades worn by a trim grandmother half a century ago, and one evening burst upon her brother in a charming "Little Bo-Peep" costume, which, for the benefit of future distressed damsels, may be described as a white silk skirt, scarlet overdress, "neatly bundled up behind," as ancient ladies expressed it, blue hose with red clocks, high-heeled shoes with silver buckles, a nosegay in the tucker, and a fly-away hat perched on the top of black curls, which gave additional archness to Dolly's face as she entered, singing that famous ditty.

Dick surveyed her with approval, turning her about like a lay figure, and expressing his fraternal opinion that she was "the sauciest little turnout he ever saw," and then wet-blanketed the remark by adding, "Of course you don't call it a disguise, do you? and don't flatter yourself that you won't be known; for Dolly Ward is as plainly written in every curl, bow, and gimcrack, as if you wore a label on your back."

"Then I shan't wear it;" and off went the

hat at one fell blow, as Dolly threw her crook in one corner, her posy in another, and sat down an image of despair.

"Now don't be a goose, and rip everything to bits, just wear a domino over all, as Fan is going to do, and then, when you've had fun enough, take it off and do the pretty. It will make two rigs, you see, and bother the boys to your heart's content."

"Dick, I insist upon kissing you for that brilliant suggestion; and then you may run and get me eight yards of cambric, just the colour of Fan's; but if you tell anyone, I'll keep her from dancing with you the whole evening;" with which bribe and threat Dolly embraced her brother, and shut the door in his face, while he, putting himself in good humour by imagining she was somebody else, departed on his muddy mission.

If the ghosts of the first settlers had taken their walks abroad on the eventful Friday night, they would have held up their shadowy hands at the scenes going on under their venerable noses; for strange figures flitted through the quiet streets, and, instead of decorous slumber, there was decidedly

"A sound of revelry by night."

Spurs clanked and swords rattled over the frosty ground, as if the British were about to make another flying call; hooded monks and nuns paced along, on carnal thoughts intent; ancient ladies and bewigged gentlemen seemed hurrying to enjoy a social cup of tea, and groan over the tax; barrels staggered and stuck through narrow ways, as if temperance were still among the lost arts, while bears, apes, imps, and elves pattered and sparkled by, as if a second Walpurgis Night had come, and all were bound for Blocksberg.

"Hooray for the rooster!" shouted Young Ireland, encamped on the sidewalk to see the show, as Mephistopheles' red cock's feather skimmed up the stairs, and he left a pink domino at the ladies' dressing-room door, with the brief warning, "Now cut your own capers and leave me to mine," adding, as he paused a moment at the great door,—

"By Jove! isn't it a jolly sight, though?"

And so it was; for a mammoth boot stood sentinel at the entrance; a Bedouin Arab leaned on his spear in one corner, looking as if ready to say,—

"Fly to the desert, fly with me!"

to the pretty Jewess on his arm; a stately Hamlet, with irreproachable legs, settled his plumage in another, still undecided to which Ophelia he would first address—

"The honey of his music vows."

Bluff King Hal's representative was waltzing in a way that would have filled that stout

potentate with respectful admiration, while Queen Katherine flirted with a Fire Zouave. Alcibiades whisked Mother Goose about the room till the old lady's conical hat tottered on her head, and the Union held fast to a very little Mac. Flocks of friars, black, white, and gray, pervaded the hall, with flocks of ballet-girls, intended to represent peasants, but failing for lack of drapery; morning and evening stars rose and set, as partners willed; lively red demons harassed meek nuns, and knights of the Leopard, the Lion, or Griffin, flashed by, looking heroically uncomfortable in their gilded cages; court ladies promenaded with Jack-tars, and dukes danced with dairy-maids, while Brother Jonathan whittled, Aunt Dinah jabbered, Ingomar flourished his club, and everyone felt warmly enthusiastic and vigorously jolly.

"*Ach Himmel! Das ist wunderschön!*" murmured a tall, gray monk, looking in, and quite unconscious that he spoke aloud.

"Hullo, Bopp! I thought you weren't coming," cried Mephistopheles in an emphatic whisper.

"Ah, I guess you! yes, you are well done. I should like to be a Faust for you, but I haf no time, no purse for a dress, so I throw this on, and run up for a hour or two. Where is—who is all these people? Do you know them?"

"The one with the Pope, Fra Diavolo, the telegraph, and two knights asking her to dance, is Dolly, if that's what you want to know. Go in and keep it up, Bopp, while you can; I am off for Fan;" and Mephistopheles departed over the banisters with a weird agility that delighted the beholders; while the gray friar stole into a corner and watched the pink domino for half an hour, at the end of which time his regards were somewhat confused by discovering that there were two pink damsels so alike that he could not tell which was the one pointed out by Dick, and which the newcomer.

"She thinks I will not know her, but I shall go now and find out for myself;" and, starting into sudden activity, the gray brother strode up to the nearest pink lady, bowed, and offered his arm. With a haughty little gesture of denial to several others, she accepted it, and they joined the circle of many-coloured promenaders that eddied round the hall. As they went, Mr. Bopp scrutinised his companion, but saw only a slender figure shrouded from head to foot, and the tip of a white glove resting on his arm.

"I will speak; then her voice will betray her," he thought, forgetting that his own was undisguisable.

"Madame, permit me that I fan you, it is so greatly warm."

A fan was surrendered with a bow, and the



masked face turned fully towards his own, while the hood trembled as if its wearer laughed silently.

"Ah, it is you,—I know the eyes, the step, the laugh. Miss Dolly, did you think you could hide from me?"

"I did not wish to," was the whispered answer.

"Did you think I would come?"

"I hoped so."

"Then you are not displeased with me?"

"No; I am very glad; I wanted you."

The pink head drooped a little nearer, and another white glove went to meet its mate upon his arm with a pretty, confiding gesture. Mr. Bopp instantly fell into a state of bliss,—the lights, music, gay surroundings, and, more than all, this unwonted demonstration, put the crowning glory to the moment; and, fired with the hopeful omen, he allowed his love to silence his prudence, and lead him to do, then and there, the very thing he had often resolved never to do at all.

"Ah, Miss Dolly, if you knew how much, how very much you haf enlarged my happiness, and made this efening shine for me, you would more often be a little friendly, for this winter has been all summer to me, since I knew you and your kind home, and now I haf no sorrow but that after the next lesson I come no more unless you gif me leaf. See now I must say this even here, when so much people are about us, because I cannot stop it; and you will forgif me that I cannot wait any longer."

"Mr. Bopp, please don't, please stop!" began the pink domino in a hurried whisper. But Mr. Bopp was not to be stopped. He had dammed up the stream so long, that now it rushed on fast, full, and uncontrollable; for, leading her into one of the curtained recesses near by, he sat down beside her, and, still plying the fan, went on impetuously,—

"I feel to say that I lof you, and tho' I try to kill it, my lof will not die, because it is more strong than my will, more dear than my pride, for I haf much, and I do not ask you to be *meine Frau* till I can gif you more than my heart and my poor name. But hear now: I will work, and save, and wait a many years if at the end you will take all I haf and say, 'August, I lofe you.' Do not laugh at me because I say this in such poor words; you are my heart's dearest, and I must tell it or never come again. Speak to me one kind yes, and I will thank Gott for so much joy."

The pink domino had listened to this rapid speech with averted head, and, when it ended, started up, saying eagerly, "You are mistaken, sir, I am not Dolly;" but as she spoke her words were belied, for the hasty movement partially displaced her mask, and Mr. Bopp

saw Dolly's eyes, a lock of dark hair, and a pair of burning cheeks, before the screen was readjusted. With redoubled earnestness he held her back, whispering,—

"Do not go mitout the little word, Yes, or No; it is not much to say."

"Well, then, No!"

"You mean it? Dolly! truly mean it?"

"Yes, let me go at once, sir."

Mr. Bopp stood up, saying, slowly,—*"Yes, go now; they told me you had no heart; I believe it, and thank you for that No;"* then bowed, and walked straight out of the hall, while the pink domino broke into a fit of laughter, saying to herself,—

*"I've done it! I've done it! but what a piece of work there'll be to-morrow."*

\*

"Dick, who was that tall creature Fan was parading with last night? No one knew, and he vanished before the masks were taken off," asked Dolly, as she and her brother lounged in opposite corners of the sofa the morning after the masquerade, "talking it over."

"That was old Bopp, Mrs. Peep."

"Gracious me! why, he said he wasn't coming."

"People sometimes say what they don't mean, as you may have discovered."

"But why didn't he come and speak to a body, Dick?"

"Better employed, I suppose."

"Now don't be cross, dear, but tell me all about it, for I don't understand how you allowed him to monopolise Fan so."

"Oh, don't bother, I'm sleepy."

"No you're not; you look wicked; I know you've been in mischief, and I insist upon hearing all about it, so come and tell this instant."

Dolly proceeded to enforce her command by pulling away his pillow and dragging her brother into a sitting posture, in spite of his laughing resistance and evident desire to exhaust her patience; for Dick excelled in teasing, and kept his sister in a fidget from morning till night, with occasional fits of penitence and petting which lasted till the next time. Therefore, though dying to tell, he was undecided as to the best method of executing that task in the manner most aggravating to his listener and most agreeable to himself, and sat regarding her with twinkling eyes, and his curly pate in a high state of rumple, trying to appear innocently meek, but failing signally.

"Now, then, begin," commanded Dolly.

"Well, if you won't take my head off till I'm done, I'll tell you the best joke of the season. Are you sure the pink domino with Bopp wasn't yourself,—for she looked and acted very like you?"

"Of course I am. I didn't even know he was there, and think it very rude and ungentlemanly in him not to come and speak to me. You know it was Fan, so do go on."

"But it wasn't, for she changed her mind and wore a black domino; I saw her put it on myself. Her cousin Jack came unexpectedly, and she thought if she altered her dress and went with him you wouldn't know her."

"Who could it have been Dick?"

"That's the mystery, for, do you know, Bopp proposed to her."

"He didn't!" and Dolly flew up with a startled look that, to adopt a phrase from his own vocabulary, was "nuts" to her brother.

"Yes he did; I heard him."

"When, where, and how?"

"In one of those flirtation boxes; they dropped the curtain, but I heard him do it, on my honour I did."

"Persons of honour don't listen at curtains and keyholes. What did they say?"

"Oh, if it wasn't honourable to listen, it isn't to hear; so I won't tell, though I couldn't help knowing it."

"Mercy! don't stop now, or I shall die with curiosity. I daresay I should have done the same; no one minds at such a place, you know. But I don't see the joke yet," said Dolly dismally.

"I do," and Dick went off into a shout.

"You idiotic boy, take that pillow out of your mouth, and tell me the whole thing,—what he said, what she said, and what they both did. It was all fun, of course, but I'd like to hear about it."

"It may have been fun on her part, but it was solemn earnest on his, for he went it strong, I assure you. I'd no idea the old fellow was so sly, for he appeared smashed with you, you know, and there he was finishing up with this unknown lady. I wish you could have heard him go on, with tears in his eyes—"

"How do you know, if you didn't see him?"

"Oh, well, that's only a figure of speech; I thought so from his voice. He was ever so tender, and took to Dutch when English was too cool for him. It was really touching, for I never heard a fellow do it before; and, upon my word, I should think it was rather a tough job to say that sort of thing to a pretty woman, mask or no mask."

"What did she say?" asked Dolly, with her hands pressed tight together, and a curious little quiver of the lips.

"She said No, as short as pie-crust; and when he rushed out with his heart broken all to bits, apparently, she just burst out laughing, and went and polked at a two-forty pace for half an hour."

Dora unclasped her hands, took a long breath, and cried out,—

"She is a wicked, heartless hussy! and if I know her, I'll never speak to her again; for if he was really in earnest, she ought to be killed for laughing at him."

"So ought you, then, for making fun of poor Fisher when he went down on his knees behind the berry bushes last summer. He was earnest enough, for he looked as blue as his berries when he got home. Your theory is all right, ma'am, but your practice is all bosh."

"Hold your tongue about that silly thing. Boys in college think they know everything, can do everything, have everything, and only need beckon, and all womankind will come and adore. It made a man of him, and he'll thank me for taking the sentimental nonsense and conceit out of him. You will need just such a lesson at the rate you are going on, and I hope Fan will give it to you."

"When the lecture is over, I'll go on with the joke, if you want to know it."

"Isn't this all?"

"Oh, bless you, no! the cream of it is to come. What would you give to know who the lady was?"

"Five dollars, down, this minute."

"Very good, hand 'em over, and I'll tell you."

"Truly, Dick?"

"Yes, and prove it."

Dolly produced her purse, and, bill in hand, sat waiting for the disclosure. Dick rose with a melo-dramatic bow,—

"Lo, it was I."

"That's a great fib, for I saw you flying about the whole evening."

"You saw my dress, but I was not in it."

"Oh! oh! who *did* I keep going to, then? and what *did* I do to make a fool of myself, I wonder?"

Purse and bill dropped out of Dolly's hand, and she looked at her brother with a distracted expression of countenance. Dick rubbed his hands and chuckled.

"Here's a jolly state of things! Now I'll tell you the whole story. I never thought of doing it till I saw Bopp and told him who you were; but on my way for Fan I wondered if he'd get puzzled between you two; and then a grand idea popped into my head to puzzle him myself, for I can take you off to the life. Fan didn't want me to, but I made her, so she lent me hoops, and gown, and the pink domino, and if ever I thanked my stars I wasn't tall, I did then, for the things fitted capitally as to length, though I kept splitting something down the back, and scattering hooks and eyes in all directions. I wish you could have heard Jack roar while they rigged me. He had no dress, so I lent him mine, till just before the masks were taken off, when we cut home and changed. He told me how you kept running to him to tie up your slip-

pers, find your fan, and tell him funny things, thinking it was me. I never enjoyed anything so much in my life."

"Go on," said Dolly, in a breathless sort of voice, and the deluded boy obeyed.

"I knew Bopp, and hovered near till he came to find out who I was. I took you off in style, and it deceived him, for I'm only an inch or two taller than you, and kept my head down in the lackadaisical way you girls do; I whispered, so my voice didn't betray me; and was very clinging, and sweet, and fluttery, and that blessed old goose was sure it was you. I thought it was all over once, for when he came the heavy in the recess, I got a bit flustered, he was so serious about it, my mask slipped, but I caught it, so he only saw my eyes and forehead, which are just like yours, and that finished him, for I've no doubt I looked as red and silly as you would have done in a like fix."

"Why did you say No?" and Dolly looked as stern as fate.

"What else should I say? You told me you wouldn't have him, and I thought it would save you the bother of saying it, and him the pain of asking twice. I told him some time ago that you were a born flirt; he said he knew it; so I was surprised to hear him go on at such a rate, but supposed that I was too amiable, and that misled him. Poor old Bopp, I kept thinking of him all night, as he looked when he said, 'They told me you had no heart, now I believe it, and I thank you for that No.' It was rather a hard joke for him, but it's over now, and he won't have to do it again. You said I wouldn't *dare* to tell him about you; didn't I? and haven't I won the——"

The rest of the sentence went spinning dizzily through Dick's head, as a sudden tingling sensation pervaded his left ear, followed by a similar smart in the right; and, for a moment, chaos seemed to have come again. Whatever Dolly did was thoroughly done: when she danced, the soles of her shoes attested the fact; when she flirted, it was warm work while it lasted; and when she was angry, it thundered, lightened, and blew great guns till the shower came, and the whole affair ended in a rainbow. Therefore, being outwitted, disappointed, mortified, and hurt, her first impulse was to find a vent for these conflicting emotions; and possessing skilful hands, she left them to avenge the wrong done her heart, which they did so faithfully, that if ever a young gentleman's ears were vigorously and completely boxed, Dick was that young individual. As the thunder-clap ceased, the gale began, and blew steadily for several minutes.

"You think it a joke, do you? I tell you it's a wicked, cruel thing; you've told a lie; you've broken August's heart, and made me

so angry that I'll never forgive you as long as I live. What do you know about my feelings? and how dare you take it upon yourself to answer for me? You think because we are nearly the same age that I am no older than you, but you're mistaken, for a boy of eighteen *is* a boy, a girl of seventeen is often a woman, with a woman's hopes and plans; you don't understand this any more than you do August's love for me, which you listened to and laughed at. I said I didn't like him, and I didn't find out till afterward that I did; then I was afraid to tell you, lest you'd twit me with it. But now I care for no one, and I say I *do* like him,—yes, I love him with all my heart, and soul, and might, and I'd die this minute if I could undo the harm you've done, and see him happy! I know I've been selfish, vain, and thoughtless, but I am not now; I hoped he'd love me, hoped he'd see I cared for him, that I'd done trifling, and didn't mind if he *was* poor, for I'd enough for both; that I longed to make his life pleasant after all his troubles; that I'd send for the little sister he loves so well, and never let him suffer any more; for he is so good, so patient, so generous, and so dear to me, I cannot do enough for him. Now it's all spoilt; now I can never tell him this, never comfort him in any way, never be happy again all my life, and *you* have done it!"

As Dolly stood before her brother, pouring out her words with glittering eyes, impetuous voice, and face pale with passionate emotion, he was scared; for, as his scattered wits returned to him, he felt that he had been playing with edge-tools, and had cut and slashed in rather a promiscuous manner. Dazed and dizzy, he sat staring at the excited figure before him, forgetting the indignity he had received, the mistake he had made, the damage he had done, in simple wonder at the revolutions going on under his astonished eyes. When Dolly stopped for breath, he muttered with a contrite look,—

"I'm very sorry,—it was only fun; and I thought it would help you both, for how the deuce should I know you liked the man when you said you hated him?"

"I never said that, and if I wanted advice I should have gone to mother. You men go blundering off with half an idea in your heads, and never see your stupidity till you have made a mess that can't be mended; we women don't work so, but save people's feelings, and are called hypocrites for our pains. I never meant to tell you, but I will now, to show you how I've been serving you, while you've been harming me: every one of those notes from Fan which you admire so much, answer so carefully, and wear out in your pocket, though copied by her, were written by me."

"The dickins they were!" Up flew Dick,

and clapping his hand on the left-breast pocket, out came a dozen pink notes tied up with a blue ribbon, and much the worse for wear. He hastily turned them over as Dolly went on.—

"Yes, I did it, for she didn't know how to answer your notes, and came to me. I didn't laugh at them, or make fun of her, but helped her silly little wits, and made you a happy boy for three months, though you teased me day and night, for I loved you, and hadn't the heart to spoil your pleasure."

"You've done it now with a vengeance, and you're a pair of deceitful minxes. I've paid you off. I'll give Fan one more note that will keep her eyes red for a month; and I'll never love or trust a girl again as long as I live,—never! never!"

Red with wrath, Dick threw the treasured packet into the fire, punched it well down among the coals, flung away the poker, and turned about with a look and gesture which would have been very comical if they had not been decidedly pathetic, for, in spite of his years, a very tender heart beat under the blue jacket, and it was grievously wounded at the perfidy of the gentle little divinity whom he worshipped with daily increasing ardour. His eyes filled, but he winked resolutely; his lips trembled, but he bit them hard; his hands doubled themselves up, but he remembered his adversary was a woman; and, as a last effort to preserve his masculine dignity, he began to whistle.

As if the inconsistencies of womankind were to be shown him as rapidly as possible, at this moment the shower came on; for, taking him tenderly about the neck, Dolly fell to weeping so infectiously, that, after standing rigidly erect till a great tear dropped off the end of his nose, Dick gave in, and laying his head on Dolly's shoulder, the brother and sister quenched their anger, washed away their malice, and soothed their sorrow by one of those natural processes so kindly provided for poor humanity, and so often despised as a weakness when it might prove a better strength than any pride.

\*

Dick cleared up first, with no sign of the tempest but a slight mist through which his native sunshine glimmered pensively.

"Don't, dear, don't cry so; it will make you sick, and won't do any good, for things will come right, or I'll make 'em, and we'll be comfortable all round."

"No, we never can be as we were, and it's all my fault. I've betrayed Fan's confidence, I've spoiled your little romance, I've been a thoughtless, wicked girl, I've lost August; and, oh, dear me, I wish I was dead!" with which funereal climax Dolly cried despairingly.

"Oh, come now, don't be dismal, and blame yourself for every trouble under the sun. Sit down and talk it over, and see what can be done. Poor old girl, I forgive you the notes, and I say I *was* wrong to meddle with Bopp. I got you into the scrape, and I'll get you out if the sky don't fall, or Bopp blow his brains out, like a second Werther, before to-morrow."

Dick drew the animated fountain to the wide chair, where they had sat together since they were born, wiped her eyes, and patted her back, with an idea that it was soothing to babies, and why not to girls?

"I wish mother was at home," sighed Dolly, longing for that port which was always a haven of refuge in domestic squalls like this.

"Write, and tell her not to stay till Saturday."

"No; it would spoil her visit, and you know she deferred it to help us through this dreadful masquerade. But I don't know what to do."

"Why, bless your heart, it's simple enough. I'll tell Bopp, beg his pardon, say 'Dolly's willing,' and there you are all taut and ship-shape again."

"I wouldn't for the world, Dick. It would be very hard for you, very awkward for me, and do no good in the end; for August is so proud he'd never forgive you for such a trick, would never believe that I 'had a heart,' after all you've said and I've done; and I should only hear with my own ears that he thanked me for that No. Oh, why can't people know when they are in love, and not go heels over head before they are ready!"

"Well, if that don't suit I'll let it alone, for that is all I can suggest; and if you like your woman's way better, try it, only you'll have to fly around, because to-morrow is the last night, you know."

"I shan't go, Dick."

"Why not? we are going to give him the rosewood set of things, have speeches, cheers for the King of Clubs, and no end of fun."

"I can't help it; there would be no fun for me, and I couldn't look him in the face after all this."

"Oh, pooh! yes you could, or it would be the first time you dared not do damage with those wicked eyes of yours."

"It is the first time I ever loved any one." Dolly's voice was so low, and her head drooped so much, that this brief confession was apparently put away in Dick's pocket; and, being an exceedingly novel one, filled that ardent youth with a desire to deposit a similar one in the other pocket, which, being emptied of its accustomed contents, left a somewhat aching void in itself and the heart underneath. After a moment's silence, he said,—

"Well, if you won't go, you can settle it



when he comes here, though I think we should all do better to confess coming home in the dark."

"He won't come here again, Dick."

"Won't he! that shows you don't know Bopp as well as I. He'll come to say good-bye, to thank mother for her kindness, and you and me for the little things we've done for him (I wish I'd left the last undone!) and go away like a gentleman, as he is,—see if he don't."

"Do you think so? Then I must see him."

"I'm sure he will, for we men don't bear malice and sulk and bawl when we come to grief this way, but stand up and take it without winking, like the young Spartan brick when the fox was digging into him, you know."

"Then, of course, you'll forgive Fan."

"I'll be hanged if I do," growled Dick.

"Aha! your theory is very good, sir, but your practice is bosh," quoted Dolly, with a gleam of the old mischief in her face.

Dick took a sudden turn through the room, burst out laughing, and came back, saying heartily,—

"I'll own up; it is mean to feel so, and I'll think about forgiving you both; but she may stop up the hole in the wall, for she won't get any more letters just yet; and you may devote your epistolary powers to A. Bopp in future. Well, what is it? Free your mind, and have done with it; but don't make your nose red, or take the starch out of my collar with any more salt water, if you please."

"No, I won't; and I only want to say that, as you owe the explanation to us both, perhaps it would be best for you to tell August your part of the thing as you come home tomorrow, and then leave the rest to fate. I can't let him go away thinking me such a heartless creature, and once gone it will be too late to mend the matter. Can you do this without getting me into another scrape, do you think?"

"I haven't a doubt of it, and I call that sensible. I'll fix it capitally,—go down on my knees in the mud, if it is necessary; treat you like eggs for fear of another smash-up; and bring him home in such a tip-top state, you'll only have to nod and find yourself Mrs. B. any day you like. Now let's kiss and be friends, and then go pitch into that pie for luncheon."

So they did; and an hour afterward were rioting in the garret under pretence of putting grandma's things away; for at eighteen, in spite of love and mischief, boys and girls have a spell to exorcise blue devils, and a happy faculty of forgetting that "the world is hollow, and their dolls stuffed with sawdust."

Dick was right, for on the following evening, after the lesson, Mr. Bopp did go home

with him, "to say good-bye, like a gentleman, as he was." Dolly got over the first greeting in the dusky hall, and as her guest passed on to the parlour, she popped her head out to ask anxiously,—

"Did you say anything, Dick?"

"I couldn't; something has happened to him; he'll tell you about it. I'm going to see to the horse, so take your time, and do what you like;" with which vague information Dick vanished, and Dolly wished herself anywhere but where she was.

Mr. Bopp sat before the fire, looking so haggard and worn-out that the girl's conscience pricked her sorely for her part in the change; but plucking up her courage, she stirred briskly among the tea-cups, asking,—

"What shall I give you, sir?"

"Thank you, I haf no care to eat."

Something in his spiritless mien and sorrowful voice made Dolly's eyes fill; but knowing she must depend upon herself now, and make the best of her position, she said kindly, yet nervously,—

"You look tired: let me do something for you if I can; shall I sing for you a little? you once said music rested you."

"You are kind; I could like that, I think. Excuse me if I am dull, I haf—yes, a little air, if you please."

More and more disturbed by his troubled, absent manner, Dolly began a German song he had taught her, but before the first line was sung he stopped her with an imploring,—

"For Gott sake, not that! I cannot hear it this night; it was the last I sung her in the Vaterland."

"Mr. Bopp, what is it? Dick says you have a trouble; tell me, and let us help you if we can. Are you ill, in want, or has anyone injured you in any way? Oh, let me help you!"

Tears had been streaming down Mr. Bopp's cheeks, but as she spoke he checked them, and tried to answer steadily,—

"No, I am not ill; I haf no wants now, and no one has hurt me but in kindness; yet I haf so great a grief, I could not bear it all alone, and so I came to ask a little sympathy from your good Mutter, who has been kind to me as if I was a son. She is not here, and I thought I would stop back my grief; but that moosic was too much; you pity me, and so I tell you. See, now! when I find things go bright with me, and haf a hope of much work, I take the little store I saved, I send it to my friend Carl Hoffmann, who is coming from my home, and say, 'Bring Ulla to me now, for I can make life go well to her, and I am hungry till I haf her in my arms again.' I tell no one, for I am bold to think that one day I come here with her in my hand, to let her thank you in her so

sweet way for all you haf done for me. Well, I watch the wind, I count the days, I haf no rest for joy; and when Carl comes I fly to him. He gifs me back my store, he falls upon my neck and does not speak, then I know my little girl never come, for she has

gone to Himmel before I could make a home for her on earth. Oh, my Ulla! it is hard to bear;" and poor Mr. Bopp covered his face, and laid it down on his empty plate, as if he never cared to lift it up again.

Then Dolly forgot herself in her great sym-



A LULLABY.—Page 699.

pathy, and, going to him, she touched the bent head with a soothing hand; let her tears flow to comfort his; and whispered in her tenderest voice,—

"Dear Mr. Bopp, I wish I could cure this sorrow, but as I cannot, let me bear it with

you; let me tell you how we loved the little child, and longed to see her; how we should have rejoiced to know you had so dear a friend to make your life happy in this strange land; how we shall grieve for your great loss, and long to prove our respect and love for you.



I cannot say this as I ought, but, oh, be comforted, for you will see the child again, and, remembering that she waits for you, you will be glad to go when God calls you to meet your Ulla in that other Fatherland."

"Ah, I will go now! I haf no wish to stay, for all my life is black to me. If I had found that other little friend to fill her place, I should not grieve so much, because she is weller there above than I could make her here; but no: I wait for that other one; I save all my heart for her; I send it, but it comes back to me; then I know my hope is dead, and I am all alone in the strange land."

There was neither bitterness nor reproach in these broken words, only a patient sorrow, a regretful pain, as if he saw the two lost loves before him, and uttered over them an irrepressible lament. It was too much for Dolly, and with sudden resolution she spoke out fast and low,—

"Mr. Bopp, that was a mistake. It was not me you saw at the masque; it was Dick. He played a cruel trick; he insulted you and wronged me by that deceit, and I find it very hard to pardon him."

"What! what is that?" and Mr. Bopp looked up with tears still shining in his beard, and intense surprise in every feature of his face.

Dolly turned scarlet, and her heart beat fast as she repeated with an unsteady voice,—  
"it was Dick, not me."

A cloud swept over Mr. Bopp's face, and he knit his brows a moment as if Dolly had not been far from right when she said, "he never would forgive the joke." Presently, he spoke in a tone she had never heard before,—cold and quiet,—and in his eye she thought she read contempt for her brother and herself:—

"I see now, and I say no more but this; it was not kind when I so trusted you. Yet it is well, for you and Richart are so one, I haf no doubt he spoke your wish."

Here was a desperate state of things. Dolly had done her best, yet he did not, or would not understand, and before she could restrain them, the words slipped over her tongue,—

"No! Dick and I never agree."

Mr. Bopp started, swept three spoons and a tea-cup off the table as he turned, for something in the hasty whisper reassured him. The colour sprang up to his cheek, the old warmth to his eye, the old erectness to his figure, and the eager accent to his voice. He rose, drew Dolly nearer, took her face between his hands, and bending, fixed on her a look tender, yet commanding, as he said, with an earnestness that stirred her as words had never done before,—

"Dollee, he said No! do *you* say Yes?"

She could not speak, but her heart stood up in her eyes, and answered him so eloquently that he was satisfied.

"Thank the Lord, it's all right!" thought Dick, as, peeping in at the window ten minutes later, he saw Dolly enthroned upon Mr. Bopp's knee, both her hands in his, and an expression in her April countenance which proved that she found it natural and pleasant to be sitting there, with her head on the kind heart that loved her; to hear herself called "*mein Liebchen*"; to know that she alone could comfort him for little Ulla's loss, and fill her empty place.

"They make a very pretty landscape, but too much honey isn't good for 'em, so I'll go in, and we'll eat, drink, and be merry, in honour of the night."

He rattled the latch and tramped on the mat, to warn them of his approach, and appeared just as Dolly was skimming into a chair, and Mr. Bopp picking up the spoons, which he dropped again to meet Dick, and kissing him on both cheeks, after the fashion of his country, as he said, pointing to Dolly,—

"See, it is all fine again. I forgif you, and leave all blame to that bad spirit, Me-phistopheles, who has much pranks like that, but never pays one for their pain, as you haf me. Heart's dearest, come and say a friendly word to Richart, then we will haf a little health: Long life and happiness to the King of Clubs and the Queen of Hearts!"

"Yes, August, and as he's to be a farmer, we'll add another: 'Wiser wits and better manners to the Knave of Spades.'"

—From "*Hospital Sketches and Stories*."



## A LULLABY.

(Illustration, Page 697.)



HUSH! hush! The night draws on;  
The sun has long since set;  
And the fast-closing flowers  
With heavy dews are wet.  
Shut close thine eyes;  
Twilight is darkening the skies.

Hush! hush! All sounds are still;  
The birds are gone to rest;  
The mother-bird keeps warm  
Her young within the nest.  
Shut close thine eyes,  
For the last songster homeward flies.

Hush! hush! The moonbeams fall  
Upon the Summer leas;  
The night-wind murmurs soft  
Among the dusky trees.  
Shut close thine eyes,  
For the last streak of daylight dies.

Hush! hush! The day is done.  
Lie down, my child, and sleep;  
The silver stars above  
For thee a watch will keep.  
Shut close thine eyes;  
Sweet peace upon thy pillow lies.

Hush! hush! And happy dreams  
All through the silent night.  
Fear nothing; slumber on  
Until the morning bright.  
Shut close thine eyes,  
For angels sing thy lullabies.

—Chambers's Journal.

## A TORNADO ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

OUR steamer had touched at Memphis, Tennessee, on a sultry evening in June 1858, and having discharged freight and taken on passengers, we put out, and headed up river under full steam. To enjoy the time and scene more perfectly, I had drawn a chair to the front rail of the veranda-deck, and sat in a lotus-eating frame of mind gazing at the magnificent panorama which every bend up river unrolled before the eye. The glorious flood of the Mississippi upon which we were now sailing, swelled as it then was by the great "June rise," caused by the melted snows of the Rocky Mountains, rolls down in majesty towards the sea, giving in its course two thousand five hundred miles of navigable water, and colours the Gulf of Mexico for sixty miles from the Belize with its milky hue.

I was chatting with a gentleman who was engaged in the Santa Fé trade, when suddenly there fell upon us a thick darkness, preceded by a spattering of large rain-drops. I should rather say that we were enveloped in a thick blackness, as if the scene had been almost instantly veiled by a velvet pall. The next moment, and with a roar and thunder-crash so terrible, so deafening, as to almost suspend the action of the heart, a tornado was upon us. Pushing back my chair involuntarily, I

felt the deck cant up to starboard, so as to unseat me; and scrambling toward the weather-rail, I heard a terrific crash through the hurricane-deck overhead, as the two great smoke-stacks (or funnels, measuring some twelve feet in circumference) were broken off close to the upper deck, their strong iron stayrods snapping like hempen cord, and the entire upper works of the vessel strained out of position.

The rain had become a blinding deluge, the roll and crash of the thunder deafening, and the horrors of the scene rendered more awful by the rapid flashes of sheet-lightning which momentarily lighted up the tumultuous river, now raging like a mad whirlpool. Fearing that the whole upper works of the boat would go by the board, I crawled to the larboard stairway leading to the hull-deck, and proceeded to pull myself down, which it required all the strength of desperation to do, against the solid force of the wind; but on gaining the lower steps of the flight, I found a group of the deck-hands, and the mate (a herculean man of iron courage) urging them with terrible oaths to do something which he wanted done, but which their wild terror rendered them powerless to execute. Some four or five of their number had been blown overboard and lost, and the remainder were now deaf

to anything but an impulse to cling for dear life to something or anything, in the darkness and terrors of the time.

The conviction instantly flashed on me that, in the event of the vessel going down, there would be no chance for life in my then position; so, lifted rather than crawling up the stairway, I regained the cabin deck, where, on my hands and knees, passing round the larboard side, I came to a door-way leading into the saloon. Entering this, I found everything in confusion, the furniture being all displaced. But the pendent lamps were still alight, and the relief of being able to see was very great, though counterbalanced by the feeling, that at any moment the whole cabin or boat might heel over and be swallowed up in the maddened river. I crawled into my state-room to secure a life-preserver (two of which were in each berth); and on coming out saw, seated against the lower side of the cabin, one of our passengers—an invalid far gone in consumption, who had been in California, and was now returning home to die. He sat calm and collected amidst the outcry and wild confusion that prevailed throughout the saloon, and addressing me, asked if there was another life-preserver there.

"Yes," I replied, "there is."

"Will *you* give it to me?" he continued, "as I'm not well able to help myself, and the folks here are so mortal skeered, I can't get any of them to do me that favour."

Returning quickly to the state-room, I procured a life-preserver; and handing it to him, asked hurriedly, whether he would take his chance in the cabin, or if I should help him outside.

"No," said he; "I'm obliged to you; but look out for yourself. I'll stay here—it don't make much matter nohow."

Passing out on the door I had entered by, I felt my way forward to a ladder-way leading up to the hurricane-deck; my idea being, that if the boat heeled over, I would be in a better position there, as not being liable to be caught by any top-hammer in her going down. On reaching the opening to the upper deck, I found that one of the smoke-stacks, in falling, had crashed through a portion of the steering-house, and lay partially over the aperture through which I had to pass—the space left being barely sufficient to allow the forced passage of my body; this I essayed. Having succeeded with difficulty, I lay flat in the vicinity of the texas, as the cabins on the upper deck appropriated to the pilots are called.

I had been in this position but a few minutes, when, with a splintering crash, the larboard wheel-house was blown into atoms, as if it had been paper; and at the same time the pantry on deck below was smashed in—

its contents making a din which was audible above the storm—and gave the idea that the machinery of the boat had given way. A vivid flash of lightning shewed me a twenty-foot ladder lying a few yards aft, towards which I drew myself; and pulling off a black silk handkerchief from my neck, I tied my left arm above the elbow to the last rung, in order that, if carried down by the swirl of the boat, the ladder would help to bring me to the surface, even should I lose my hold. Another flash of sheet-lightning, and I saw a man at the other end of the ladder, and he seeing me at the same instant, shouted: "How long before she goes down?"

I shouted back to him: "The wheels are still in motion: she may reach shore without going over—keep cool. Is the ladder free at your end?"

"Yes," he answered, as I felt him try it.

"We'll know our fate in five minutes," I added, and neither of us spoke again. Oh, those five minutes! never have I passed such in the course of a long diversified life, and I trust never shall again.

I had tried in vain to get off my boots and coat, the blinding rain and the force of the storm preventing a successful effort; and as I lay with quickened breath, expecting the instant climax, there was a dull heavy thud, that made everything shake, a bright flash of light from the lower deck, as the furnace-doors were flung open, and above us we saw the steep clay bank and dark outline of the forest trees of the Tennessee shore, against which we had been driven. I instantly began to free my arm from its lashing, but the silk handkerchief having strained, made it difficult to unloose its knot. While so engaged, I saw the man who had hold of the other end of the ladder, dash wildly across the deck towards the top of the starboard wheel-box, evidently intent on jumping from it to the steep and crumbling bank which now overhung us. Not being yet free, I could not rush to stop him, so I shouted with all my might: "Don't jump!" But not hearing, or unheeding me in his terror, he sprang, and was lost. Getting loosed at last, I made my way quickly to the lower deck, where a terrible scene of tumult and confusion presented itself. The open furnaces gave abundant light, and the boat was held against the bank by the force of the wind, but was being slowly moved down stream with a grating motion, influenced by the current. The captain and crew, with many of the passengers, were in a group on the forward deck; the former, silent and quite unnerved; but the mate—with no clothing on him save a red flannel shirt, the sleeves rolled above the elbow, and pantaloons thrust into a pair of long cowhide boots, his thick hair hanging in drenched masses about his face—rushed forward with a



broad axe in his hand, and in a voice which rang above the din of the elements, shouted to the crew: "Stand by, every man of you! I'll cut down any one who don't do as I tell him. Get out a plank here; go ahead with larboard wheel; up with that plank—*up* with it!" he roared, as a long stout plank was run up at a sharp angle to the top of the bank. "Bring a rope!" he continued; and seizing an end of it when brought, he took one of the most active of the crew, passed it with a double half-hitch round his body, under the arms, and thrusting him forward to the deck-end of the plank, shouted: "Six of you here, stand by this plank, and keep it fair." Then addressing the man with the rope, he said: "Up with you, and make that rope fast on the bank."

"I'll never be able to get up that plank, Mr——," said the man, hesitating.

"Up with you!" shouted the mate fiercely, at the same time pushing him on to the plank, up which, thus urged and helped, he scrambled on hands and knees, ever and anon slipping in his effort. "Pay out! slack the rope, one of you; bring a pole here!" shouted the mate; and seizing it when handed to him, he pushed it up after the man. "Put one foot on the pole; grip hard; look alive! *You'll* do it!" he cried, as all eyes were bent on the poor fellow, who was doing his best to obey orders.

Notwithstanding the help of the wheel, the boat was all this time drifting, and there was great difficulty in keeping the plank from swaying or being overturned as it passed along the uneven edge of the bank. Once or twice the man was all but turned off from his perilous position, saving himself only by clasp of both arms and legs; but at length he won the top, and scrambled on shore amid the cheers that involuntarily burst from all present except the mate, who grimly shouted: "Shut up! Pay out the rope; look alive, you up there; make fast!" and presently there came back from the bank above the cry: "All fast, sir." The rope being now secured on the boat, we lay steady; and the tempest, which had been moderating for some minutes, passed away almost as suddenly as it had come upon us.

The sky was as it seemed unveiled, and we could now see our position clearly. We lay on the east shore, opposite the southern point of Flower Island, and presented a pitiable appearance of wreck. The hull was safe, and had been partly prevented from overturning by its heavy cargo of sugar hogsheads; but mainly by the heroic action of our pilot, who stood to his wheel faithfully throughout the fearful ordeal, and succeeded in keeping her head to the tempest, which, had it taken her broadside, would have inevitably capsized her. I will here describe the pilot and his action.

In person he was a thin, delicate-looking man of about thirty years of age, a native of Nashville, Tennessee, of a silent habit, and the cast of his thought tinged by a deep but quaint seriousness. I had spent a good deal of my time on the voyage in the steering-house, and became much interested in him; the more so, as I could not but see that he was suffering from consumption. He felt and spoke as if his life would not be a long one, and was given to speculate on the existence which lies beyond the stars. He was in charge of the wheel when we were struck by the tornado; and I append his account of the circumstances as narrated to me that night.

When I sat with him in his cabin, and he had so far recovered from exhaustion as to be able to converse, he said to me: "I had headed her out to pass close by Flower Island, and cut off the bend, as well as to escape the current which sets into it; when I saw the storm coming, and had only time to pull the wheel hard down, so as to bring her head to it, when it became so black that I couldn't see, and thought I had been stricken blind by the lightning. She didn't come up quick enough to the helm; and the next thing I knew was the breaking of the smoke-stacks, the larboard one falling on the steering-house close to me, and smashing it right down to the deck, the remainder of the light work of the house being blown away; and I had to turn my back to the wind as much as I could, to catch my breath. I next heard the wheel-house go; and when the pantry was blown in, I *did* believe she had burst up. I began to feel my arms giving way from the strain, but I knew that if I *let that wheel up a point*, she'd go right over; so I got my feet jammed against the wheel-frame, and held on like grim death until she took the bank; and when she did strike, I was so fastened on to that wheel, that I couldn't let it go for some time."

I asked him how he felt, and what he thought at the time. "Well," he continued, "I *felt* that it was all up with us; but I *thought* just of one thing, and that was, to hold the wheel hard down until we struck. Well, when we did strike, and they threw open the furnace-doors below, and that I found I was not blind, I felt good; but was so played out by the excitement, that I could scarcely crawl down to my cabin, all energy seeming to have left me when I let go!" Such was the account of this brave and modest man, who, had he been less heroic, would have endeavoured to save his own life by leaving the wheel, although in so doing he would almost certainly have lost it and also those of all on board. And here I may say that his was but an instance of the courage, devotion, and faithfulness which have at all times distinguished the pilots of the Missis-

issippi, one of whom, not long before, had stood at his wheel when the boat had taken fire, and held to his post until he had beached her, whereby the lives of all on board were saved except that of the heroic man himself. Like the famous James Maxwell, he remained faithful to his charge, and was burned to death, though he might have saved himself by jumping overboard, had his soul been compounded of any less noble element than that which impelled him to sacrifice his own life to save those of the passengers.

We had not been moored more than half an hour, when a great portion of the bank against which we lay "caved in," and falling on the guards of the ladies' cabin, carried them sheer down, depositing some fifty tons of earth on our lower deck. All hands, crew and passengers alike, had to turn to at once and clear this off, so as to right her. It was a work of great labour, and had to be done in a hurry, as we feared another "slide" might take place. When we succeeded in getting her on an even keel, the mate gave orders to cut the mooring-rope, and let her drift until we reached a safer bank. This was done; and about a mile down stream we came to a woodyard, where we tied up, to repair damage and count loss. As to the former, we found, in addition to the broken smoke-stacks, that the whole upper works of the boat had been wrenched from position, one wheel-box gone, most of the deck-cargo lost, and rudder strained. As to loss of life, some five of the deck-hands and three passengers were missing.

By the afternoon of next day, we had so far repaired damages as to continue our voyage, but had to organise relays of the passengers, forming gangs, which "stood by" with buckets of water passed up from below, with which the showers of sparks, which were continuously poured out by the stumps of the

smoke-stacks, were extinguished as they fell thickly over the hurricane-deck. A thick fog fell as the sun went down, and being off duty, I had gone to my state-room, and lay down to rest. Being much exhausted, I fell asleep almost immediately, and had been so for about an hour, when I was suddenly thrown with violence out of my berth, and heard at the same instant a general crash. As soon as I recovered my senses, I thought that the boilers had burst, and rushed into the saloon, where the tables, chairs, panel mirrors, &c., were strewn promiscuously on the floor, and the passengers rushing wildly about asking what was the matter. Picking my way quickly out on the forward guards, I heard a great hubbub on the lower deck, the voice of the mate rising above the din: "Starn all! full speed! man the pumps there," &c. Going down, I found that we had run full speed head on against the bank, the fog being so dense that you could not see anything a rod off. The consequence was that we had bent our keel, sprung a leak, and were making water very fast. The pumps were vigorously plied; but after an hour's hard work, the carpenter reported the leak increasing. Here again the resourceful judgment of the mate came to the rescue. He got the greater portion of the sugar hogsheads taken up from the hold, and placed one half away aft, and the other well forward, and thus, as he said, "straightened out the back-bone of the darned thing;" the result being that in two hours we had pumped her dry, and went upon our way rejoicing, reaching Cairo that night. At that point I left the boat, to proceed to St. Louis, while she went upon her voyage up the Ohio; and as I stood on the landing-stage and saw the extent of the damage she had sustained, I had a realising sense of the force and fury of the hurricane, which had so nearly proved fatal to all on board.

—Chambers's Journal.

## THE MAN-EATER.

"**S**ORRY for you, Mr. Edwards, but there's no help for it," said the staff-officer in charge. "Here is the lieutenant-governor's despatch—read it, if you like—conveying peremptory orders from Calcutta, in compliance with the desire of the India Office, to stop the works. It is a hard case, I admit, but I have no option. I am to pay up your salary to the date of legal notice, and that is all."

I, Raymond Edwards, was then a surveyor employed in laying out the Raneepore branch of the Carnatic and Malabar Railway, and the

sudden decision of my superiors came upon me with all the startling suddenness of a death-blow. Poor, and encumbered with a sick wife and a child, I could not hope to reach the nearest presidency town, Bombay, on the meagre travelling allowance to which I was entitled. We therefore lingered on, in our hired bungalow, built on one of the lower spurs of the Western Ghauts, awaiting the result of an urgent appeal for temporary aid, which I had addressed to a friend, then in high military command in Central India.

Time passed on; the works were suspended, the arrears paid up, the labourers dismissed, and yet perforce we remained residents of the unhealthy station of Chota Mahal, the primeval forests stretching on one side to our very doors, while on the other soared aloft the peaks of the mountain range, rising, a giant wall, between us and more civilised regions.

How often did I upbraid myself for the folly which had induced me, on the strength of a mere temporary engagement, to bring my delicate wife and the boy into a district so unfavourable, now that the cold season was at an end, to health. But hopes had been held out to me of a far better post at Oodeynuggur, and Ernestine had made light of the risks and hardships of the Mofussil, and—and I had been a fool.

Now I was poor, and unemployed, and the small hoard of rupees was lessening fast, for Ernestine required comforts that it was hard to provide in that out-of-the-way corner of Western India. Little Arthur was well as yet, but the sickly heats of a tropical summer were coming on, and—"News, but not good, Edwards," said the kindly doctor, as he came in to pay his daily visit to my ailing wife. "This post brought me a letter from my brother at Jhansi. General Morris—your friend, you know—has started, on sick leave, for England. I am afraid your letter will have to follow him to Cheltenham."

This was bad news indeed. Months must elapse before I could receive a reply. The good-natured doctor, and the other minor officials, were needy men, and unable to lend me the wherewithal to—

"Sahib, another death!" reported a passing policeman, lifting his hand, in salute, to his turban, as he passed my door. "This time, it was a decent man, a shroff from the bazaar, that the man-eater pounced on. That makes nine-and-twenty deaths that the cunning brute—accursed be his sire and grandmother!—has to answer for. And the reward is to be raised, our lord the magistrate says, to fifteen hundred rupees; not that anyone is likely to venture in upon that four-footed fiend. On Monday last he killed the sixth ferryman at Nagal Jat."

The animal of which the policeman spoke was a famous man-eating tiger that had for months been the terror of the neighbourhood, and that haunted the outskirts of the village, carrying off, now a herdboy, now a girl filling her brass water pitcher beside the tank, and especially molesting the solitary boatman who plied at the Nagal Jat ferry, no fewer than six of these poor fellows having perished in the course of ten weeks through the malice of the man-eater, whose den was believed to be among the caverned rocks near the river. Extra rewards, in addition to the usual head-

money granted, had been offered by Government, for the destruction of the beast, but he was too wary to be trapped or poisoned, while the native shikarries did not care to risk their skins on such an errand as tracking the enemy to his lair.

But fifteen hundred rupees! That hundred and fifty pounds meant much to a man in my case—meant Ernestine's safe removal to the breezy seacoast near Bombay, where comfort and change and medical skill would bring back the hue of health to her pale cheek, and escape for little Arthur from a climate unfit for European children. It was a desperate venture, but still the idea of it took hold of my mind, and I resolved to stand the hazard.

There were not, in that station, sportsmen, provided with the necessary outfit for tiger-hunting, but, had there been, the country was too rough for the use of elephants and beaters, and craft for craft could alone obtain an advantage over the skulking man-eater. Telling Ernestine that I was obliged to absent myself on business, and might not return till late, I left her under the care of her ayah, and set off for the ferry of Nagal Jat. A wild spot it was, amidst huge trees, and tall grass and bushes, and jutting rocks that overhung the river, where stood the ferryman's lonely cottage. Six of his predecessors had fallen victims to the tiger, and I found the new occupant of the post in somewhat low spirits, but resigned, with the strange fatalism of orientals, to die, "if it were so written." I could talk fluently in the vernacular, and easily, by the means of a rupee or two and a little persuasion, brought the man to agree to what I proposed.

An hour before sundown there arrived a party of native travellers to be ferried across, all of them with faces blanched by dread of the terrible foe that might take toll of their numbers, and all of them shouting and singing, and clattering their swords and clubs, or beating on gourds and drums, to scare away the monster. With this noisy company I crossed the river, and, when they had departed on their route, prepared to return, alone.

I well remembered that the ferrymen who had been killed by the man-eater had always been assailed on the way homeward from the river bank to the hut where they dwelt. On this fact I had based my simple strategy. Just before sunset, at the hour most propitious for a tiger's attack, I stepped alone into the heavy boat, and, leaving its owner on the bank, grasped the rude oars and rowed lustily towards the other shore. I knew too well the habits of man-eating tigers to be, on this occasion, in European garb. Had I worn my customary attire, it is probable that I might have passed close by the ambush of the striped

foe untouched, for a man-eater excels the fox in suspicious caution.

I wore, now, the scanty attire of a native of low rank, and had even taken the precaution to daub my neck and shoulders with the red ochreous clay from the river, lest my white skin should awaken doubts in the mind of the lurking brute. On landing, I made fast the boat, and, selecting the narrowest and least trodden of the paths that led through the bushes and tall jungle grass, advanced with leisurely step towards the hut. As I did so, I passed my hand within the broad cotton girdle that I wore, and beneath which were concealed my weapons—a large-sized Colt's revolver and a heavy hunting-knife. The pistol was cocked and ready for instant use. In such a case as this all depended on the judicious employment of moments.

I had not proceeded far before I felt, as by a curious sort of instinct, that I was not the only occupant of the jungle. I could hear

nothing. The velvet feet that regulated their pace by mine were noiseless, nor was there any sound of rustling, though the high grass, which rose above the level of a man's head, waved and bent to the left. I glanced aside, but could see nothing; yet I divined, as plainly as if my vision had been preternaturally sharpened, that I had been both seen and scented, and that the man-eater was pursuing a parallel course to mine, watching me as if it had been a cat in stealthy chase of a mouse. My heart throbbed wildly, but the memory of Ernestine's pallid face and wistful eyes arose to give me courage. It was too late now to flinch. I must do or die.

All this time my mind was quite clear, and my train of reasoning lucid enough. I had only once before shared in hunting a tiger, but I knew their habits by report, and was careful to keep moving at an even pace, knowing that to run or to halt would be alike certain to precipitate the attack. At length I



AMERICAN CENTENNIAL.—MAIN BUILDING.—SEE MISCELLANEA.

saw before me an open space where the grass had been mown, probably to feed the goats of the ferryman, whose thatched roof I could see between the peepul trees. The time for action had come. The grass and boughs to the left were trembling under some pressure. I made one step forth from the screen of tangled vegetation, stood motionless, listening, for an instant, and then fell forward on my hands and knees upon the turf.

Quick as I was, I was but just in time. There was a low hoarse roar, and over my head flew, as if propelled by a catapult, a huge dark shape. The man-eater had made his spring and missed his stroke. Had I chosen, having won this first point in the game, to act a passive part and play for safety, I could probably have come uninjured out of the affray. An unwounded tiger, and especially the cruel and cowardly brute that has acquired a propensity for human flesh, is almost sure to slink off abashed after a failure so signal. This, however, was not in my

plan; and, before the baffled tiger could gather himself up, I was on my feet, and had fired three shots at close quarters.

Bang! bang! bang! rang out the sharp reports, as the ounce-bullets sank, with a dull thud, into the soft striped hide; but words are too weak to express the rapidity with which the man-eater turned upon me, or the hate and fury that glistened in those terrible green eyes. Again the tiger lowered his head and arched his back for a spring. With all the coolness that I could muster I took aim at the glaring eyes, but almost as I pulled the trigger I was hurled to the earth with a violence that left me breathless and dizzy on the ground, while across me lay the tiger, its handsome head resting on a tuft of moss and wild flowers, and the blood welling fast from wounds in its neck and side. Its weight fairly pinioned down my right arm, and, although the revolver, with two chambers yet loaded, lay within reach, I could not make a motion towards it.



The tiger was dying! Of that there was not much doubt. Even the quick heaving of the striped flank told that my bullets had taken fatal effect. But the great cat of India, like his congener the lion, is tenacious of life, and it might well be that the man-eater, before he died, would sate his vengeance on the prostrate foe who seemed so utterly at his mercy. I was, save for a few bruises and a trifling scratch on one shoulder, unhurt, but—

Heavens! The fierce brute had remembered me at last, for he had lifted his head, and his glowing eyes were fixed, with a malignant gaze, on mine. Slowly, and with an effort that was evidently painful, the creature turned its head towards me, and, with blood mingling with the foam on its whiskered lips, crawled forward. As the weight that pressed on my right arm was partially removed, I struggled, and by a great exertion freed my wrist and

got hold of the pistol. Through the fast deepening twilight I could see the fierce eyes approach me, and already I seemed to feel the white fangs close on my bare throat. Almost mechanically I fired. There was a snarling cry, and a convulsive movement of the huge limbs, and I think I must have fainted, for the next thing that I remember is that I was being dragged from beneath the dead tiger. The victory was won.

The carcass of the striped monster, tied to bamboos, was carried, with dances and drum, into Chota Mahal by the overjoyed villagers, and the reward for the destruction of this notorious pest enabled me to remove my wife and child to Bombay, where the former, I am thankful to say, was restored to health. Some benefit may accrue, after all, from an interview with a man-eating tiger.

—All the Year Round.

## MISCELLANEA.

**THE RENDEZVOUS.**—By Carl Becker.—(See *Frontispiece*.)—Carl Becker has not been inappropriately called "the author of Venetian genre," and, in the fine picture here reproduced, we have a characteristic specimen of his style. Two lovers have sought a secluded retreat in which to whisper their vows, when they are surprised by the approaching footsteps of an intruder. The scene might have been laid on the stage of a theatre before or after a rehearsal, when gazing eyes and listening ears are supposed to be absent. The timid maiden, apprehending discovery, is hastily drawing the curtain to conceal her companion from observation, while he is imprinting on her fair hand the kiss of a hurried farewell. Scenes not unlike this have been enacted in other places besides theatres, and the picture should convey a practical admonition to all meddlers and eavesdroppers to mind their own business.



**THE AMERICAN CENTENNIAL—MAIN BUILDING.**—(Illustration, Page 704.)—The world has not ceased to be interested in the great exhibition at Philadelphia, although two-thirds of its allotted term of duration have already passed. Observing our usual habit to present our readers with current events of popular interest, we give in this number a pictorial illustration of the Main Building, which measures eighteen hundred and eighty feet long, four hundred and sixty-four feet wide, forty-eight to the cornice, and seventy to the roof-

tree. The building is constructed of rolled iron, bolted together in segments, so that, when the great exhibition is finished, it can be taken apart and erected elsewhere. Through the long aisles of this immense central palace one may make a voyage around the globe, taking a peep at every civilised nationality under the sun. Four miles of water and drainage pipe underlie the twenty-one and a half acres of plank floor in this building. The pillars and trusses contain thirty-six hundred tons of iron, and the entire cost was nearly a million and a half of dollars.

We give on this page likewise a small view of the British Building, which is only one of a great number on the exhibition grounds representative of the different nations of the old world and the various States of the American Union.

**VISITORS AT THE CENTENNIAL.**—The Centennial has proved to be a splendid success in every respect but the

number of admissions. In extent and variety of objects and special attractions it surpasses any former exhibition, while in the display of useful arts and inventions, and objects of historical interest to America it is peculiarly attractive. Foreign visitors do not hesitate to pronounce it the largest and most interesting international exhibition that has yet been held, and declare that it is richly worth a voyage across the Atlantic to see. But the Americans have not shown the interest in it which was expected they would manifest, and

the attendance, thus far, has fallen considerably short of expectations. The admissions up to this time amount to about 2,545,000, and the time is more than half gone; but it was calculated that the total number of visitors would reach at least 10,000,000. The Vienna Exhibition had 200,000 more visitors than this has had in the same time, and that was unsuccessful, while the Paris Exhibition had 4,502,225, or nearly double. It is natural to count largely on the visitors the cooler autumn days will bring.

**LEIPZIG FAIRS.**—Three times in the year—that is to say, at Easter, Michaelmas, and Christmas—occurs one of the great Leipzig fairs, lasting for several weeks at a time. Two of these fairs (the Spring and Autumn) are so old that the date of their origin cannot be ascertained. They are known, however, to have been institutions as early as 1178. The other dates from 1459, thus appearing to be a pretty elderly fair. While a fair is in progress, business may be said to be wholly transacted in the squares and streets, which are crowded with stalls and booths, and rendered for any purpose except that of buying and selling, exceedingly inconvenient and disagreeable. Each branch of business has its own quarter, and the display of wares is very great. Silks, cloths, furs, leather, books, seem to be the merchandise most traded in, but there is scarcely any description of goods which is not exposed in greater or less quantity. The Spring fair is emphatically the book fair, and an immense book business is said to be done at that time. The population of the town is about doubled during fair time, the natives from far and near choosing to make their purchases then, and a popular belief prevailing that the fair is the place to get things good and cheap. I have, however, heard quite a different statement made by persons who have had opportunities of forming a correct opinion. They say, "Never buy anything in the fair; you will get what you want just as cheap in the shops, and by buying there run a far less chance of being imposed on." As far as I can judge, the fair goods are generally inferior. In the Winter fair, with the cold such as I have described it, it can be no pleasant way of dealing to stand for many hours in a wretched booth with one side open. And if it be miserable by day, what must it be by night, when, of course, some one has to remain with the wares! Yet the fair seems to be a time of general hilarity. Every one is in good humour, and nobody looks at all distressed by the weather. You see groups of people, with the snow all around them, boiling coffee in the open air and taking their refreshment as leisurely as if they were in a comfortable room. None of us know what we may be broken to until the experiment is tried. Notwithstanding that railways now extend all over Germany, purchasers frequent the great Leipzig fairs as much as ever they did, as far as I can understand. But gatherings of this kind are anachronisms, and these must become obsolete before long. A great deal of the simplicity and honesty of the Germans will probably become obsolete at the same time, more's the pity; but I think we know pretty well by this time that the "progress" about which we are fond of talking is by no means an uncheckered benefit.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

**A CONTRIBUTION TO ART.**—A photographic inventory is being made of all the valuable works of art, statuary, and *articles de vertu* contained in the collection at Windsor Castle. The work has already taken some time, and some years or more of constant labour will be required before the whole of the unrivalled collection can be photographed. When the inventory is complete it will be almost invaluable, and art

students may be expected to benefit considerably by the reproductions likely to follow.

**A PRECOCIOUS BOY-PAINTER.**—The Paris Fine Arts Exhibition of the present year contained two curious pictures: "A Vase of Violets," and "Daisies and Chrysanthemums," signed Louis de Schryver. But the owner of that name is a boy of only twelve and a half years old. A few days before taking his pictures to the *Salon* he went to ask the advice of M. Philippe Rousseau. "Sir," said he, showing his two canvasses, "do you think the jury will consent to receive these?" "First of all, on whose behalf do you come?" "On my own." "You, however, did not paint these?" "I beg your pardon, sir, I did." And, taking up the brush and palette of the master, he in a few minutes sketched off a flower. The two pieces were duly approved by the judges, and the painter has adopted the young artist, who, without ever having had a lesson, painted well enough to gain admission to the *Salon*, at an age when boys generally prefer a game at marbles to studying the art of painting.

**THE WAGNER MEDAL.**—The great festival in Bayreuth is not likely to be soon forgotten, and among other methods of commemorating it the striking of a medal is a most appropriate one. Professor C. Wiener, the eminent German sculptor, has designed such a memorial, which has been struck in Britannia metal, silver, and bronze, and has on one side an excellent portrait of the great composer, and on the reverse the chief incidents of his recent musical drama. The medal measures in circumference seventy millimeters, and will doubtless find a ready sale.

**A LOSS TO THE MUSICAL WORLD.**—Carl Bergmann, for many years leader of the Philharmonic and Arion societies in New York, died a few weeks since in the German Hospital in that city. He had been in poor health for a considerable time, and his death was hastened by extreme melancholy produced by the death of his wife, which occurred several months ago. After this event he became moody and morose. Sickness compelled him in the middle of last season to resign his position as leader of the Philharmonic Society of New York, which he had held for almost twenty years. From that time he rapidly declined in health and spirits, living a solitary and retired life, and shunning the company of his former associates. About a week before his death he was obliged to seek refuge at the German Hospital, where he died. Carl Bergmann was born at Ebersbach, Saxony, April 11th, 1821. His musical taste and talent manifested themselves very early in his life. When scarcely six years old he was placed under the instructions of Adolf Zimmermann, a Saxon musician of some note. His parents having removed to the city of Breslau, he became a student of Hesse, a renowned organist and composer, and in that city he commenced his musical career, first as cellist, then as soloist and leader of the Breslau orchestra. Bergmann was never a prolific composer, and most of his compositions, including several concert pieces, an opera, and a symphony, were written before he had attained his twenty-seventh year. From 1842 to 1848, as leader of several orchestras, he met with success in the cities of Vienna, Pesth, Warsaw, and Venice. Having taken active part in the rebellion of 1848, he was compelled to leave the country. He chose America as his future home, and in company with several musicians he arrived at New York in the autumn of 1849, and again

zealously devoted himself to his profession. In 1850 he became leader of the Germania Society, a position which he held until the disbandment of the society four years later. Together with Theodor Elsfield and Carl Anschütz he undertook the management of the Philharmonic Society, and when several years later his coadjutors returned to Europe, he became sole director, and it was largely through his exertions that the society attained its present standard of excellence. In 1855 he accepted the leadership of the Arion Society, and in the same year organised and conducted the great German Sängersfest which was held in the famous Winter Garden theatre. He also gave a series of grand concerts at the City Assembly Rooms, which became exceedingly popular. But he achieved a more notable success as conductor of German and Italian opera. The former he introduced at Niblo's Garden in 1856, and he conducted the orchestra at the Academy of Music on the memorable night of December 1st, 1865, on the occasion of the first production of Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine" in America, with Carozzi-Zucchi as "Selika," Mazzolini as "Vasco de Gama," and Bellini as "Nelusko." Bergmann early recognised the excellence of Wagner's music, and was one of the first musicians who sought to introduce the novelty of its style into the American concert-room. His funeral took place under the auspices of the Aschenbrödel Society, of which he was a member. On the night succeeding his death the body was brought from the hospital to the hall of the society in East Fourth Street, where many persons viewed the body. The services of the funeral were entirely musical; no minister was present and no burial service was read. As the coffin was borne from the house the members of the Arion Society intoned Bergmann's favourite song, the "Pilgrim's Chorus," from Wagner's "Tannhäuser," accompanied by a band from the Aschenbrödel Society. Preceded by the numerous musical associations to which Mr. Bergmann belonged, the body was borne to Greenwood Cemetery, where a simple musical service was conducted.

—N. Y. Tribune.

**PROFESSOR MOMSEN'S EXPLORATIONS.**—Prof. Mommsen has concluded his archaeological tour in Italy, and has returned to Berlin. He has everywhere met a hearty welcome. The mayors of the towns met him at the gates as the Dutch burgomasters met Erasmus. Prof. Mommsen has made many important researches on the Neapolitan territory, and returns to Berlin loaded with honours.

**A SENSATIONAL NAVIGATOR.**—The latest sensation in navigation has been achieved by an American named Alfred Johnson, who left Gloucester, Massachusetts, on the 18th of June last, in an open boat twenty feet long, and, after a voyage of two months, crossed the Atlantic, and landed at Liverpool. Johnson calls his little ship the *Gloucester*, but it has got, in common parlance, the title of "The Centennial Boat," in commemoration of the hundredth year of American Independence. He estimates that his average run during the voyage was seventy miles a day. The plucky Yankee says he has had about enough of this sort of navigation.

**NAPOLEON III. AS A JOURNALIST.**—The Emperor was not a ready speaker, and preferred to express his thoughts in anonymous writings, when he could say what he pleased, and incurred no responsibility. He had quite an itch for writing behind a screen, and had a strong personal love of the press. Sometimes he wrote long and rather prosy articles with his own hand supporting attacks on his own government—a trick

in the fabrication of certain shades of public opinion which he had, perhaps, learned from Palmerston. His dream was to have a journal of his own, and he had actually a finger in the pie of several new sheets which were popularly alleged to belong to the opposition. Sometimes he wrote things which startled his own censors; and on one occasion a publisher was arrested for selling a pamphlet which Cæsar himself had dictated, and in which he openly advocated a mystical sort of socialism. His ministers often betrayed each other with great impudence, and fell to loggerheads in the Council. Elsewhere they frequently made up their differences, and spoke of His Imperial Majesty, between themselves, as "*Le crapaud*."

**BRYANT'S "THANATOPSIS."**—"Thanatopsis" is the one poem by which perhaps more than any other the great American poet has earned his fame, and it will interest our readers to know the circumstances under which it was written. At the late commencement of Williams College, in reply to an inquiry from Dr. Prime when the poem was composed, Mr. Bryant said that, having joined the Sophomore class at Williams in 1811, he left it in May to go to Yale College. His hopes of entering the latter institution were disappointed on account of his father's limited means, and while at his home in Cummington one afternoon in the eighteenth year of his age, after wandering through the woods, he rested under the shadow of some majestic trees and wrote the poem. We need not inform our readers that this production of Bryant's boyhood has long been ranked among the classics of English verse.

**ANECDOTE OF JOHN FORSTER.**—My first acquaintance with this able and elegant critic, essayist, and biographer, was in 1833, when the *True Sun*, daily newspaper, was started, and with every appearance of becoming an important organ of the Liberal Party. Forster's career may be divided into three, if not four, periods, his earliest being that of journalism, as "one of the staff." He had studied, though not very earnestly, for the bar, but I am almost sure that he never put on a wig and gown in any court. The *True Sun* had two highly-qualified and energetic editors, (Carpenter and Bell,) the literary department being superintended by Laman Blanchard, while the dramatic and theatrical critic was John Forster. In the editorial room, I often met Douglas Jerrold, who, like myself, was an occasional contributor. Such elasticity of mind, and such ebullition of animal spirits, with responsive "scenes" as were displayed among these comparatively youthful journalists, has been very rarely, if ever, witnessed before or since, I should think, in any English editorial *sanctum*. For instance, it was on my second or third visit that the following scene, worthy of our best school-boy days, occurred. The three editors were seated in state at a long table, when a dispute arose between Jerrold and Forster on the acting of a certain play, concerning which the latter made some contemptuous remark with a dogmatic air, and concluded by pushing Jerrold "out of his way," in a half-jocose, half-scornful manner. In an instant his slight-made, but sinewy opponent, with an equally jocose ejaculation, darted upon the burly critic, threw him face forward upon the editorial table among the inkstands, "copy," and proofs, and administered a rapid and ridiculous castigation. With loud execrations the offended critic extricated himself, and, with an inflamed countenance, made headlong toward a large jug on the washing-stand, while Jerrold rushed out of the room and flew down the stairs, pursued by Forster, who discharged the contents of the jug with such force that the jug accompanied the water, leaving the handle in his hand. The water and the jug fell in one slushy smash upon the second land-



ing-place, but Jerrold was half way down to the third, and only received a small portion of the rattling shower. The editors, Bell and Carpenter, with grimly-suppressed smiles, announced that such doings must never be repeated. As for Blanchard, he went on busily with his pen, but laughing every now and then over his article. —*Temple Bar.*

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**FRÄULEIN MARIE S., Danzig.**—Thanks for your kind interest in our *MAGAZINE*; but you are mistaken in supposing that its present conductor designs to show any national partiality. "Gabriel Conroy" was commenced under Mr. Freiligrath's administration, and several other short American stories, which have appeared in our pages since his death, were selected by him. "Little Bobby" is not American, but appeared first in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*. A periodical like ours should be cosmopolitan, and we shall endeavour to make and keep it such.

**DIRECTOR H., St. Petersburg.**—*The Academy*, a weekly review of literature, science, and art, would give you much popular information of what is going on in the world of culture in Great Britain. It is published at 43 Wellington Street, Strand, London.

**MINA.**—No better evidence of the culture of the Germans in language is required than the thousands who read and

enjoy our *English Magazine*. To read a foreign language is, however, an easy task compared with writing it. Very few Americans and English learn to write German well, and not many Germans acquire such skill in English composition as to justify an appearance in print. Now and then, but rarely, we find an exception, for example in Max Müller, who is an excellent writer of English, and in Carl Schurz, whose orations in the American Congress deserve to be ranked with the best performances of Clay and Webster.

**BARONESS L., Wiesbaden.**—Mrs. Jameson's "Sacred and Legendary Art" contains the information which you seek.

**FRÄULEIN VON W., Hamburg.**—"Chambers' Cyclopædia of English Literature" would be an excellent work for you. Also, "Half Hours with the Best Authors."

**CHRISTINE N., Cassel.**—Prof. Lübke's "Grundriss der Kunstgeschichte" has been translated into English by Miss F. E. Bunnett, and is published by Smith, Elder & Co., London, and can be obtained through any German bookseller.

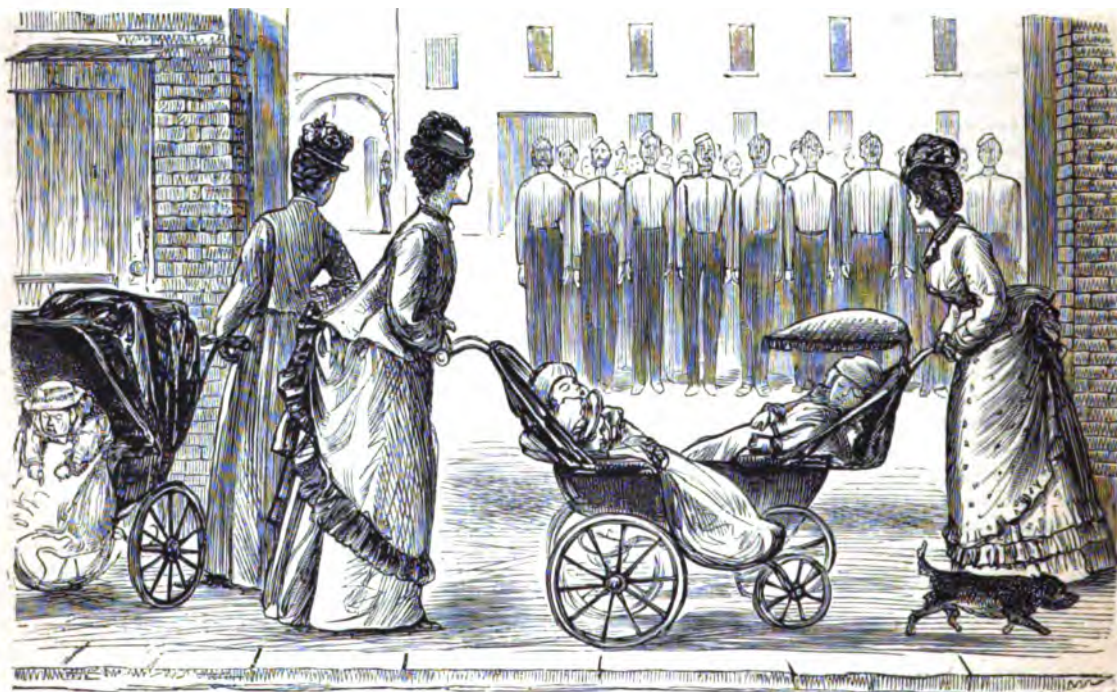
**J. M.**—We cannot advise you in such a matter.

**H. von T., Tübingen.**—Prof. Huxley's visit to America will be limited to a few weeks, and he will lecture but two or three times in that country.

**MINNA VON C.**—It would be invidious to institute a comparison between two such institutions. They are both good.

**COUNTRESS L., Berlin.**—An excellent English article on the good Queen Louisa of Prussia may be found in *Tinsley's Magazine* for January, 1876.

### OUR HUMOROUS PORTFOLIO.



### SELF-DENIAL.

SARAH-MARIA, BETSEY-JANE AND JEMIMER-ANN GO EVER SO MUCH OUT OF THEIR WAY EVERY MORNING TO PASS BY THE BARRACKS, "AS IT DO AMUSE THE CHILDREN TO SEE THE SOLDIERS HEXERCISIN'!"







A CANDIDATE FOR GLORY.

# HALLBERGER'S ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

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## JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

BY

M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

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### CHAPTER XXXI.

#### THE FACE IN OSWALD'S SKETCH-BOOK.

THAT idea of his brother's suicide took no strong hold upon Arnold after his conversation with Naomi; but he could not put the possibility out of his mind altogether. That his brother had suffered some disappointment—that a cloud of some kind had darkened his life—he was ready to believe. Oswald's latest letter had betrayed a mind ill at ease; that sudden determination to leave his country, while independence was still a new thing for him, and with every advantage in life that could make a young man happy, argued the existence of some deep-rooted sorrow, a misery that made familiar scenes hateful, and exile a welcome means of escape from the haunting memories that follow a fatal passion.

But, having resolved upon exile, could Oswald have been so weak or so wicked as to seek the darker and more desperate Lethe of the suicide? Arnold argued that his brother was too good and brave a man to contemplate, much less to commit, such a crime. But then Arnold had not read Werther, the apotheosis of suicide.

He went back to the Grange after his interview with Naomi, more than ever at sea as to his brother's fate, more than ever resolved to unravel the mystery. His first act was to make an enquiry which had some bearing upon the suicide question. Instead of entering the Grange by the hall door, Arnold

went under the old stone archway that led into the quadrangle, from which the kitchens and stables alike opened, being tolerably certain of finding Nicholas, the butler, sunning himself on the solid old bench beside the kitchen door.

There sat the old man, bareheaded, basking in the spring sunshine. It did not last very long, the sunshine of these April afternoons; but while it lasted there was warmth and a balmy sweetness in the air, and a yellow light that made all things lovely. The wallflowers blended their rich red and gold with the cool grays and purples of the old stone archway, the dark brown shadows on stable-doors and deep-set windows, the vermilion lights upon the tiled roofs. The stonecrop on the gables, the sage-green houseleeks nestling round the disused chimney-stacks, the fleecy clouds sailing high in a bright blue sky, were all beautiful to contemplate, but such familiar objects to the drowsy eye of old Nicholas, stretching out his feeble legs in the warmth, as he stretched them towards the kitchen hearth indoors, that he was scarcely conscious of their existence. If he had an idea at all about the old quadrangle, it was that all "they" wallflowers, and houseleek, and stonecrop, and rubbish ought to be swept away, and the whole place renovated with a coat of clean whitewash.

He was puffing slowly at his afternoon pipe when Arnold came up; but at the sight of his master he rose and did obeisance.

"Sit down, Nicholas, and go on with your pipe," said the sailor, in a friendly voice; "I want a little quiet talk with you."

The butler obeyed, and Arnold seated himself on the bench by his side, and took out



a short German pipe, which he carried in his pocket, and began to smoke. It was in the days when a German pipe was a mark of a traveller, when for a gentleman to smoke a pipe of any kind implied a republican turn of mind.

Captain Pentreath looked round the quadrangle. There was no one within earshot. The stable boy was throwing a pail of water at Herne's hind legs at the farthest end of the yard—a liberty which the animal bore with the resignation engendered of custom. Two fantail pigeons were puffing out their chests and spreading out their fans on the deep red tiles yonder; and a most vagabond collection of poultry was disporting itself on a golden mountain of straw in a distant corner—a mountain which would have made the old Squire wild with agony had he seen such a wasteful expenditure of litter; but Herne's bed now-a-days was a Sybarite's couch, Arnold having taken his brother's horse under his own especial protection.

"You remember the day my brother went away the last time, Nicholas; the day you got his trunks taken down to the coach office?"

"Yes, Captain; as well as if it was yesterday."

"Did you see him just before he left the house?"

"Yes; he called me into the hall as he was going out to give me his last orders about their trunks."

"Do you know if he carried pistols? There was a pair used to hang over the mantelpiece in his bedroom. I've noticed the mark of them on the wall where the panelling has changed colour. Do you know if he took them with him?"

"Yes, Captain. I saw the butt-end of a pistol poking out of his breast pocket. He wore a frock coat buttoned up tight, and there was just the end of the pistol showing. They was pretty little pistols, as small as tyes, and he was uncommon proud of 'em. They'd belonged to his great uncle, the Colonel, you see; and was furrin made. 'You beant going to carry they pistols, be ye, Squire,' said I, for I thought it was dangerous. But he said he wanted to take the pistols away with him, and he'd forgot to pack 'em in his box. 'And perhaps it's as well,' he says; 'for it beant wise to go on a coach journey without fire-arms;' and I says, 'Lawks, master Oswald,' for I forgets myself sometimes with un, and thinks he's still a bye, 'you ain't afeard o' highwaymen in these days, be ye, with the Reform Bill a comin' to make things pleasant to everybody?' But he on'y larfed, and shuk his head, and went out without another wurred."

"With a pair of pistols in his breast-pocket," thought Arnold, much disturbed by this in-

formation, for it seemed to jump with Joshua Haggard's idea of self-slaughter. He asked no further questions of old Nicholas, but went slowly to his own room—the large airy bed-chamber, with windows facing seaward, which had been Oswald's—and sat down at his brother's writing-table, to meditate upon the mystery that veiled the absentee's fate.

That there was a mystery of some kind, Arnold was fully assured. It was now high time that somebody in England should have heard from the wanderer. The brothers had corresponded more or less regularly in all the years of their separation, and Oswald had always been the best correspondent. The landsman had made excuses for the rover when Arnold's letters were in arrear, and had written by every mail, so that Captain Pentreath often found a packet of letters waiting for him when his ship came into port, full of pleasant gossip about the old home which he dearly loved, although he loved the sea better. That Oswald should be away nearly a year, living, and in his right mind, and in all that time make no communication with his brother, seemed improbable to the verge of impossibility.

"Where did he go when he left the Grange that August day?" pondered Arnold. "Some one must have seen him; some one must know something about him. The woman he loved—for whose sake he jilted that noble girl—she could give me the clue to the mystery, perhaps, if I only knew where to find her."

Who was she? Who was the object of that fatal passion which had darkened Oswald's life just when it seemed happiest? Arnold wondered exceedingly. Some one his brother had known in London, perhaps; for it could hardly be anyone at Combhollow without everyone in the place knowing all about it; and the people who talked to Arnold about his brother were clearly quite in the dark as to the reason of his falling away from his allegiance to Naomi. No, it could be no one at home, or he would have heard of it at the street corners; and yet it was evident to him that Joshua Haggard knew more about the circumstance of Oswald's sins or folly than he cared to tell. He had known enough to feel justified in breaking off his daughter's engagement—a strong measure, assuredly, where Naomi had so much to gain by the intended marriage. How had Oswald's conduct in London reached the Methodist minister's knowledge? That was puzzling. But even the remotest village has generally some channel of communication with the great city—some curious rustic, who has a brother or cousin living within sound of Bow Bells, and is occasionally gratified by his city friend with a dish of scandal. No latest rumour, or darkest insinuation about courts or princes, so inter-



esting to Mr. Chawbacon as the news of his brother parishioner's doings "up in London."

There stood Oswald's two big trunks in the deep recess by the chimney, one on the top of the other, just as they had been placed when the coach brought them back from Exeter. Might not one of these hold the clue to their owner's intentions when he left his home? Arnold had his sea-going tool chest close at hand. He had a good deal of mechanical skill, and had always rigged up his own cabin with the book-shelves and three-cornered brackets, and small conveniences that give a comfortable and civilised air to an apartment which, to the landsman's eye, looks like an exaggerated rabbit-hutch.

Arnold had picked the lock of the topmost trunk before he had time to reason upon his idea. It was an old leather-covered trunk of his father's; black with age, and iron-clamped at the corners, and so heavy in itself that it was a matter of comparative indifference to the person who carried it whether it was full or empty. Arnold lifted the lid with a curiously nervous feeling, as if some sudden and appalling revelation were lurking immediately beneath it.

This uppermost trunk contained Oswald's modest collection of books—the well-thumbed Shakespeare and Byron, the queer little duodecimo Tom Jones, and Joseph Andrews; Arnold took them up one by one, and looked at them tenderly. He, too, was a worshipper of that poetic star so lately set, and carried "Childe Harold" and "Don Juan" in his sea-chest, and had sat dreaming over their pages many a night, with no other light to read by than the broad tropical moon; he, too, was a lover of Shakespeare and of Fielding. He turned over the leaves of that battered old Byron meditatively, and it seemed to him that the volume opened at the saddest passages, as if the reader had dwelt with morbid fondness upon the complainings of a kindred despair.

Below the books there was an old leather writing-desk, and below that nothing but clothes and boots, packed with a careless roughness, which indicated haste or pre-occupation of mind on the part of the packer. In all the contents Arnold saw nothing that tended to his enlightenment, and he began to replace the things, putting them in carefully, with an orderly closeness of arrangement which reduced their bulk considerably.

He put in the books one by one, and had nearly finished his task, when his attention was caught by a shabby little volume without any title on the back, which had hitherto escaped his notice. It was bound in red morocco, and had grown dingy from much usage.

Arnold opened the book. It was a manuscript book, containing entries in Oswald's penmanship, alternated with pencil sketches, and

here and there a few verses, with much interlineation and alteration, to denote the throes of composition.

"This must tell me something," thought the sailor.

The pencil revealed the tastes of the owner of the little volume. The first pages were full of marine sketches, pencil dottings of familiar bits of coast. They brought back the memory of Arnold's boyhood—those old days when his chief delight was to get on board one of the fishermen's boats, and to be out at sea from dawn to sunset, or—better still—from sunset to sunrise. He had offended his father many a time by these unauthorised excursions, and his final offence had been an absence of three days and three nights at the beginning of the pilchard season. He had come home and begged pardon for his wrong-doing, but the Squire, who had suffered some pangs of paternal anxiety for the first time in his life, resented this trifling with his finer feelings, and gave the truant a ferocious flogging. Whereupon the sea-loving scapegrace made up his bundle, and set out after dark to walk to Bristol.

It was fifteen years since he had seen these picturesque bits of coast, Clovelly and Hartland Point, and the remoter glories of Bude and Tintagel. Yes, every angle of cliff, every jagged rock, brought back the fervour and freshness of his boyhood, the days when his love of the sea was a worship, and not a merely professional ardour.

There was the *Dolphin*, pitching and rolling in heavy seas, or mirrored in summer lakes of sultry calm. There were a good many attempts at versification in this earlier part of the book, all savouring of Byron—addresses to "My Barque," invocations to storm and ocean, all unfinished. Here, about midway in the volume, comes a woman's face—Naomi Haggard. Yes, although the likeness is by no means perfect, there is no mistaking the noble brow, the dark deep eyes, with their look of thought; the masses of dark hair. This face was repeated many times: the heavy eyelids drooping, the full eyes lifted, in profile, three quarter, full front; and now the poetic effusions took a bolder flight, and it was no longer the sea, but his mistress, the lover apostrophised. 'To N.' the verses were sometimes headed, or 'Midnight after leaving N.' First love rang the changes in tenderest gushes of sentiment. All the old platitudes, the stock comparisons were brought out, and the conventional Pegasus was duly exercised. He was not a winged horse to soar over the topmost pinnacle of Parnassus, but a quiet cob rather, warranted easy to ride and drive, a steed that took his rider over familiar ground at a gentle trot, and never showed the slightest inclination to bolt with him.

The middle of the book was entirely filled with sketches of Naomi, and verses to Naomi, and here and there a faint murmur against Naomi's coldness jotted down in prose. Then came a change: Naomi disappeared altogether; there were no more poetic efforts, but page after page closely written—a journal, evidently, kept from day to day. The earliest date was in the March of the previous year.

And now appeared a face which was unknown to Arnold; a girlish face, in a Puritan cap, delicately traced, as if the lightest touch of the draughtsman's pencil had not been fine enough to mark the ethereal character of his subject. Sweet face—now grave, now pensive, now touched with a vague melancholy, now with deepest sadness in the tender uplifted eyes—eyes that seemed to pity and deplore.

"This is the woman he loved," thought Arnold. He turned to the diary, and read a page at random. It was dated April 12, ten days before the Squire's death.

"She is here still. It is a new life which I lead while she is near me. Nothing can come of it but sorrow and parting, yet the lightest sound of her footstep thrills me with joy, an accidental touch from her little hand sets all my pulses throbbing. I cannot be unhappy in her presence—yet despair sweeps over my soul ever and anon, like a cloud across a sunlit landscape. My loved one, my dearest, why did we not meet sooner, or why meet at all? Two lives are sacrificed to a caprice of destiny—a cruel, hard and inexplicable Fatality, which rolls on like an iron wheel, and grinds men's hearts into the dust. I am almost an unbeliever when I think how Nature meant my sweet love for me, and me for her, and how Fate has come between and sundered us!"

"Poor Naomi! How true and good she is! How noble, single-minded, frank, unsuspecting. There shall be no more reviling of destiny. I will struggle with this wicked passion—struggle and conquer—or if I fail, end all!"

"Or if I fail, end all," Arnold repeated, musingly.

"Yes, my Naomi, I will remember the days when you were all the world to me—when I had no sweeter hope than a placid life spent in your company, when that calm friendship and reverent admiration which I felt for you seemed to me all that is best and noblest in love. For the sake of those days I will conquer myself and be true to you; and if there can be no more happiness for me, there shall at least be peace and quiet days, and a conscience at ease. Perhaps, after all, those things constitute real happiness, and this fever-dream

of passion is but a mock beatitude, like the wild brief joys of delirium, the flashes of unreasoning delight that fire the maniac's brain for a moment, to leave him lost in deepest gloom. Oh no, I do *not* believe that passion means happiness, any more than storm or lightning mean fine weather. Both are grand, both are beautiful; and they leave ruin and death behind them."

"When honour ceases to be my guide, let me perish."

"Death hovers near us, and our thoughts are full of sadness. A few days, a few hours may bring the inevitable end. Where she is, there is always sunshine. Her presence soothes me like tenderest music—like the songs my mother sang beside my cradle!"

"God help me, for my heart is breaking!"

Arnold read on for an hour. The journal continued in the same strain, with much repetition of motive—going over the same ground very often, as the writer argued with himself, and made good resolves, which were evidently broken as soon as made. It was the old story of a fatal, unconquerable passion. Sometimes the sorrow deepened to despair, and Arnold read with a sinking of the heart, feeling that a man who could write thus might not be very far from the suicide's state of mind.

The name of the object of such an unhappy love was not once written, and there was a general vagueness in the journal which left Arnold considerably in the dark. He only knew that the woman his brother loved had been one who lived near him—with whom he was almost daily associated—some one belonging to Combhollow. Who could she be? Arnold was very sure that he had never seen the original of those delicate pencillings in his brother's book. Oswald's likenesses of Naomi were good enough to prove that there must be some degree of likeness in the other portraits—unless, indeed, these were not portraits, only the semblance of some airy nothing that lived but in the draughtsman's fancy.

No, the same face appeared too often not to be real. The face and the confession of a fatal love came too near each other in the book for Arnold to doubt that the sketches were faithful portraits.

"I have been to the parish church every Sunday since I came home, and I have seen no face that bears the faintest resemblance to this," thought Arnold, sorely perplexed.

Naomi could perchance have enlightened him. Naomi must have known to whom her lover's heart had gone forth when she lost him; but it would have been direst cruelty to ask Naomi such a question.

"And if I knew all, would it tell me my

brother's fate?" Arnold wondered, sorrowfully; for since he had seen Oswald's diary it seemed to him that self-destruction was no improbable end for the writer.

"When a man once gets out of the right line, who can tell how far he may stray?" thought the sailor.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### REPUDIATED.

CAPTAIN PENTREATH went back to London on business of his own. He had to wind up his affairs with the shipowners who had employed him from the beginning of his career; and this was no easy matter, for the owners had rarely had so good a captain, and were disinclined to lose him. Arnold had made up his mind that his place was on shore for some time to come. His brother had left him the stewardship of his estate, and he meant to be faithful to that trust till Oswald came back to claim his own, if it pleased God to bring him safely back by-and-by—a result for which Arnold most fervently prayed. The neglect into which all things had fallen appealed strongly to the Captain's love of order; there was a pleasure for him in making crooked things straight. He assumed the command at Combhollow with as much decision as if he had been on board ship; and people obeyed him as well as his sailors had done; and it is to be remarked that the most popular commander is the captain who is best obeyed.

Business kept him in London some time; but when he went back to Combhollow he was a free man, and his career as land steward lay before him—till Oswald's return. Hope had argued the question with fear, until Arnold had taught himself to believe that the idea of Oswald's suicide was a morbid delusion of Joshua Haggard's, and that, sooner or later, the welcome letter would come from some remote spot of earth, to say that the young Squire had forgotten his griefs, and was happy, and homeward bound.

It was May when Captain Pentreath returned to the Grange, in this more hopeful state of mind. The Exeter coach came in to Combhollow at five o'clock in the afternoon, and after a hasty dinner Arnold went straight to the minister's house. He had made no friendships in his native place, and it seemed to him that Naomi Haggard was the nearest and dearest to him in his home. Had Oswald remained true, she would have been his sister. He felt all a brother's tenderness for her already.

"She shall be my sister," he told himself, "my friend and counsellor. Both our lives have been made lonely."

Mr. Haggard's family had just finished tea

when Arnold was ushered into the parlour. Sally had been carrying out the tea-board when she heard his knock, and had been so flurried by such an unusual circumstance as to be scarcely able to deposit her burden on the kitchen table without loss or damage. When she opened the door and saw Captain Pentreath, she gave utterance to one of those suppressed screams with which she always greeted his likeness to his brother. "It was like seeing the young Squire come back again, broader chested, and nobler looking," she told Jim, with whom she was on more confidential terms than with any other member of the household. Aunt Judith had gone back to the shop; Naomi sat reading by the open window; Joshua was in his armchair, his head thrown back upon the cushion, his eyes half closed. He was resting himself after one of those pilgrimages over hill and dale which had of late sorely exhausted him. His whole life was much more exhausting than it had been, the candle was being burned more fiercely. Traces of fatigue showed plainly in the sharpened lines of his face, in the pallor of his skin, and the shadows about his eyes.

There was no one else in the room.

Joshua Haggard opened his eyes and started up. He looked at Arnold curiously for a moment or so, as if he scarcely knew him—like a man not quite released from the thralldom of a dream.

"I'm afraid I've disturbed you in a comfortable nap, Mr. Haggard," said Arnold.

"No, I was hardly asleep—only resting."

"You look as if you had much need of rest."

"Do I?" asked the minister, musingly. "Well, the scabbard must wear out in time, I suppose. It matters little, if the sword is only bright till the last."

"You don't ask me if I have found out anything about my brother in London," said Arnold.

"Because I don't expect to hear that you have. I have told you my opinion," replied Joshua, gloomily.

"It is an opinion which I will never entertain until it is forced upon me by positive proof. My watchword is, Hope—yes, Naomi, Hope," he added, turning to Joshua's daughter, who was looking at him gravely, with no answering ray of hope in her sad eyes.

He held out his hand to her, and they shook hands warmly, like brother and sister. Joshua sank back into his chair, and took up an open volume from the table, and resumed his reading, as if to indicate that he had no more to say to his visitor.

This reception was so cold as to be scarcely civil; but Arnold was not going to take offence easily. He wanted to know more of Naomi. In his mind she was the only per-

son who could thoroughly sympathise with him in his longing for the absent, or in his grief for the lost. She alone in Combhollow had fondly loved his brother.

He began to talk of indifferent subjects, trying to infuse a little cheerfulness into the conversation; but there was a leaden gloom in the atmosphere of the minister's parlour which Arnold had no power to brighten. Naomi listened and replied with grave attention.

She was gentle and friendly, but he could not win a smile from her. She seemed weighed down by an unconquerable melancholy.

"Do they ever smile, I wonder?" thought Arnold. "Or has the household always this funereal air? Is it grief for my absent brother that makes her so sad? I should have given her credit for strength of mind to surmount such a grief, or at least to hide it. And the parson—well! I suppose that gloomy cast of countenance is simply professional."

Despite Naomi's lack of cheerfulness, Captain Pentreath was interested in her. That melancholy look lent a poetic air to her beauty. He felt that she was a woman of deepest feelings, one who would love but once and love for ever. Even Oswald's inconstancy had not weakened her affection. He would have given much to be alone with her again for a little while, to have talked freely with her, heart to heart. He felt as if he could have spoken about his brother, and his brother's errors, without wounding her. But that figure of the minister sitting between him and the light, oppressed him like a waking nightmare. There came an awkward silence presently, and Arnold felt he had no more to say, and must needs take his leave.

He had just risen to depart when the door opened, and a girl with fair hair, pale face, and Puritan cap, came into the room.

At sight of him she gave a faint cry and put her hand to her heart, and then, with a great effort of self-restraint, made him a grave courtesy, and crossed the room to an empty chair near Joshua.

"My God!" cried Arnold, turning very pale.

The sudden apparition wrung the exclamation from him before he had time to summon up his self-command. This was the face he had seen in his brother's journal. This was Joshua's young wife, of whose girlish beauty he had heard people talk, but whom he had never seen till this moment, for she had been ailing of late, and had kept much in her own room. And this was Oswald's fatal love—a love so wildly foolish, so deeply dishonourable, that it might well work the ruin of him who harboured it.

Joshua looked up as the door opened, and heard Cynthia's cry and Arnold's ejaculation, and saw the pale, startled look of one, the utter amazement of the other.

"He will be like his brother, perhaps," he thought gloomily, and an angry shadow stole over his dark face. He looked at his wife as she seated herself quietly near him. She was very white, and her lips trembled. This sudden appearance of Oswald Pentreath's brother affected her as if she had seen a ghost.

Arnold took a hurried leave of the minister and his daughter, made a grave bow to Cynthia, and was gone. He could not have conversed calmly after the revelation which had surprised and shocked him. It was an awful thing to know that his brother had been guilty enough to fix his affections here.

Did Joshua know or suspect the truth? Yes, Arnold thought, he did suspect, and this suspicion was the cause of his coldness about Oswald, and that gloomy tone which suggested animosity.

Having discovered the fatal siren who had beguiled his brother from the paths of peace, Arnold's next desire was to be able to question her about his brother's fate. Who so likely to be in the secret of Oswald's intentions at the time he left Combhollow, as the woman he loved? Doubtless he had contrived to see her during his last brief residence at the Grange, and he had told her what he meant to do with his life.

The difficulty was for Arnold to obtain an interview with Joshua's wife without doing harm of some kind. Joshua was unfriendly and repellant in his manner, very ready to suspect evils, no doubt, of anyone bearing the name of Pentreath. Arnold had also to consider Naomi's feelings. It was just possible that she was ignorant of her stepmother's part in the tragedy of her life.

Accident brought about a meeting which could have been only contrived with difficulty. Arnold had been out for a long rambling ride on Herne on the third day after his return to the Grange, and coming slowly homeward in the afternoon sunshine, he overtook Cynthia Haggard walking alone in one of the green lanes just outside Combhollow. She was walking very slowly, with bent head and listless step, like one whose thoughts are far away from the scenes that surround her.

The full western sunlight shone through the young oak leaves, the hawthorns were fleecy masses of white blossom, and filled the air with perfume, the sea glittered above the waving line of the hedge, and through the deep cleft in the rich red bank the little town of Combhollow showed its tiled roofs, and many gables, its mellow thatches, and cool gray slates, and shining ochre walls that seemed made of sunlight.

Arnold slipped quietly from his horse and put the bridle over his arm. Herne, having been as fiendish in behaviour as in name during the first half of his day's work, was



now in a calm and philosophic mood, and cropped the young ferns contently.

"Mrs. Haggard, may I have a few words with you?" Arnold asked, gently.

Cynthia had looked up startled at the sound of the horse's hoofs. She dropped a curtsy, and answered nervously:

"If you please, sir."

"You wonder what I can have to say to you, perhaps?"

"Yes, sir."

"And yet you must know that my mind is full of anxiety about my brother."

Her cheek crimsoned, and then paled.

"I am—we are all anxious," she said. "It is so strange that he has not written to you. He was not likely to write to anyone else—but to you, his brother, of whom he was so fond."

"You have heard him talk about me, then?" enquired Arnold.

"Very often. He looked forward so anxiously to your return."

"Would to God I had come sooner! I might have kept him at home, perhaps. Come, Mrs. Haggard, be candid with me. This mystery about my brother is making me very wretched. Cannot you help me? You may know something, perhaps, which no one else knows—something which might enlighten me as to his intentions when he left home. For Heaven's sake, be truthful with me. Do not be afraid to trust me. I know the trouble that made my brother leave his country. A diary of his fell into my hands a little while ago, with the story of his unhappy love written in it. I know that it was for your sake he became an exile. I implore you to tell me all you can that may help me to discover his fate."

Cynthia trembled, and grew deadly pale, yet looked at her questioner steadily. There was innocence in the look, Arnold thought. This was no guilty wife—but, not the less, a most unhappy woman.

"I know that he was going to America," answered Cynthia, "and I know no more than that."

"Did you see him on that last day?"

"I did. But pray do not tell Naomi or anyone else. No one knows of our meeting. It was a secret. He wished to say good-bye to me before he went."

"Were you the last person who saw him?"

"I think so. When he left me, he was going to the coach."

"Are you sure he meant to go by the coach?"

"He told me so."

Arnold's countenance fell. This gave a darker aspect to the affair.

"What time in the day did you see him?"

"About four o'clock in the afternoon."

"And where did you meet?"

"Will you promise to tell no one?"

"Yes, I promise."

"On Matcherly Common, by the old shaft."

"I know the place. We have played there many a time when we were children. Are you sure that no one knew of your meeting?"

"Quite sure."

"And that no one met you, or watched you, that afternoon?"

"I saw no one. I do not believe that anyone saw me."

"My brother told you he meant to leave by the coach; yet he did not leave by it. You saw him at four o'clock that last afternoon, and I cannot hear of anyone who saw him after that hour. It is strange—alarming even—is it not?"

"Very strange. But I trust in God that he is safe; though we do not know where he is."

"That's an easy way of putting it," said Arnold, with a shade of bitterness.

"No one can be more sorry for him than I am," answered Cynthia, with a sudden sob. "It is my sin to be so sorry."

"Poor child! Forgive me for speaking harshly. I fancy sometimes that everyone except myself is indifferent to my brother's fate. Your husband thinks he committed suicide; but I can't and won't believe that. You don't believe it, do you?" he asked, turning upon her quickly.

"Oh, no, no, no," she cried, with a startled look, full of pain, as if the idea were new to her. "He would never do that. He would never be so wild—so guilty—as to shoot himself, like Werther."

"Who is Werther?"

"A man in a book your brother read to us; but it was a real person, who was very unhappy, and who shot himself. He did not seem to know that suicide was a sin. But I cannot believe that Oswald would be so rash. Oh, no, no, God forbid that he should be tempted to such a dreadful deed. I cannot think it. He was very calm when we bade each other good-bye. He blessed me, and promised to take more heed of serious things in days to come than he had done in days past."

"And there was no wildness in his manner? He did not talk like a desperate man?"

"No, indeed."

"I thank you for having been truthful and frank. It is a sad story. Would to God that he had been constant and faithful to that noble girl, your stepdaughter!"

He could not spare her this implied reproach. His brother's fate seemed ever so much darker to him after what he had just heard; and for all this sorrow and uncertainty, the fair young creature standing by his side was in some measure to blame. Even that last secret meeting might have been in some wise the turning point of his destiny.

"Had you been in the habit of meeting my brother secretly?" he asked presently. "Had you met him often before that day?"

"Never in my life before," answered Cynthia, with an indignant look; "I should not have gone then, even though he made my going a last favour, if I had not had a purpose in seeing him. I thought I might win him back to Naomi. I knew he had once loved her dearly; and I thought perhaps it needed but a few words to awaken the old love in his heart."

"And do you think you were the best preacher to preach that sermon?" asked Arnold. "Well, you acted for the best, I daresay; and again I thank you for your candour. But I am no nearer the secret of my brother's fate than I was an hour ago. Good-bye!"

He raised his hat and left her with a somewhat formal salutation, not offering her his hand. There was resentment in his heart against this fair-faced wife who had spoiled Naomi's life and his own. He led Herne to the end of the lane, and there mounted him, and trotted quickly home, the sagacious animal scenting the oats and clover in his now luxurious stable.

Cynthia walked slowly on, crying a little in a languid, helpless way, like one who was accustomed to solitude and tears. The sharp sound of Herne's hoofs died away in the distance. A lark was singing loud and shrill in the high blue sky, and there was a drowsy bee among the hawthorns, but all the rest of Nature was silent. Suddenly there broke upon that summer stillness a loud rustling of boughs, and a man sprang through a gap in the hedge and confronted her.

She looked up full of sudden fear, expecting to see some unknown ruffian bent on robbery or murder, but the dark and angry face looking into hers was the face of her husband.

"Joshua! How you frightened me!"

"No doubt. Women who meet their lovers in secret are easily startled."

"My lover! Joshua! Are you mad? I have been talking to Captain Pentreath, who overtook me by chance a little while ago."

"By chance! Do you think I am going to believe that story? Woman, I know you too well. Satan set you in my path for my undoing—to the peril and loss of my soul; for my ruin and destruction here and hereafter. Fool, fool, fool!"—this with a cry of anguish, striking his forehead with his clenched fists. "I ought to have known it was a snare: the fair strange face under the burning summer sky—the gipsy waif—homeless—nameless—a stranger to Christ and salvation—spawn of Beelzebub, why did I not recognise you?"

"Joshua, for pity's sake—I am your true wife—I have honoured and obeyed you——"

"Honoured! Was it to honour me you lured that young man to his doom? Was it for my honour you met him and kissed him? Yes—I saw him holding you in his arms under God's all-seeing eye, clasping you to his breast, as I held you that accursed night when I thought myself the happiest among men, because I had won you for my own. Won you! Oh, thou incarnate falsehood! fair as an angel to the eye, foul as sin to the heart that knows thee. And having tempted one brother to death and doom eternal, you are spreading your nets for the other. You would have him, too. You are like her that waiteth at the street corner, 'in the twilight, in the evening, in the black and dark night. Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death. Yea, verily, her feet go down to death; her steps take hold on hell.' Away with you, fair devil!"

His arm was raised to strike, but she fell on her knees, and thus by a happy chance escaped the degrading blow, and saved her husband that last shame.

"Joshua, what madness has seized you? I never wronged you willingly, as God knows. If I did do you wrong, it is because human nature is weak, and God does not always stand by us. He lets us stand alone a little while in order to show us how weak we are without Him—how soon we stumble and fall when that heavenly hand is withdrawn. Yes, husband, I have been a sinner. God hid His face for a time. Oswald loved me, and I loved him, and forgot my wickedness in the sweetness of being beloved by him. It was like a dream. But when he spoke of his love my heart awakened, and I was your true wife. I have said no word to him—never, from first to last—that I dare not repeat to you, or that I am ashamed to remember. I am your true wife, and honour and revere you now as I did that first day, when you took me to the only decent home I had ever known. Have I forgotten what I owe you, Joshua? Oh, no, no, no. I am not so base, nor so ungrateful."

"Your speech is like your face," said Joshua, with set teeth; "passing fair—passing fair. But I know you, pretty one! Yes; look up, eyes, blue as God's summer sky—look up in sad, innocent wonder. A lie—a lie; nothing but a lie. Satan has made you so: he painted your cheeks, and limned your smile, and every delicate feature, that you might lure good men to death and hell. Can he work without his instruments, do you think? He does not walk this earth in palpable shape, lest we should know him and avoid him. But he puts on such a pretty garb as yours, and counts his worshippers by the score. Every priestess such as you brings a crowd to his altar. But I have done with you. I have





JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.—"I WILL SEE YOUR FALSE FACE NO MORE!"

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rent the net. I will have no further dealings with you. I will see your false face no more!"

"Joshua, have pity!"

"Can a man take fire in his bosom and not be burned?"

"Joshua!"

"He that doeth it destroyeth his own soul. A wound and dishonour shall be get; and his reproach shall not be wiped away."

"Joshua, can you believe that there was any harm—any wrong against you—in my meeting with Captain Pentreath just now?" cried Cynthia, still at her husband's feet, looking up at him in an agony of supplication, trying to grasp those strong, cruel hands that thrust her from him.

"I know that you are false to the core. I know that Satan made you to lead me down to the pit. What do I know about you and Captain Pentreath? Very little. I was just in time for the fag end of your interview. I came across the field, and saw you through a break in the hedge. You were standing in close converse with him just as you were with his brother——"

"Ah!" cried Cynthia, startled, "you were there that day—you saw us. You said so just now."

"The kisses were over, I daresay," continued Joshua, too much beside himself to heed this interruption. "The kisses were done with before I came. He heard my step, perhaps, and so left you with a stately salutation, as if you were strangers parting. Hypocrites, liars both—children of the accursed. But I have done with you. I turn my face away from Satan and his witchcraft, and I will make my peace with God before I die. Go back—go back to your tents—to the children of Baal. Go back to your juggleries and mummeries, and leave me to repent of my folly—to put on sackcloth and ashes—to go up alone among the hills—like Elijah in the mountains, to wait for the advent of my God."

"Joshua, for mercy's sake be calm—speak to me quietly that I may know what you really mean. I have no wish but to obey you. If you say that I am to go away from you—to go back and be a servant, and work for my daily bread as I did before I was your wife—I shall go and make no complaint. But I am your true and obedient wife all the same. Do not doubt that. I will obey you when you are cruel, just as I obeyed you when you were kind—and I shall never murmur."

"Fair of speech, and fair of face," muttered Joshua. "Yes, Lucifer, her master, was beautiful as the morning star."

"Do you mean to turn me out of doors, Joshua? Do you mean that your home is to be mine no longer?"

"I do. You have brought misery and shame into my house. You have poisoned my cup, turned my daily bread to ashes. I would fain be rid of you for ever. I cannot serve God while you are near me. Satan is too strong for me while he works in such a guise."

"And you wish us to part," she said deliberately, "for ever?"

"Yes. I love my imperishable soul better than that viler human heart which cleaves to you. In heaven there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage. In heaven I shall forget the anguish of an unsatisfied love."

"Joshua, I am your servant to obey you in this as in all things. You have but to say you wish me gone, and I shall go. When you cease to pity God will forgive and take pity on me, because He does not make our burdens too heavy for us. Do you remember that night in the pine wood, Joshua? when you took me to your heart and told me that I was precious in your sight? I said then that I was not good enough to be your wife, that it would be happiness for me to be your servant, and wait upon you and work for you, and gather words of wisdom from your lips. But you would have it otherwise. I was wiser in this, you see, for now you are weary of me, and want to send me away. Let it be so, then; I will forget that I am your wife and remember only that I am your servant, and bound to obey in all things. I am your servant, and you have dismissed me. I can go back to Penmoyle and work for my living, far away, where I shall not disgrace you. Good-bye, sir."

She took his hand and kissed it, still on her knees. He shuddered at the contact of those rosebud lips, but never looked at her. His eyes were fixed on the distant sea-line, wide-open eyes gazing blankly at the blue bright light.

"Am I really to go, Joshua?" Cynthia asked meekly, after a brief silence in which the hum of insects, the sharp whirring sound of the grasshopper filled the air.

He passed his hand across his brow wearily.

"Get thee behind me, Satan. Yes, go, go. I can never scale the walls of God's eternal city while this weight of earthly passion cleaves to me. Go far out of my reach lest I should slay you—and think of your dead lover, and repent your sin."

"What, he is dead, then—and you know it?" she exclaimed with a bitter cry.

"Yes," answered Joshua, flinging her away from him into the dust, "go and weep and howl for him. It was your sin that slew him!"

She lay for a little while where he had thrown her on the sun-baked grass of the bank amongst the ferns and wild flowers, not quite unconscious, but with a brain in which



strange and familiar images whirled wildly as in a demon dance. Then came a few moments in which all was blank, moments of blessed repose, and then she staggered to her feet and looked about her. The lane was empty. Joshua had said his last word and was gone.

She stood looking round her in the westerling sunshine, pondering what she ought to do. Not for an instant did she contemplate rebellion against her husband's decree. He had bidden her to leave him, and she would go away, meekly, uncomplainingly, as Hagar went out into the wilderness.

"Ah me," she said to herself piteously, comparing herself with Hagar, "I have no Ishmael to be my comfort and hope."

It never occurred to her to go back to her husband's house, and claim the place which was hers by right, and which no act of hers had forfeited. She did not even contemplate going back to claim her own—the clothes and books, and small possessions, dear to womanhood, which she had acquired since her marriage. Empty-handed and penniless as when Joshua found her sitting by the water-pool on the distant Cornish waste, she left the scene of her brief and hapless married life. She had neither purse nor scrip, not so much as a few shillings to help her on her way. But she turned her pale face steadily to the west and set out to walk to Penmoyle. In all this wide world she had no other friends than the spinster sisters whom she could turn to for a refuge in her desolation, and even from them she could not feel quite sure of a kind reception. They had offered her their friendship, telling her, on the day she left them, to appeal to them in any hour of need. But how would they receive her when she told them that Joshua had cast her off, they who revered Joshua as a saint and prophet?

To them she must needs turn in her distress, having no other earthly haven. She had served them faithfully in the past, and had won their favour, and she was willing to serve them in the future for her daily bread, and nightly shelter, and the privilege of worshipping her God in the faith Joshua had taught her. She thought of the white-haired old minister, with his gentle, old-world manners, and his ready kindness. She remembered how his praise had thrilled her at the thought that Joshua would hear of her well-doing and be glad. And now all was over. Joshua hated her. Joshua spurned her as a vile and guilty creature. No man's praise, no woman's favour, could ever lift her up in his esteem any more. She was degraded and cast off for ever.

Well, she could be a servant again, and toil for her bread, and serve her God in patience so long as life's burden was laid upon her.

It seemed to her that the road along which she had to carry her burden was not interminable. A little way off there came a region of mist and cloud, entering which she would be at peace, and would lay down her load, and rest her weary head upon the sweetest pillow, and let her tired eyelids close amidst a divine sunshine, a light as of the resurrection morning, when the glad sunbeams danced upon the hill-tops.

It was a long way from Combhollow to that little village high up among the rolling Cornish tors. Cynthia could not calculate the number of miles, but she had an idea that Penmoyle was very far away—many days' journey at the rate at which she could walk, which was slow, for her cough and low fever had left her weak.

"Luckily, I know how to sleep under a haystack, and I am not ashamed to beg my bread when I see a kind face at a cottage-door," she said to herself.

She had her silver watch and chain, which she thought she might sell in one of the towns she had to pass through—and there was the gold keeper above her wedding-ring; this, too, she might dispose of, if hard pressed by want; but if people were kind she could get on without money; so little would serve to keep body and soul together.

So she set out on her journey, a new Hagar, but with no sweet child companion to make the desert blossom like the rose.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

#### WHAT THE COWBOY COULD TELL.

AFTER his interview with Cynthia Haggard, Captain Pentreath reasoned himself into an easier state of mind about his missing brother. His sanguine nature leaned towards the brighter view of the question. Oswald had been calm and resigned when he parted with the object of his fatal love; he had gone away to begin a new life, had cast off the fetters of passion, and gone forth a free man.

"I shall hear from him in due time. All will be well," said Arnold.

Having made up his mind deliberately to go on hoping—and, indeed, entertaining the conviction that the riddle of his brother's destiny would be solved in time—Arnold Pentreath considered it his duty to inspire Naomi with the same hopeful view. It afflicted him to see her pale, sad face, to watch her slow, listless movements. It became his most ardent desire to cheer and console her.

With this end he went very often to the minister's house, and sat in the quiet old parlour where Oswald had spent so many hours of his life, and talked to Naomi while she sewed. There was no one to object to his

visits. Aunt Judith was in the shop; Joshua was away, no one knew whither. It was his habit now to come home wearied at night-fall, save on those evenings when he had class-meetings, or Bible meetings, or some kind of service in his chapel.

Cynthia was gone, and Joshua had accounted briefly for her absence by stating that she had gone to see her friends at Penmoyle.

"You had better send her trunk on by the coach," said Joshua to Naomi.

"But why did she go so suddenly, father?" Naomi asked, puzzled by this disruption of the household.

"Because it was her whim to go, and it was not my pleasure to say her nay."

"Has she gone by the coach?"

"I suppose so."

"And when is she to come back?"

"When I please to bid her come."

Naomi sighed, and obeyed her father's order. Alas, for this change which made her father a person to be obeyed with fear and trembling, rather than with faith and love! Naomi had not forgiven Cynthia for all the misery she had wrought; but this sudden disappearance of her father's wife oppressed her with a sense of injustice and wrong done by Joshua. With what cruelty had he driven that meek and sorrowful offender away from him? His daughter had noted his conduct to his wife, and had seen his harshness, his coldness, his growing aversion—the chilling mask which passionate love puts on when jealousy gnaws the heart.

Cynthia was gone, and Naomi's life was now quite lonely. She was glad of Arnold's visit, and took some comfort from his hopeful talk about the absent master of the Grange.

"He will come back to his home and to you, Naomi," said the Captain; "come back a new man, and an honest one, proud to redeem his faith."

"Were he to come back to-morrow I should give him a sister's loving welcome," answered Naomi, "but never more than a sister's love. He has broken my heart once—I won't let him break it again."

"But if he were honestly repentant and sincere, Naomi?"

"He might believe himself sincere. I could not trust him with my peace. Do not think that I am angry with him. I am only sorry that he should ever have been so mistaken as to believe in the reality of his love for me. He never knew what love meant till he gave his heart where it should not have been given."

"Well, Naomi, perhaps you are wise. The vessel that fails to answer to her helm in the hour of danger is hardly a ship to be trusted. Then we will think of Oswald as an absent

brother only—and look forward hopefully to his return."

"God knows I try to hope for it," said Naomi, with a sigh.

"Why should he not be really your brother—brother in fact as well as in name?" pleaded Arnold, taking her unresisting hands. "Make him your brother, Naomi, by making me your husband. We have not known each other very long, but our mutual sorrow has brought us nearer together than years of common acquaintance could have done. I have looked into your heart, Naomi, and I know its worth. Let me take my brother's place, dear; I shall never wander; my love shall know no change. It is founded on a rock—for it was my esteem for your noble nature which first taught me to love you."

Naomi withdrew her hands from his, and stood up, looking at him seriously with eyes full of tears.

"Never again let this be spoken of between us, Arnold," she said. "It can never be."

"Why not?"

"There is a reason which you must never know."

"But I am not to be satisfied like that, Naomi. There is no reason that I can recognize—unless you say you do not love me—can never teach yourself to love me."

"I will say that, then—I can never love you!"

"And your eyes are brimming with tears, and your lips tremble as you say the words. It is not true, Naomi; it is a lie, a lie against the might of love. You love me as I love you, and we were meant for each other, and for happiness. Why should you or I be miserable all our lives because a foolish young man has run away from felicity? Naomi, dearest love, make my life happy!"

"You are good, and I honour you—like him, and my heart yearns towards you," answered the girl falteringly—for it seemed to her at this moment as if the picture of a new life were suddenly unfolded before her eyes, and the vision was marvellously bright; "but I can never be more than your friend and sister."

"I see. You love the truant still. Did I not say so?"

"His memory is very dear to me."

Arnold said no more. Those eloquent eyes, those tremulous lips, had told him he was beloved, and yet this love was denied him. What was he to think? He was hardly inclined to despair, or to accept this answer of Naomi's as final. She had some mistaken notion of fidelity to a departed love doubtless; she would sacrifice a lover in the present—a real and living love—for the sake of that inconstant lover in the past.

"Patience," thought Arnold, "I shall be able to talk her out of her folly sooner or later."

Meanwhile he was content to be accepted on the friendly and brotherly footing. He contrived to see Naomi very often. He found his way even into the Wilderness, that burial-ground of dead joys and bitter memories. He met her in all her walks. It was difficult for her not to think that her lost lover had come back to her with a nobler mind and larger ideas. Here she found no languid indolence—no placid unconcern for the welfare of others, so long as summer skies were blue, and one could lie at ease under the beeches reading Byron. Arnold was full of care for the labourers on his patrimonial estate, full of sympathy and kindness for the struggling tenant farmers and their industrious wives; for the young men who desired a little more enlightenment and education than their fathers had deemed needful for the fulness of life's measure. With Arnold benevolent deeds were not castles in the air, Utopian schemes to be set on foot in some convenient hour of the future, but duties to be done at once, now while it was yet day.

Arnold was glad of so intelligent a sympathiser with his cares as steward of his brother's fortune. Naomi was always ready to help him with counsel and experience. She had visited among the labouring poor, and knew their needs and shortcomings—knew where disease found them weakest—how fever crept into their dwellings.

"I can't think what I should do without you," said Arnold; and it was a new happiness to Naomi to feel that she had been useful. Life at home was so empty and barren, her duties mechanically performed, her service unrecognised. The change in her father had made the very atmosphere of home gloomy and oppressive.

Cynthia had been away nearly a month, and there had been no tidings of her. This seemed strange to all the household, but as Joshua expressed neither wonder nor anxiety, it was supposed that his wife's absence was understood and approved by him.

"Poor weak-minded mortal," sighed Aunt Judith, after discussing the question with her niece at their lonely tea-table; "the first time I saw that pink and white piece of prettiness step across the threshold I knew what he was laying up for himself. A man of his years can't set his heart upon a wax doll without paying the penalty; above all when it's a doll that has neither parents, nor a good stock of house linen, nor decent bringing up. I knew what was coming," cried Aunt Judith, with a laugh of exultant irony, "and my only wonder is that things haven't turned out much worse."

"Poor thing!" sighed Naomi, thinking with

some touch of compunction of the pale, sad face from which she had averted her eyes so coldly of late. "Do you think father sent her away?"

"If he did he'd have done no more than was right," said Aunt Judith. "And if he'd done it when I first tried to open his eyes about her he'd have shown himself a wiser man. But whether she got tired of her life here and went off of her own free will, or whether your father sent her, matters very little to us. She's gone," concluded the spinster decisively, "and I hope it's not unchristianlike to wish she may never come back."

Having put the idea of his brother's suicide out of his mind, Arnold had not attached any dark meaning to his interview with Cynthia. Her statement seemed to him natural and credible, and rather calculated to reassure than to alarm. Oswald had been calm and resigned. He had stated his intention of going to a new world to begin a new life. What ground was there for supposing that a man in this frame of mind had been so false to manhood as to take his own life? Arnold sent to an Exeter bookseller for the "Sorrows of Werther," and read the story carefully; but not being of so sentimental a turn as his brother, and not being in love with another man's wife, he had found the reading rather a laborious business, and Werther a weak-minded youth with a fatal habit of prosing about his own emotions.

"God forbid that my brother should ever follow the example of such a booby," said Arnold, when he had seen Werther laid in his unconsecrated grave, in the memorable blue coat and yellow waistcoat, with Charlotte's pink breast-knot in his pocket; "I should have as much contempt for his want of sense as regret for his want of religion."

Arnold had not yet gone to look at the spot where Oswald had parted from Mrs. Haggard. He remembered the scene well enough in days gone by; the lonely common with its hillocks and hollows and marshy spots over which the swift-winged plover skimmed lightly, vanishing with a shrill cry into blue distance. The scene was so familiar to him that it had no special significance; it never struck him that just that one spot of all others, that little bit of sunburnt common by the abandoned mine, might be fatal, that here yawned a natural grave, ready for the end of a tragedy.

He went up to an old farm-house one afternoon to settle a question of roofing and thatching which had been for some time in discussion. It was the last house on the way to Matherley Common, a house that stood on the edge of the wood, or almost in the wood. The laticed casements looked down a beechen

glade. It was a place of silence and soft, cool shadows, a welcome retreat on a summer's day like this on which Arnold rode over to settle matters with farmer Weston about his granary roofs.

Herne had been made happy in a spacious stable where the good old white waggon horses dosed over their hay and clover, and where the thud of a ponderous tail whisked round for the slaughter of a forest-fly, and the slow munching of fodder, were the only sounds that broke the slumberous stillness. Captain Pentreath had made his inspection of the premises, and was drinking a glass of Mr. Weston's famous perry before departing, when the farmer mentioned a subject which always found Arnold an attentive listener.

"You haven't heard anything of your brother. I suppose, Captain?"

"Not a line. But I don't despair of getting news of him before long. He's not been gone a twelvemonth yet, you see, Mr. Weston, and a year is a short time when a man has to cross the sea. He may have changed his mind about America, and gone to New South Wales, and that's half a year's voyage to begin with."

"That's where the convicts go, ain't it, Captain? The young Squire 'ud never go theer, surely."

"There's no knowing how far a man may go when he's once made up his mind to turn rover," said Arnold cheerily.

"Ah," sighed the farmer, "this here world of ours be a strange 'un; there's things in it that puzzles my poor old wits, a'most as much as that theer thatch catchin' fire the identical day arter I refused Aunt Nancy the faggit."

There was a lurking significance in this remark that caught Arnold's attention.

"You have heard something about my brother!" he cried. "You can tell me something; for God's sake, keep nothing from me; it is a matter of life or death."

"The by's a truth-spoken by," said the farmer, "or I shouldn't ha' listened to 'un."

"What boy?"

"It isn't because a by earns his bit o' mate minding cows that he hasn't got a soul to be saved," continued the farmer, as deliberately as if pursuing a philosophical argument; "and I can't say as ever I found out this here lad in a lie."

"Will you tell me what you mean, how this bears upon my brother?" cried Arnold, breathless with impatience.

"My wife and me have sat under Mr. Haggard for the last ten years. He was the first to tell us our souls were in danger, and he's gone on warning of us ever since. 'Tain't likely I'm going to speak agen him."

"Speak plainly at any rate," exclaimed Arnold, "if you mean anything. And from your

manner it's clear you mean something. What has this boy of yours to do with my brother's fate?"

"It ain't what he has to do, but what he can tell. It was a hot summer day, you may remember, that day as the young Squire was last seen at Combhollow—harvest time, and regular harvest weather. This lad o' mine, Tim, was out in the forest mindin' cows. But perhaps you'd sooner hear it from the lad's own lips?" suggested the farmer.

"I don't care how I hear it, so long as I hear it quickly!"

"Well, I'll call the by; he's close handy, diggin' taties."

"Let's go to him," said Arnold, taking up his whip and gloves. The farmer wished to bring the boy to the parlour, as a mode of proceeding more consistent with the respect due to his landlord; but the Captain was too eager to endure ceremony. He hurried to the straggling old kitchen-garden at the back of the house, where ancient espaliers which had long outgrown their sustaining framework spread wide their arms against the blue June sky.

Here, digging up the smooth golden-skinned potatoes, they found the farmer's cowboy, a frank-looking, blue-eyed lad, over whose sunburnt forehead trickled the dew of toil.

"Now, lookye here, Tim," said the farmer; "I want 'ee to tell the Captain what it was you saw and heard that day in Matchery wood, when th' young Squire passed 'ee by."

The boy wiped his forehead upon his shirt sleeve, shifted his spade from one hand to the other, and after some moments of obvious embarrassment found a voice.

"I were mindin' cattle in the forest, you see, Sir, and theer were one cow wi' a white face; she were a new 'un that master had boughten' at Barnstaple last market-day, and she were strange, poor thing, and strayed away ever so far up towards the common; and I was goin' arter her, when who should I see but the minister on afore me, goin' right up to the common."

"Do you mean Mr. Haggard?"

"Surely. And he went on ahead o' me, till he come right out o' the wood, just wheer the old shaft be, and he looked about un a bit, when he got clear o' the trees, and then went into the engine house. I watched a bit, wonderin' what he were up to, and then I see un standin' just inside the doorway, where there's a lot o' fallen stones and rubbish, and tansy growin' as tall as young trees, and he stood there lookin' out, yet keeping of himself hidden like as if he were watchin' for somebody. And just then I caught sight o' the white-faced cow, ever so far across the common, and I ran after her."

"Strange, warn't it?" said the farmer; "but there's more to tell."



"I cotched the old cow, and I was taking of her back to the wood, when I comes right up agen the young Squire. I was a bit scared at seein' he, for I'd heerd tell as he were away from Combhollow. He didn't take no notice o' me, but went on, swingin' his stick round, and singin' to hisself, soft-like. Well, I thowt no more about un, and I was here and theer with they cows, and they would stray up towards the common; though there warn't much but tansy for they to eat up theer; and I were up close to the common about an hour afterwards, when I heerd a shot fired, and then another, so close together they might 'a been one a'most."

A white blankness spread itself over Arnold's face—the vacant horror of despair. It was some moments before he could speak.

"You ran to see what those shots meant?" he cried.

"I couldn't tell wheer they come from, not for sartain; but I thowt it was somewheer near the old shaft, and I went up theer arter a bit, but theer was nowt to be seen, and no one about. I went into the engine house, but the minister was gone."

"Why has this been kept from me?" asked Arnold. "Why, in Heaven's name, didn't you let me know this sooner, Mr. Weston? You know how anxious I have been about my brother."

"I only heerd of it t'other day, when I

overheerd Timothy talkin' to our Prudence, the dairy maid. He was tellin' her about the shot."

"Don't you think it was your duty to have told your master, boy?" asked Arnold.

"I didn't think it was any harm. It might ha' been some one firing at a rabbit or a gull. There's plenty o' say-gulls flies across Matcherly Common."

"You saw no more, you heard no more?"

"No, there was nowt arter that. It were milkin' time, and I had to take the cows home."


"Now look here, Weston," said Captain Pentreath, taking the farmer aside. "Those shots may mean nothing, or they may mean a great deal. I know my brother was up yonder, by the old shaft, that August day. I know he had an enemy, and was watched, and followed. I have no evidence that he was ever seen alive after that day. Till to-day I've hugged myself with the hope that he is living in some distant country, and that I shall hear of him in due time. I begin to think that hope is a delusion, and that he never left this neighbourhood. If he has been murdered, it is my business to bring his murderer to the gallows. But I must first find his murdered body. Will you help me? You've plenty of farm labourers in your service. Will you help me to search Matcherly Common, and the mine below it?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

## J'AIME LES MILITAIRES.

BY H. SAVILE CLARK.

(Illustration, Page 725.)

 HE joyous dance is ended,  
And lovely ladies stray,  
By cavaliers attended,  
To where the fountains play.  
With Cupid's gifts o'erladen  
Is every warrior there;  
The thought of every maiden  
Is "*J'aime les militaires.*"

It is the old, old story  
He whisper'd with a kiss,  
And dazzled with war's glory  
A maid as fair as this;  
His pleading eyes are tender,  
He seeks with earnest care,  
The frank young heart's surrender—  
Ah, "*J'aime les militaires.*"

And should he chance to win it,  
Ah, poor child, count the cost—  
For rapture of a minute  
A heart that's wholly lost;  
He'll ride away unheeding  
To other faces fair,  
And straightway love lies bleeding—  
Yet "*J'aime les militaires.*"

—Belgravia.

## GEORGE SAND.

BY R. DAVEY.

ON first coming to Paris to reside, Madame Dudevant eked out her slender means by slight artistic labours, such as painting snuff-boxes and other trifling objects. She received frequent friendly visits from her husband, and it is he who may be said to have opened the way to her literary career by introducing to her on one of these occasions Jules Sandeau, a young writer as yet unknown to fame. The result was a mutual sympathy, and an agreement to co-operate in the production of a novel. It has been generally supposed that a much more intimate connection existed between the two collaborators, but a personal friend of Sandeau informs me that the latter has often declared that there was no foundation for this report—that they lived in different circles, and rarely met except to confer on matters of business. It is certain that M. Dudevant, far from expressing jealousy, often dined with the twin authors, and was on friendly terms with Sandeau long after his separation from his wife. The collaborated novel was entitled *Rose et Blanche*, and was signed by Jules and George Sand. The true origin of the *nom de plume* "George Sand" is somewhat curious. When the "Baroness" Dudevant, her mother-in-law, heard that a member of her family was about to turn authoress, she wrote a furious letter to her son, imploring him to prevent such "an outrage to her dignity." This he found very little difficulty in doing, as Madame Dudevant was only too glad to keep her own name out of print, dreading that her early efforts might fail. She consequently consulted an old friend, M. Delatouche, the dramatic writer, as to the selection of a *nom de plume*. He had lately been reading the *Life* of Kotzebue, and at once chose Karl Sand, the name of the assassin of that play-writer and politician. Madame Dudevant was well pleased with the choice of surname, but objected to the name of Karl, because it was that of a murderer. She herself selected George, that being the name of one of her favourite characters in Molière, George Dandin. Of course, Jules Sandeau was content, as the name so closely resembled his own.

For nearly thirteen years Madame and Monsieur Dudevant lived as man and wife, but in reality separated: they were good friends, but nothing more. She spent half her time at Nohant, and the rest in Paris. In the mean time, she became acquainted with many eminent persons, although her eccentricities and

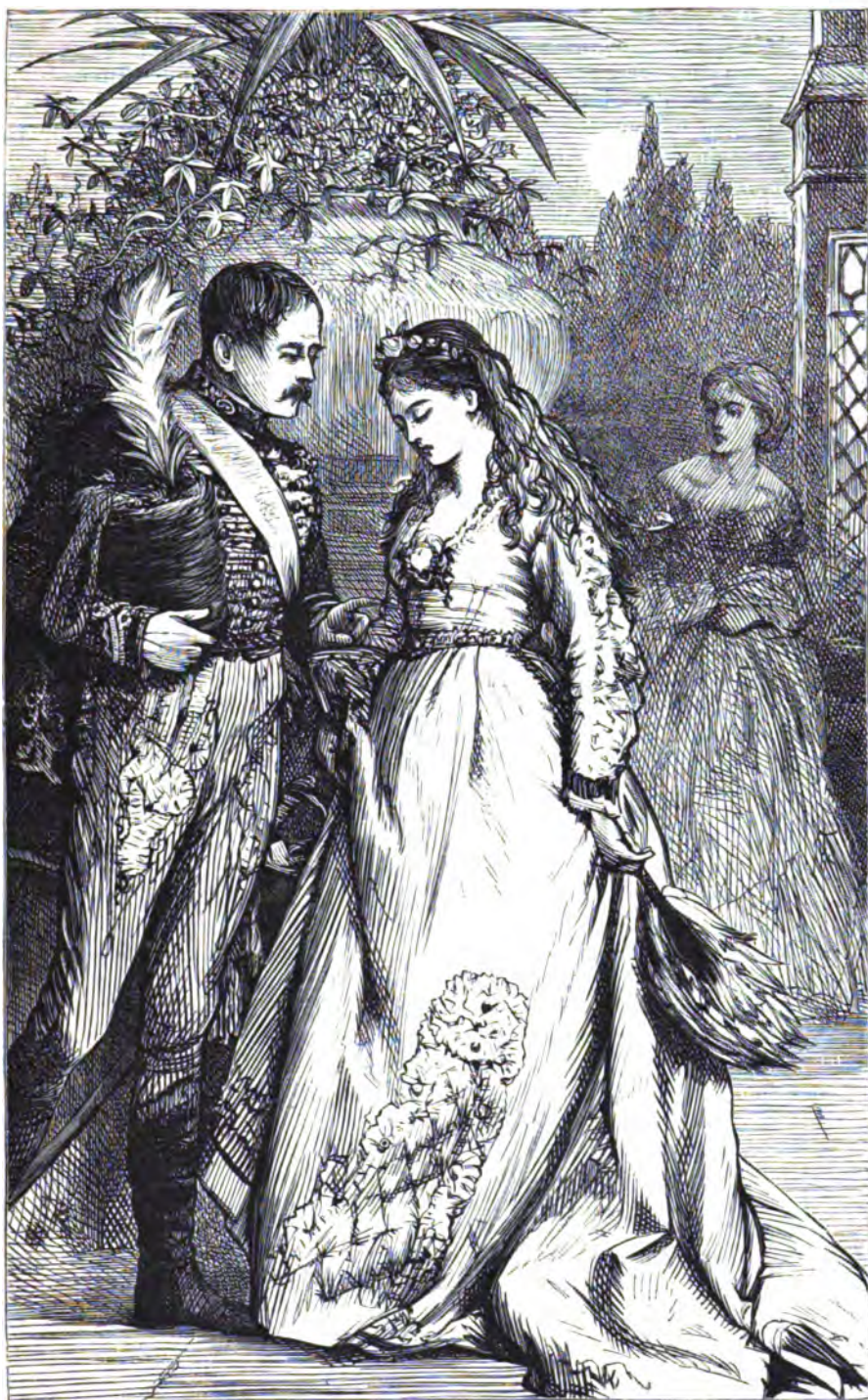
certain matters closed many doors against her. Remembering to have heard her mother tell that when she was a young girl her husband used to make her dress as a boy in order that she might accompany him to the cheap seats in the theatres, where women in France cannot go, she determined to follow her example. This, of course, gave rise to many scandalous stories, especially after the appearance of *Indiana*. But her masculine costume was rarely worn, and only under circumstances which presented at least an excuse for its adoption. With all her faults, George Sand was essentially womanly, and would never probably have resorted to such an expedient in a country where greater freedom is permitted to her sex, as in England and America. Her nature, although she affected a manly tone in her writings, was true to Elizabeth Barrett Browning's description of her:

True genius, but true woman! dost deny  
Thy woman's nature with a noble scorn,  
And break away the gauds and amulets worn  
By weaker women in captivity?  
Ah! vain denial: that revolted cry  
Is sobbed in by a woman's voice forlorn:  
Thy woman's hair, my sister, all unshorn,  
Flouts back dishevelled strength in agony,  
Disproving thy man's name.

Unhappily, the world was soon confirmed in its judgment of her by the notoriety of her relations with Alfred de Musset. In 1836 she made a journey to Italy in company with the poet and her two children. Subsequently, the publication of *Elle et Lui*, in which she endeavoured to excuse herself for breaking off her connection with "the French Byron" in an abrupt manner, made matters worse, and when Paul de Musset, Alfred's brother, sought to vindicate the poet's conduct in *Lui et Elle*, the circle of the scandal was made still wider. It had already led to her legal separation from M. Dudevant, which took place in 1835. Yet her relations with him did not cease until his death, some ten years ago. He came to Nohant in 1855 to be present at his daughter Solange's marriage, and Madame Dudevant was with him, I have been recently assured, when he died. His wife and children accompanied his body to its last resting-place.

In 1836, Madame Sand was introduced to Chopin at Geneva by their mutual friend, Madame d'Agoult. An enthusiastic lover of music, and an admirable musician herself, being a pupil of Liszt, she was naturally enchanted with this charming composer, who added to a frail but graceful person the most gentle





J'AI ME LES MILITAIRES.

*Page 723.*

and agreeable manners. Their acquaintance soon ripened into intimacy. At Chopin's request, Madame Sand granted him permission to inhabit a cottage on her estate at Nohant, and beneath its shelter he composed some of his loveliest music. He also—although the fact is not generally known—assisted the great authoress in her splendid descriptions of the beauties of music in her famous novel of *Consuelo*, several passages in which were directly inspired by Chopin, and simply retouched by Madame Sand. Liszt in his *Life of Chopin* tells us that "at first Chopin dreaded Madame Sand more than any other woman—the modern Sybil, who, like the Pythoness of old, had said so many things that others of her sex neither knew nor dared to say. Madame Sand was ignorant of this feeling, and when they at last met, her captivating simplicity speedily dissipated the prejudices which he had obstinately nourished against her."

In 1837, the composer fell dangerously ill. His disease was consumption, and in the following year he was ordered by his physicians to try the effects of the climate of Majorca. He set out, accompanied by Madame Sand and her children, and landed at Palma, the capital of the island, late in November, 1838. They found no hotel in this city of thirty thousand inhabitants, and had some difficulty in procuring a lodging. Almost the first place of interest Chopin and his friend visited after they were settled was the palace of the Count de Montenegro, which possesses a very fine collection of paintings. Amongst its treasures is a beautiful map of the world as it was known in 1439. On the back of it is an inscription to the effect that it belonged to Americus Vesputius, who paid for it one hundred and thirty ducats in gold. The chaplain who showed this rare curiosity to the travellers placed an inkstand on one corner of it to steady it. Madame Sand, not seeing it, stretched out her hand by accident and sent the ink in streams over the precious map. Horrified at what she had done, she took Chopin by the hand, and before the chaplain could recover from the shock of the misadventure the authoress and her companion were out of sight. She never dared face that chaplain again, till many years afterward she met him on board a steamer going to Civit  Vecchia, recognised him, and heard to her joy that with infinite trouble he had cleaned the map, and so preserved it for the admiration of the future.

The vicinity of the sea proving too irritating for the invalid, the party removed late in December to the old and ruined Carthusian monastery of Valldemosa, situated in the mountain-passes behind Palma. Here they rented from the mayor of the village four huge rooms which had lately belonged to the prior of the

monastery. A few friars still served the ancient and vast church, but they were forbidden to assume their white monastic robes, although Madame Sand saw them wandering round the neglected cloisters by night, saying their evening prayers and wearing their beloved but prohibited costume. The furniture was primitive. A few Gothic chairs from the chapter-house were brought for their accommodation, a stone table, which had previously been an ancient altar, stood in the centre of the salon, and a French lady living in Palma left them a sofa and an old arm-chair. A Pleyel pianoforte, imported for Chopin from Paris, was brought up at vast expense from Palma, and its rich tones often awakened, under the pressure of the fingers of one of the most exquisite performers, the echoes of the decaying cloisters. The splendid scenery in the adjacent valleys, resembling that of the Tyrol, with the additional attraction of tropical vegetation, offered many varied walks and excursions, in which, when well enough, Chopin occasionally joined. But the gloom of the venerable abbey oppressed him, and, although his cough was better, he sank into a profound melancholy. Still, Valldemosa inspired him with some of his most delicate fancies. Here he composed several of his loveliest nocturnes and the whole of those enchanting melodies which he modestly called * tudes*. Here also he wrote that glorious funeral march which was performed for the first time by a full orchestra at his own obsequies.

Chopin and George Sand stayed only a few months at Valldemosa, and then returned to Paris. For eight years they were united, but at the end of that time they separated for ever. They did not quarrel, but they parted coldly one evening after a few chilly words spoken on either side. In 1848 she saw him for the last time at a private entertainment. She went up to him and grasped his hand. He withdrew it, and left the room without a word or a look. A few months later he was no more. The cause of their separation—attributed by George Sand to the intriguing intervention of false friends and open enemies—is explained in the following extract, which throws also a fresh and interesting light on other points of her career and on her habits of life. It is from a letter with which I have been favoured by an accomplished lady familiar with the literary history of our day, and well acquainted with many of its distinguished figures:

"I suppose you are aware that the Countess d'Agoult, to whom George Sand owed her introduction to Chopin, is no less a person than Daniel Stern, the authoress and politicienne who died lately. She is the mother of Made-moiselle Cosimo Liszt, the quondam wife of von B low, and present wife of Wagner.



Another daughter is Madame Émile Ollivier. She also has Liszt for father. At one time Madame d'Agoult was intimate with George Sand, but they quarrelled. Madame d'Agoult has been drawn to the life by Balzac in his *Beatrice*. George Sand also sat to him as a model for one of his masterly sketches—Made-moiselle de Touches, who gave up fortune and happiness in order to enter a nunnery, so as to ensure the happiness of her lover. You are probably aware that the reason George Sand quarrelled with Chopin was not that given in her *Histoire de ma Vie*. He did not approve of her marrying her daughter to M. Clesinger, whom he disliked, and of whom he was jealous. It was an unhappy marriage, and the pair were long since separated. George Sand was at one time on the editorial staff of *La Commune de Paris*. This was at the time she was on the threshold of her charming second style, the delightful *François le Champi* and *Claudie* works. How fascinating she was then! She had lived through the vulgar vices of her youth, shaken off all the coarse theatrical affectations, and was putting herself down with masculine courage and power to good, honest hard work. There never was any hypocrisy in the woman. She was always straight forward and honest, if she was bad. 'She ruined so many men! She destroyed Chopin. She was the evil spirit of De Musset.' So many say. But we all know that men and women work their own ruin: no one has a right to excuse him or her self by saying, as Adam did, 'The woman gave me and I did eat.' Chopin and De Musset had each put the match to the mine of their lives before their intercourse with Sand: the explosion would have come sooner or later inevitably without her help. Sand was as bad a woman as Stern, but had more sincerity, more true breadth of character, more generosity. Balzac felt the difference between the two women, and expressed it admirably in the strong contrast he makes between Beatrice and Camille Maupin.

"The *Histoire de ma Vie*,' said to me the other day a person who lived in the very centre of that remarkable Parisian society, 'gives a pretty fair account of that time: the sketches Sand makes of the celebrated men who surrounded her are excellent.'

"It is a curious book, however, that *Histoire de ma Vie*. Rousseau was censured, and justly, for blackening the reputation of Madame de Warens. Sand did much worse: she revealed to the world the frail character of her mother. What need had she to describe the unattractive poverty of the old bird-dealer, her grandfather, and tell us that her mother was a woman of bad reputation? When I expressed this censure to the person who made the above remark about the fidelity of the life-

studies in the *Histoire de ma Vie*, the reply was: 'Sand's excuse might be her exaggerated love of social democracy. But you are right. With all my admiration for her, I must admit she was a woman utterly without shame. But she was a marvellous woman, so spontaneous and fertile! Her energy and power of labour equalled her genius. You should have known her to judge her properly. I remember life at Nohant, when she was writing her best works of the second style. She was a great walker, needed very little sleep, was a simple liver, ate and drank moderately, had no luxurious habits, and was an indefatigable worker. We dined late in the day at Nohant. After dinner Sand read to us what she had been writing the preceding day before sending it off to the printer. Then, if Liszt and Chopin were there, we would have music—music as spontaneous as the reading had been—and talk, rapid vigorous talk, sparkling with wit, spirituelle, and vibrant with life. This lasted late on into the night, when we broke up to meet the next day at dinner, for it was a beehive of workers, and each one of us had his task to perform the ensuing day. In the preface to one of Sand's books she mentions that the romance was written in the early dawn, accompanied by the songs of the nightingales and Liszt's piano. For the two were equally hard workers, and did their best labours in the first hours of the day. After her writing was finished, Sand slept, then walked a good long tramp, returned home, and at dinner we all met and renewed the delightful reading, music and talk of the preceding evening.'

"We can see by this account of the summer life at Nohant how Sand made amends for her early years by an industrious and regular life during the years of mid-age; and this steady habit of work accounts for the enormous quantity she accomplished. She was not only a romance-writer, but a critic, a dramatic and political author. Setting aside the objectionable subjects of her books, and regarding her as a writer simply, she is admirable. Her style is as colourless as a first-water diamond: you can see it is the result of a good intellectual system, just as a fine and clear epidermis comes from a healthy organism.

"The portraits of Sand were numerous. I have heard that the most pleasing and at the same time the most satisfactory is the etching by Calamatta, the great Italian engraver: he adored Sand. Calamatta's daughter married Sand's son. This etching is now hanging in front of me. It represents Sand in her full, rich maturity. The coarse defects of her face are idealised, the rare intellectual beauty dwelt on with a loving burin. The superb eyes, fine brow and luxuriant hair are most effective: the full, heavy, sensual jaw, mouth and chin

are softened. One who knew her well, a friend who was never her lover, says at each visit to me, in passing out—for the picture hangs over the door of an outer reception-room—'How flattered! and yet after all it is very like Sand. Yes, it is full of her character. It is her very self!'

Madame Sand outlived most of the celebrities of her time, including many who were her intimate friends and associates, and some whom she had tenderly watched by in their last moments. The last twenty years of her life were somewhat uneventful. They were passed at Nohant in peaceful labour and in the exercise of unbounded charity. After a stormy youth, which was undoubtedly traversed by many tempests of passion, it is pleasant to know that death found her serenely and gently awaiting its call. Her later novels have partaken of this happy change in the character of her mind. They are eminently moral, in a wide sense even religious, and abound in unrivaled descriptions and pastoral scenery. Within the past six years she has published a series of fairy-tales dedicated to her little grandchildren, *Aurore* and *Gabrielle Dudevant*, which are among the most beautiful stories of this kind that have ever been published.

As an authoress, George Sand stands at the head of French literature of the nineteenth century. Her style is uniquely graceful and charming, and her descriptive powers have never been surpassed in any language. Unquestionably, the works over which she laboured so earnestly and intensely, with a view to maintaining the peculiar theories which were the outgrowth of her vicissitudes and of the passions of her youth, are not those on which her fame will rest with future generations. But we fancy her exquisite romantic and pastoral tales will carry her name to the admiration of centuries to come, and that as long as the French literature lasts *Consuelo*, *Le dernier Aldini*, *Leone Leoni*, *La Petite Fadette*, *François le Champi*, and others like them will be read and admired.

The following account of her last moments and funeral has been sent me by a friend in Paris who was present at her obsequies: "You ask me to tell you all I have seen and heard concerning the last hours and the funeral of our illustrious dead—*notre illustre morte*. I arrived at Nohant on the eve of the funeral. The house is old, but not very large for a château, although the back court-yard is very imposing. The architecture is essentially French, and therefore picturesque and striking to those who are unaccustomed to it. The surrounding gardens and park are lovely and very well kept. The church, which is small but very neat, is not distant, and over the high altar is a picture of Saint Anne, the local patroness,

presented by Madame Sand. It is a copy of Lacroix's Saint Anne, which he painted for her, and which is in the château. As to the interior of the house, it is comfortably but not elaborately furnished. The salons are spacious and handsome. Some good works of art are scattered around, and there are vases for flowers everywhere. They are empty now. The magnificent piano is closed, and some of the great authoress's favourite statuettes are veiled with crape. Madame Clesinger received us. She is the daughter of the deceased, the dear Solange of the *Histoire de ma Vie*. Her eyes were swollen with weeping, and her manner restrained and nervous. Maurice Sand was too much overcome to see anyone, and kept his room, where some of his intimate friends went to visit him. This is what they tell me of her last hours. She was only eight days ill. On May 30, whilst the family and her guests were at a wedding, she first felt the symptoms of her fatal malady. She was alone with her servants, who grew alarmed at her evident suffering, and sent at once for the neighbours and for Dr. Pepet, who lives in the village, and who has been for fifty years a valued friend. He immediately perceived that paralysis of the stomach had set in, and that all hope was vain. When the family returned from the wedding their consternation may be imagined, especially as the celebrated Dr. Favre, who was on a visit at Nohant and in their company, confirmed the statements of Dr. Pepet. On the following day Madame Clesinger told her mother of her true condition. She replied quietly, 'I know it; I know death is coming. Well, I did not ask for it, but I am prepared to meet it.' Her sufferings were terrible. Madame Clesinger wished a priest to be sent for, but M. Sand, they say, refused to allow the curé, and old friend, to enter the sick chamber, 'lest his mother might be guilty of an act of weakness in her agony, and return to the Church she had long since abandoned.' This is one version of the story, but whether a true one or not I cannot say, for of course I could not ask any questions on so delicate a subject. There were two other doctors in attendance besides Pepet and Favre, who were telegraphed for from Paris. These were Drs. Pestel and Darcher, but they could do nothing. The poor invalid suffered terribly, but bore all her pain with sublime resignation. She never murmured, but often besought God to grant her relief in death. 'Can't I die soon?' she would ask. 'I cannot endure these tortures much longer.' She saw her granddaughters Gabrielle and Aurore for the last time three days after she was taken ill. She absolutely adored these children. 'Good-bye, my darling!' she cried. 'You cannot think how dearly I loved you.' Madame Clesinger was with her night and day, and so were her

faithful servants and her son Maurice. On the night of June 8, at about eight o'clock, she felt that the last agony was rapidly approaching. She begged of her son to leave the room, for she did not wish him to witness the supreme moment. At half-past ten she passed quietly away. Almost her last words were spoken at three in the afternoon. She asked that the grass might not be trodden on. They could not at first make out what she meant: they did afterward. She evidently alluded to the grass over her mother's grave, beside which she wished to be buried. The news of her death spread quickly over the country, where she was literally adored by the poor, and on the day of the funeral, although it rained in torrents, hundreds of peasants came pouring in from all quarters to attend her obsequies. On the day following her death Madame Clesinger telegraphed to the prince-archbishop of Bourges, Mgr. de la Tour d'Auvergne, beseeching him to grant her mother burial according to the rites of the Church. This he readily accorded, be-

cause the deceased was baptised a Catholic, and had not publicly refused the sacraments. So she was buried in the little cemetery of Nohant, beside her grandmother, father, mother and child. The ceremonies were simple. The curé, attended by two peasants, said mass and blessed the coffin, round which stood her sobbing family and servants. The pall-bearers were Prince Napoléon, M. Alexandre Dumas, and her nephews, M. Simmonet and M. Cazamajou. Her aged sister, Madame Cazamajou, was not present. M. Alexandre Dumas was to have made a speech over the grave. He prepared one, but did not deliver it, because Victor Hugo sent one which was read in its stead. It was not a very satisfactory performance, and, as he did not personally know the deceased, it was not written from the heart, and consequently, as it was full of artificial sentiment, it fell flat. After all, the sincerest and the best tribute to her memory were the tears of her family and of the peasantry. These knew her personal worth, honoured and loved her."

—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

## LORD FAIRLAND'S SECRET.

### CHAPTER I.

**B**Y a stroke of fortune my father had procured me an appointment as private secretary to our very mighty relative the Marquis of Fairland, who was a member of Lord Sternmouth's long-lived cabinet.

He was a young man who might have passed for my elder brother, for there was a faint family resemblance between us. He was twenty-seven years old, I twenty-four; but in point of stature, build, and handsomeness—so at least said the women—I had the advantage. Nor am I inclined to concede at starting that he had the better head of the two. He was a cabinet minister because he owned the larger halves of three counties, and because the Premier was his uncle; but he knew little of history, science, politics, or of anything else, though he possessed a happy talent for making a speech at a moment's notice on any conceivable subject. These speeches of his were not instructive to read, but they were good to hear. Lord Fairland's displays of ignorance were so amazingly bold that they staggered even the most erudite of listeners with a misgiving lest his lordship should be in truth better informed than they; and his assurance was so complete, so cold, so politely tenacious, that no amount of contradiction or adverse argument could dislodge him from a

point he had once made his own. The fact is, he was a magnate whom the sycophancy of the world had early taught to believe that he could never be in the wrong.

We very soon became friends, perhaps because I was the first young man of about his own age with whom he had ever been intimately acquainted. I had been brought up at Harrow and Oxford, whilst he had been educated at home and abroad by clergymen and dowagers. He was on speaking terms with a host of people, in familiar friendship with none. Of amiable character, and more inclined to say Yes than No, when his heart was appealed to, he did many kind things without alluding to them; but he disliked exertion and emotions, and I think I first ingratiated myself with him by saving him an immense amount of trouble in relieving and dismissing importunate persons. He gradually remitted to me not merely the business of conducting his official correspondence, but the charge of treating with his agents concerning the management of his vast estates. I became his factotum, and we lived a snug bachelor existence together in a corner of his huge family mansion in Piccadilly, for Lord Fairland was not married and had no wish to be.

Here I come to the subject about which I have taken up the pen to write.

Lord Sternmouth, who had been Fairland's

guardian during his minority, was very anxious that he should marry: first, because marriage is the natural destiny of rich peers; and secondly, because in the event of the Marquis dying childless, his estates would devolve upon collaterals who were the Premier's political opponents, and whom, for other reasons of a private nature, he cordially hated. After casting about him with almost as much care as if he were choosing for a son of his own, he decided that Lady Bertha Snowe, only daughter and heiress of the Duke of Snowdon, was the fittest person to become mistress of Fairland Hall; and he set himself diplomatically, as he thought, to inculcate the same view upon his nephew.

But Lord Fairland was not to be caught. He listened respectfully to all that the Prime Minister had to say on the subject of matrimony, and he admitted that Lady Bertha had few equals for grace and sweetness of temper; only he paid no sort of court to this paragon beyond showing himself invariably courteous, so that the Duke and Lord Sternmouth, who had at first begun to conceive hopes, were fain to see that Lord Fairland either objected to part with his heart or had already parted with it to some lady unknown. The latter was the more credible supposition; and Lord Sternmouth, with that statesmanlike shrewdness which is for ever imputing crafty designs, did me the honour to suspect that I was scheming to wed the Marquis to my sister Mary. How his lordship came to learn that such an insignificant person as I possessed a sister Mary I am unable to conjecture; but when he learned that Mary was betrothed to a country gentleman of no great affluence, his good opinion of myself was enhanced, and he marked it by taking me into semi-confidence.

He did so with the greater readiness from knowing that I was the only person whom Lord Fairland wholly trusted. At one of his ministerial parties he drew me aside, and without much seeming to do so, sounded me about the Marquis's tastes and occupations; then, finding he could elicit little to his purpose, he said with abruptness—

"You should induce your cousin to marry, Fairfax: it's nonsense to remain a bachelor when he has such a property as his."

"I think it's a pity," was my answer.

"It is—it is. If you were next heir to the title it wouldn't so much matter; but I should grudge such estates going into the hands of the Grass-shire Fairfaxes, I do frankly confess."

"I should be very pleased if Lord Fairland would marry," I replied, flattered by the Premier's implied compliment.

"Tell him so, and try to win him to the idea," said Lord Sternmouth, rather anxiously. "He has a very lovable nature; but I suspect I know him less well than you do."

I turned over this request of the Premier's with some thoughtfulness, and next morning at breakfast proceeded cautiously to discharge what I regarded as a confidential mission. I began by remarking that I had much admired Lady Bertha in a quadrille at Lord Portsmouth's, which was not true, for Lady Bertha happened not to have been present. Fairland allowed me to come to a full stop; then asked laconically—

"If you admire Lady Bertha so much, why don't you make love to her?"

"She is out of my reach," I answered, reddening; for it struck me that he might be jealous, and wished to prove me.

"The Fairfaxes are fit mates for any woman in Christendom," replied the Marquis, stirring his tea. "I suppose your true reason is that you fancy I am smitten in that quarter. Well, I tell you that you would render me a real service by wooing and marrying Lady B——"

"Believe me, I never entertained an idea of the sort," I replied, still thinking I was undergoing a test, but much astonished nevertheless.

"Well, but have you any aversion from marriage?"

"No-o, I don't say that."

"And you are not in love already?"

"Not by any means."

"Then as you feel admiration for Lady Bertha Snowe, pay your court to her from this day," said my lord curtly.

"Admiration does not mean love," I rejoined.

"Love will come by and bye, when you get to know each other," remarked the Marquis. "You are handsome, and a thoroughly good fellow. Any woman would like you; and if the Duke raises any difficulties I will smoothe them away by seeing that you have proper settlements. Then we would seat you in the House of Commons, and in course of time your wife's fortune would make a peer of you."

All this Lord Fairland said in the tone of one accustomed to be obeyed. He looked at me indeed as if I should seriously surprise him by offering further objections to his plans so eminently feasible. He rose, lit a cigarette, and without allowing me time to reply, continued—

"I know Sternmouth has been wanting me to marry Lady Bertha; and to tell you the truth I had some thought of pretending to agree, and of feigning an attachment to the lady, in order that they might all let me alone. I calculated I could have dragged on matters for a year or so in that way, by making believe that I wished to study my future wife's character; but a break must have come at last, and those tricks are not fair, for they may hurt a woman's reputation. I will speak out straightforwardly to Sternmouth, who is a



nuisance. I don't see why I should be pestered to marry, and I won't marry—that's the long and short of it. As to Lady Bertha, if you don't take her to wife, somebody else will, and you would be silly not to risk your chance while you may."

So I who had sat down to table with the task of converting my eminent kinsman to marriage, was myself, between two cups of tea, cozened into the idea that I might become the son-in-law of a Duke!

Lord Fairland started for his office in Whitehall, and I went to my study to draft answers to a pile of letters. All through the morning I thought of Lady Bertha's pretty face, graceful manners, and wide domains; but the more I thought the more incomprehensible did it appear to me that the Marquis should feel no ambition to marry the attractive young lady. I have said that women considered me handsomer than my cousin; I might have added that he was not handsome at all. Of less than middle stature and spare proportions, he had a thin, pale face, lank yellowish hair, and eyes of an uncertain colour between gray and blue. Except for the air of patrician pride that sat well upon his face, and certainly marked him out from the vulgar, he would have looked puny and dismal. Among a crowd of noblemen of his own rank he cut no great figure.

By luncheon time I had persuaded myself of two things: in the first place, that if Lady Bertha were not enamoured of lands and coronets, I stood as good a chance of obtaining her hand as Lord Fairland himself had done; and in the second, that if my cousin were not enamoured of her sweet young face, his heart must surely have been bestowed in some quarter that I knew not of. It was no business of mine to find out what quarter, and I should have been content to let my curiosity slumber had not events occurred which obliged me to mix myself up in my cousin's private affairs much against my will.

It was towards evening two days after my conversation with Fairland that I received a note from Lord Sternmouth bidding me call at his private residence *immediately*.

I went, of course, without losing a moment, and found the Premier in considerable agitation. The Duke of Snowdon was with him, and both looked at me with glances in which anxiety and mistrust were mingled.

"Tell me the truth, Fairfax," began the Premier, with a frown on his brow, but an appealing tone in his voice. "Were you aware that Lord Fairland was married?"

"Married!" I exclaimed, and both the noblemen must have seen from my manner how genuine was my amazement.

"Privately married, and under his mere family name of Charles Fairfax, to the widow

of a small tradesman in one of the suburbs," continued the Premier, in a tone of disgust, anger, and grief impossible to describe. "You surely must have been aware of his practice of going out to the suburbs in disguise every evening?"

"His wife believes him to be a commercial traveller," put in the Duke of Snowdon, who was a tall portly nobleman, with a venerable face and solemn deportment.

I thought the two peers were either hoaxing me, or had themselves been hoaxed.

"Read these papers," said Lord Sternmouth, impatiently; and he handed me a bundle of documents headed with the address of a private inquiry office.

## CHAPTER II.

THE documents contained a complete record of Lord Fairland's movements during the previous three months, and they proved that he had been watched with no common care. The gist of the report was, that the Marquis went almost daily to visit a young woman who kept a glove and perfumery shop near Paddington, and to whom he had been indubitably married, although she still retained over her shop the name of her first husband, which was Blake. Of this young woman's, or of her first husband's antecedents, nothing appeared to be known. They had come one day to settle in the district, and they seemed to have prospered until the sudden death of George Blake, which occurred in a railway accident about a year (so far as could be ascertained) after their marriage. The inquiry office had been unable to find out where young Blake and his wife had lived before coming to Paddington; all they could learn for certain was that the married life of the young couple had not been a happy one owing to Blake's addiction to drink. The glove-shop was kept going mainly by the industry and economy of Mrs. Blake, and also in some degree by her beauty, which exercised a potent spell in attracting customers. The Blakes had no children; and it was not more than eighteen months after the death of her husband that the young widow had been privately married to Lord Fairland. Her age was stated in the register of the parish where the marriage had been solemnized, to be twenty-three.

I took in all these facts, turning over the papers in the presence of Lord Sternmouth and the Duke, who conversed in low tones all the while. The Duke gradually affected—not over successfully—to treat the subject with indifference; but Lord Sternmouth was very angry, and showed it by vehement exclamations, in which the word "jade," "adventuress," &c., often recurred. I shall never forget his look when he turned towards me, after I had

finished the papers and had laid them on the table.

"Well, what do you say to that?—it's a pretty business!"

"I am greatly surprised, my lord," I answered, feeling that I had grown pale.

He made an impatient gesture, as if I were employing a term of foolish weakness under such circumstances.

"You assure me again on your word of honour that you had not the faintest suspicion of these things?"

"I give you my word that I had none."

"Now collect yourself and reflect whether you can call to mind any facts that ought to have aroused your suspicions?"

I collected myself, but could call to mind nothing. I replied that Lord Fairland and I were but little together afternoons. He had his ministerial and parliamentary duties to attend to, and I supposed that in the evenings he went into society. It had never occurred to me to wonder how he spent his time. Questioned as to whether I had any reason to believe that Lord Fairland's valet was in his master's confidence, I declined to answer, for I resented the part of espionage which it was being sought to thrust on me. Lord Sternmouth understood and stammered an apology, and at the same time he implied by a nod that he would not trouble me further. Just as I was moving towards the door, however, he called me back.

"Not a word of this to Lord Fairland, please. He has been made the dupe of an artful scheme, but you must leave his grace and me to deal with the matter. Any interference of yours might produce mischief."

I was greatly relieved at being charged to hold my tongue. It is ill work meddling between people in love; and I knew Fairland well enough to feel that at the first sign of any interference on my part with his affairs he would dismiss me from his service, a consummation which I dreaded on many grounds, not the least of which was that I liked him. Lord Sternmouth shook hands with me as I took leave of him, and the Duke bowed to me with that excess of politeness which great nobles so well know how to assume to keep inferiors at a distance. He did not look as if he would ever take kindly to the notion of having me for a son-in-law.

I left Downing Street much engrossed by the secret which had just been entrusted to me. It astonished me greatly that a man so haughty, so imbued with nobiliary instincts and prejudices as Fairland should have contracted a *mésalliance* so debasing. Yet I could not blame him for it, as there was evidently a great passion at the bottom of this affair. I felt anxious to shield him from the probable consequences of his marriage, for I foresaw

that Lord Sternmouth meant to try and bring troubles upon him, or at least on his wife. There had been something very stern, very menacing in the old nobleman's allusion to the "scheming adventuress," and his manner had been even more threatening than his tone. But after all I did not well see what he could do beyond compelling Fairland to resign his seat in the Cabinet. A marriage cannot be broken off like a *liaison*, and unless there had been anything irregular in Fairland's nuptials, he and his wife must remain united till death parted them. Perhaps Lord Sternmouth did hope to discover an irregularity in the marriage; but what of that if Fairland, on finding his first marriage annulled, were to contract a second more openly and lawfully? Here I began to wonder whether Lord Fairland's wife—or Amy Fairfax, to give her her rightful name—were in the secret of her husband's rank, or were conniving with him, for private reasons, to keep up the mystery. This speculation proved so interesting that it served to keep me cogitating until I reached St. James's Street.

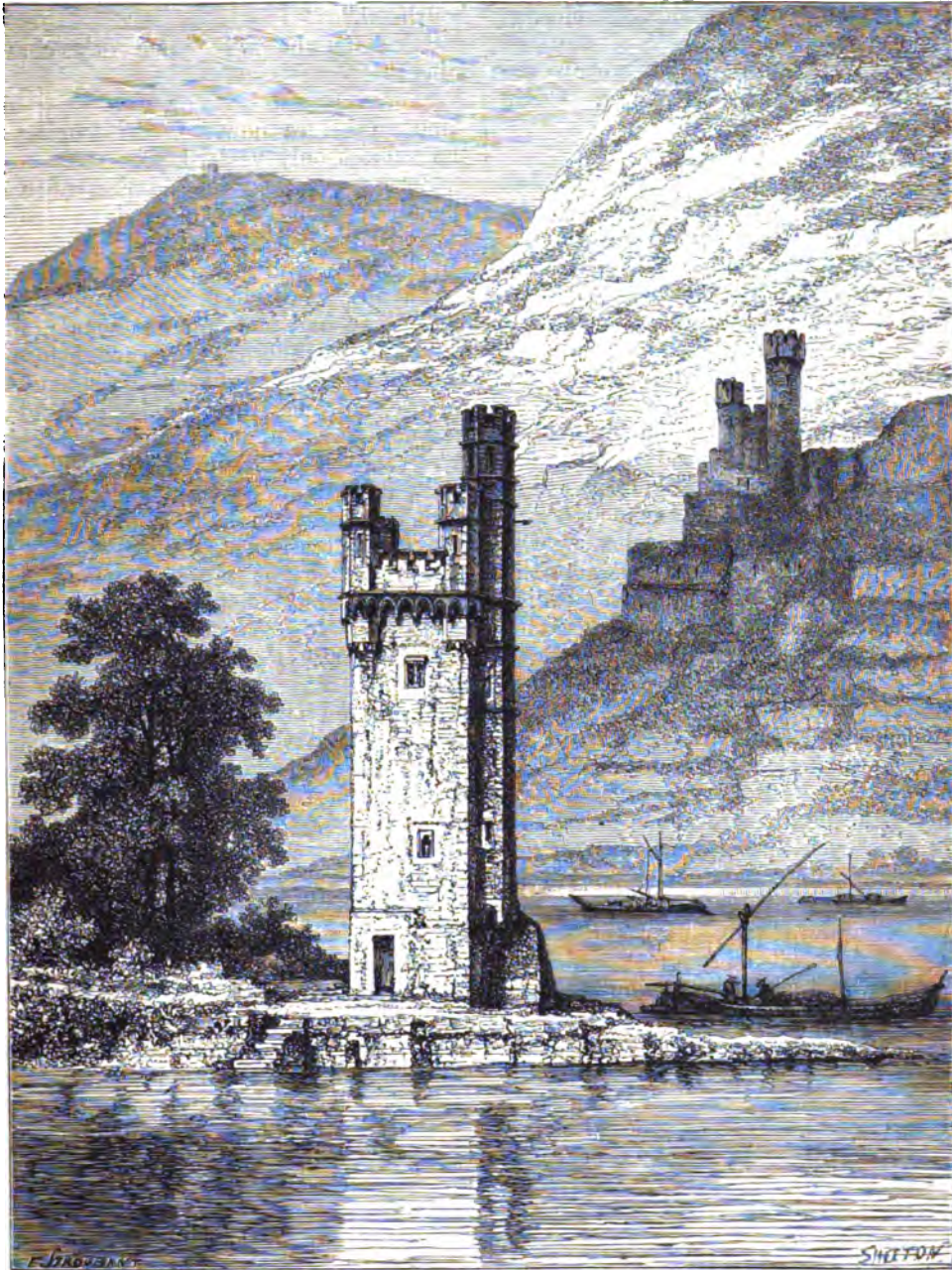
It was a beautiful summer evening, clear and cool. A sudden impulse seized me to pay a visit to Mrs. Fairfax's shop, and before reasoning on the advisability of this course I had hailed a hansom. My first idea was simply to pass by the shop and perhaps peep through the panes, my second-born of curiosity, was to enter and buy something. I had no fear of meeting Fairland, for I supposed that he took his precautions against chance encounters with acquaintances. He was one of the best-known men in town. His portrait was in the windows of all the photograph vendors, and anyone who had met him in the shop must have almost instantly recognised him. Under the circumstances it was probable that he never set foot in the shop, but had access to the house through some private entrance. At the worst, however, a meeting with Fairland would prove nothing that could excite his suspicions. My cousin did not know what friends I had, and I could easily pretend to have received an invitation to a suburban party, and to have stopped by a mere hazard at this particular glove-shop. The truth of my explanation would be borne out by the fact that I was in evening clothes. A half-hour's drive brought me to one of those new provincial-looking streets which abound on the skirts of London. All the houses in it were small, and were presumably tenanted by persons in the position of city clerks. The shops in the street were few, and for the most part plain and of cheap appearance, like those in second-rate country towns; but among them one shop shone conspicuously, by reason of its blaze of gas and truly luxurious fittings. It was that of Lord Fairland's wife, for the name of



"Blake" glittered over the door in letters richly gilt.

Of the hundreds of persons who passed by this shop daily ninety per cent. must have marvelled why a tradesman who could furnish his house so gorgeously did not remove to a more promising locality. The shop fas-

cinated the eye, and would not have disgraced the showiest thorough-fare of a large capital. Dismissing my cab some doors off, I walked twice up and down the pavement before entering, and each time threw a glance through the plate-glass of the door. The interior was adorned with that quiet, tasteful luxury for



THE MOUSE TOWER ON THE RHINE.—SEE MISCELLANEA.

which Parisian shops are remarkable. All was ebony, violet-velvet and dead gold, and some rare flowers—whether hot-house plants or waxen imitations I could not tell from outside—served to set off by their brilliant colours the rich simplicity of the surroundings. Behind the counter sat a young woman, seem-

ingly no more than twenty years old and of striking beauty, reading.

I turned the large ivory handle of the door and walked in. Almost before Mrs. Fairfax—for I divined it must be she—had risen I detected by her manners that she must have been in a state superior to that she was now

filling, and the first words she spoke confirmed that impression. She had that tranquil and graceful bearing which can only come of the education that makes a lady.

"My size is seven and three-quarters," I remarked, after asking for a pair of white gloves.

"I am afraid this quality will hardly suit you, sir," she answered in a musical voice, as she opened a box. "Our stock of the best French quality is exhausted, but we are expecting some more this very evening. Could you wait?"

"How long?"

"Not more than an hour in any case, but perhaps much less. Mr. Blake may be in at any moment, and he is to bring the gloves."

I presumed that Mr. Blake and Lord Fairland were one; and I was secretly thankful to the Marquis for continuing to bear commercially the name of his wife's first husband sooner than introduce our own family name of Fairfax into the glove-trade. Being very desirous to enter into conversation with "Mrs. Fairfax," I accepted her proposal to wait, and, whilst pretending to try on some morning gloves, chatted with her and examined her.

She was more than pretty: her beauty was of the fresh, radiant kind which attracts the coldest hearts. Rather below women's ordinary stature, all her limbs deserved the epithet of *petite*. Her hands were tiny and faultless, her waist such as a necklace would have clasped, and her figure symmetry itself. But it was difficult in a first interview to take note of all these perfections, so irresistably did her sweet face keep the spectator's gaze spell-bound. She had hair of raven blackness, large dark blue eyes that opened with an expression of astonishing candour, a mouth so small that a cherry could scarcely have entered it whole, and red lips, full of life, which parted as she spoke with a smile of delicious softness. Any court of nobles sitting in judgment on Lord Fairland for having married out of his caste, would have absolved him at sight of this bewitching young creature in whom all was comeliness, gentleness, and womanly grace. I had seen many beautiful peeresses, but none who by right of personal charms better deserved to bear a marchioness's coronet than this little glove-seller, so becomingly yet simply attired in her dress of black silk, with plain white collars and cuffs.

"This is a very pretty shop you have here," I observed, as she was stretching a pair of dogskins for me.

"Everybody tells us so," she replied, smiling, "and it seems to attract customers, for we have often more than we can satisfy."

A foreigner would have asked whether she were so sure it was the shop that attracted customers, but an Englishman dare not vent-

ure on such liberties. So I proceeded with observations purely commercial.

"Such a shop would be a great boon in the club district, and I should think it would pay you to move there."

"I should like it above all things," she said with a little sigh, "but Mr. Blake will not consent to it. He has a fancy for this neighbourhood."

"Perhaps he will some day change his mind?"

"I am afraid not, or else he would have done so before now. I was teasing him on the subject only yesterday."

Here there was the tinkling of a bell in the direction of the back parlour. Mrs. Fairfax withdrew with an apology, and almost immediately returned with a box of gloves of the quality I desired, and which, said she, Mr. Blake had just brought home. From the foregoing facts I had been enabled to glean two things: first, that Lord Fairland had some private entrance into the house; and second, that his wife had no suspicion as to his identity. Her sigh of regret in speaking of Mr. Blake's obstinate fancy for Paddington precluded the idea that she could be aware who Mr. Blake really was; but to make more sure of this last point I tried a bold stroke by requesting that a parcel of gloves should be sent to my address:

"Mr. Frank Fairfax, Fairland House, Piccadilly," I said, in the quietest tone possible, as I lowered my glance to button my glove.

She gave a slight start, almost imperceptible, but it was no more than the start natural to a person who meets with a namesake. Then, quickly recovering, she wrote down my address with the utmost composure in her ledger.

"The parcel shall be delivered at your house this evening, sir," she said, and handed me my change.

But, just as I was taking the money, she started again, and this time looked at me hard. Her liquid eyes were fixed upon me with an expression of amazed wonder amounting almost to dread; and I had only to glance at the mirror opposite me to understand the reason. I have said that between Fairland and myself there were many traits of family resemblance; and there were times when we resembled each other more than at others. For instance, we both wore our hats in the same style (slightly over our eyes), and when wearing overcoats had the same trick of burying our hands in our pockets with a nervous contraction of the shoulders as if we felt chilly. It struck me as I looked into the mirror that it reflected exactly the face and figure of Lord Fairland, *alias* Mr. Fairfax or Blake.

I hastily left the shop, for I felt I had



committed a blunder. And indeed I had, for, turning round as I reached the end of the street, I saw that the little glove-woman had come out into the doorway, and was gazing wistfully after me.

### CHAPTER III.

THERE was something extremely humorous in the notion of a grandee like the Marquis of Fairland leaving the government of an empire to carry gloves to a shop in Paddington. He was so uncommonly truculent in dealing with his peers that I should have liked to see him slink into the back entrance of his clandestine home and undergo a scolding from his pretty wife, because he had brought too many "sixes" and not enough "eights." How he must have loved the woman to put himself thus out of his haughty way for her sake, or, taking another view of the case, what a fund of eccentricity there must have been in the man to impel him thus to live his strange double life. Perhaps he was at heart weary to sickness of his wealth and rank, and regarded it as a recreation to put on the disguise of a tradesman. To a man of philosophical mind there would certainly have been something amusing in the comparisons between the two spheres of society in which he moved alternately.

I for my part felt no inclination to laugh at Fairland, for I was seriously uneasy at the possible results of what I had done. It was to be presumed that Fairland would instantly learn from his wife that I had been at the glove-shop, and would on meeting me at breakfast sound me as to my motives for going there. This is in effect what occurred. The Marquis came down to breakfast with a shade of anxiety on his face, and was at pains to conceal his impatience to interrogate me. We got through the usual weather and business preliminaries, however, and were seated at table before he said:

"I dropped in at the Opera last night, but didn't see you. I thought you never missed a subscription night?"

"I had to go to a party yesterday out Paddington way. One of my old tutors had invited me."

"Rather slow, I should think."

"Tea and music—as slow as you please; but I made a discovery in those latitudes. In the West Drayton Road there is a glove-shop, unique in its way."

Lord Fairland broke the shell of his egg; I did the same, and endeavoured to speak in my ordinary tone. But there is no conceiving the difficulty of playing parts like this. It seemed to me as though all the muscles of my face were wringing up, and as though my

voice were cavernous. Luckily Fairland looked at his egg and not at me.

"Unique—how do you mean?"

"First, in its fittings; but secondly and chiefly, in the beauty of the glove-seller—one of the sweetest faces I have ever seen."

"You seem to be an admirer of sweet faces," remarked the Marquis, drily. "The other day it was Lady Bertha Snowe; now it's—how do you call your new flame?"

"Blake was the name over the door."

"You have already learned it by heart I see."

"It is not such a long one."

"I fancy I saw the name of 'Blake' on a parcel that was lying on the hall table when I came in this morning?"

"Yes, I ordered two dozen pairs of gloves."

"Aha! West Drayton Road will have your custom for the future, I suppose?"

"No, the lady appears to be married, and West Drayton Road is too far afield to go for an entanglement."

Fairland laughed. I had succeeded in playing my part naturally; and his own self-possession was perfect. I took a minute to observe him furtively, and not the vestige of a frown testified to his feeling any uneasiness. His hand did not tremble, nor did his eye wander. He simply changed the subject, and discoursed in his usual high-and-dry style on the topics of the hour; seeming to be harassed by—amongst other things—some questions which he had to answer in the House of Lords on matters touching his department.

Directing me to hunt up some notes on these questions, he left me with an appointment to meet him at the House of Lords at four, and we each went our ways. Nothing eventful occurred during the remainder of the day. At four Fairland was wearing his habitual face; and he was in as complete possession of himself as ever, for it took him no more than ten minutes to master the notes which had occupied me two hours to prepare, and to deliver by help of them a crisp business-like speech of half an hour. I had entered the House to hear this speech, and was just leaving their lordships' bar when I felt a touch on the shoulder, and saw Lord Sternmouth. He did not speak to me till we were in the lobbies, but as soon as we were out of ear-shot he said confidentially—

"What do you think of that speech?"

"A very able one, my lord."

"Ay, and can you think with patience of a promising statesman like the Marquis having his career smashed by an adventuress?"

"I think your lordship should see the lady," I answered, with as much firmness as respect would permit. "I went to the West Drayton Road yesterday."

"Ah! you have already been there?"

"Yes, and after what I saw I cannot be surprised that Lord Fairland should have conceived the strongest attachment for the lady whom he has privately married. So much beauty and grace are rarely found."

"Moonshine!" interrupted the Premier, testily. "A pretty pair of eyes and a cozening voice. You young men are all alike. I tell you *that* marriage is a criminal blunder, and must, if possible, be unmade; nothing but disgrace and misery can result from it."

"If your lordship will allow me to express an opinion, I would rather suggest that the marriage should be openly acknowledged," was my deferential reply. "Lady Fairland is evidently a gentlewoman by training, and no harm could result to any man from having her as a life's companion."

"Pshaw, boy, you are talking like a fool," broke out Lord Sternmouth, with contemptuous irritation. "Leave me to manage matters as I think proper, and above all hold your tongue."

I bowed my head under the reproof; though I did not at all like the implied menace of the Premier's words. A hard old statesman, dead to all tender sentiments, but imbued to the marrow with instincts of personal and caste ambition, he was just the man to do something at once crafty and violent to prevent his nephew from throwing his coronet and fortune into the lap of a tradeswoman. A presentiment as of coming evil seized me, and I could not shake it off, so I went to dine at my club, and repaired afterwards to a ball at the Duke of Snowdon's. Here I found means to dismiss my cares during a few hours, for I contrived to get introduced to Lady Bertha and danced a quadrille with her. But I could not obtain the favour of a waltz, and consequently could not push my court far enough to carry away a little hope with me. I had no sooner left Snowdon House than my anxieties about Fairland reseeded me. Reason as I would with myself that Lord Sternmouth could not, for all his power, do anything to annul Fairland's marriage in the latter's despite, I was yet afraid, and had the greatest difficulty in composing myself to sleep. Dawn was breaking when I at last dozed off exhausted by vain conjectures.

How long I had slept I do not know, but it was broad morning when I was aroused by a not gentle shake of the shoulder, and saw Fairland standing by my bedside. He was very pale, and spoke to me loud and sharply to set me well awake.

"Listen to me, Frank, you are going to tell me the truth. You are awake, are you not?"

"Yes. What's the matter?" I asked, sitting up and rubbing my eyes.

"What have you done with that young person whom you admired at the glove-shop the

day before yesterday?" asked the Marquis, looking with indignant fixity into my eyes.

"Done?" I echoed. "I have done nothing? What do you mean?"

"I mean that the lady in question has disappeared, and I have reason to suspect that you wiled her away!"

"Good God, Fairland!" I exclaimed in consternation. "Do not let us have such reticences as this. Do you think me capable of decoying your wife, or her of following me?"

"My wife?" repeated Fairland, with strange calmness. "Then you are aware of my being married?"

"I know everything," I rejoined excitedly. "Two days ago I was put into possession of the facts by Lord Sternmouth, and if Lady Fairland has disappeared she must have been kidnapped by his orders. I had a presentiment that something of this sort would happen."

"Then why did you not warn me?" inquired my cousin, and again his voice and manner were wonderfully cool.

"I had given my word to Lord Sternmouth," was my dismayed reply, "and, after all, my better reason rejected the idea that anything of a treacherous nature could be plotted against you. I bitterly repent now having pledged myself to secrecy."

"Compose yourself, and tell me all you know," said Lord Fairland, sitting down; and he astonished me by asking leave to light a cigar.

I related everything I knew—the interview with Lord Sternmouth and the Duke of Snowdon, the report of the inquiry office, my own visit of curiosity to the glove-shop, and the Premier's words to me in the House of Lord's lobbies. Lord Fairland anxiously listened, and occasionally nodded his head, but gave no other sign of emotion. For a man whose wife had mysteriously disappeared, his attitude certainly exceeded in collectedness anything I should have conceived possible. He continued to puff at his cigar without haste or flurry, and when I had finished, affectionately gave me his hand.

"I daresay there is not much harm done. I will go and call on Sternmouth," he said, and with these words left me. A few minutes afterwards I heard the wheels of his brougham clattering away down Piccadilly.

#### CHAPTER IV.

NEEDLESS to say that I hurriedly dressed so as to be ready to assist my cousin in case he should require my services. But two hours passed, and Fairland did not return. I was growing anxious, when, glancing into the paper, I saw the reason of his absence explained. Lord Sternmouth had left for Osborne on the

previous night, and it was obvious that the Marquis had gone after him. Admitting the utmost speed in travelling, he could not be back from the Isle of Wight until evening.

What should I do with myself in the interval! spend the whole day without making any efforts of my own to discover Lady Fairland? This was impossible. Apart from affection which I felt for my cousin, I had been too powerfully interested by the loveliness of his wife not to feel moved to do my utmost towards ascertaining whether any evil had befallen her. Fairland's real or affected security I could not share. He, perhaps, argued with himself that there was no great danger of Lord Sternmouth's mixing in foul play, but I was not at all so sure of that. The Premier would, of course, deny all complicity in the disappearance, and how could he be brought to book? Through subordinate agents a powerful minister has countless methods of putting objectionable people in humble rank out of his path; and Lady Fairland might at this moment be on her way to some continental asylum or convent where it might be almost impossible to discover her. I dismissed the notion that any blacker outrage than this might be attempted on her: yet my faith in the scruples of statecraft was not so strong, but that I recalled with a shudder instances of persons who, after mysteriously disappearing, had been found as mysteriously drowned.

Under all circumstances, as I had no data on which to seek information of the police, I determined on going to West Drayton Road, where I should be able to pick up some certain knowledge of what had occurred and, perhaps, get some clue. An extraordinary emotion filled me as I started, and my heart beat faster and faster as I neared Paddington. It was evident that Lady Fairland had left on me an impression deeper than I was conscious of, and the consciousness of which when it began to dawn on me filled me with a great dread. Could it be that I wished my cousin was not married, or if he had a wife it might have been any woman in the world but this one?

Not wishing to have any witnesses of the sensations I might experience, on alighting before the shop where I had seen Lady Fairland but a short while ago so serene and happy, I directed the coachman to pull up at the corner of the street. He did so; but I was obliged to take a couple of turns down a by-road before I could man myself to proceed to my destination. My surprise may be conceived, however, when on entering the West Drayton Road I observed not only that "Blake's" shop was open as usual, but that "Mrs. Blake" was sitting behind her counter as if nothing had happened. She was even laughing as she related something to a man

who was buying gloves of her, and who seemed so intimate with her that I instinctively hated him.

My entry caused her to look up and make an impulsive gesture as if to hold out her hand to me. I took her hand and pressed it, and in spite of her assumed gaiety she was pale and had evidently been crying. The gentleman who had bought the gloves took up his change, lifted his hat, and retired.

"Thank Heaven, you are safe!" I faltered to Lady Fairland, unable to take my eyes off her.

"You have heard what has happened to me then?" she exclaimed, gazing at me with deep curiosity.

"I heard you had disappeared, and I feared some misfortune."

"You know Mr. Blake then!"

"Yes, I know him."

"His name is Fairfax though, not Blake," she resumed with a wondering intonation; "and yours is Fairfax too, and you are so like each other, you must be relatives."

"We are distant relatives," I stammered, perceiving that Lady Fairland was not yet completely on the track of her husband's identity, and dreading to commit myself. "But tell me please what happened to you."

"Oh, it's a most curious story," she exclaimed, sinking into a seat and putting her hands before her eyes, yet laughing a little as if there were some amusing recollections in her adventure. "Just fancy that I had to go out yesterday afternoon to buy some things, and I was walking through the streets not suspecting anything, when a man came up to me with a note, saying he had followed me, and that Mr. Fairfax had fallen ill, and that I was to return to the shop at once. A cab was passing at the moment, and I summoned it: the man who had brought the note and another who was with him jumped in, and I suppose now that the cabman must have been a confederate, for he backed his horse and galloped away in a direction quite contrary to that which we ought to have taken. Beginning to be afraid, I tried to scream, but a handkerchief, steeped in chloroform I presume, was put to my mouth, and then I remember no more till I found myself in a room somewhere alone with these two men. They were very kind to me in trying to allay my alarms; but as soon as I was fairly restored, they put to me all sorts of questions under the impression that I was Lord Fairfax's wife. When I had told them that I was not married—"

"What! you are not married?" I exclaimed starting back, so unexpected was this confession.

"No. I am not Mr. Fairfax's wife. My name is Ada Mildmay," she answered inno-

cently. And when I had told them that, and proved it to them by answering their hundreds of questions, their arms seemed to drop from wonder. They muttered something about having bagged the wrong bird, and put me again into a cab which brought me here."

"And you suffered no hurt at their hands?" I inquired, eagerly.

"Oh, none whatever," she answered, with a gust of merriment. "They offered me wine and sandwiches, which I refused of course, and they had the civility to pay my cab home for me. But now tell me, please, what is the meaning of all this, for I suspect you know more about it than you care to say."

"I know nothing, I assure you."

"O yes, yes, you do. To begin, what is the meaning of your calling yourself Fairfax, too, and of all this occurring to me on the day after I had seen you for the first time? There is a coincidence in that you can't but own."

There was an admirable pout on her pretty lips as she put this pointed question; and I could only answer it by flying. I feared to let out more than I ought to do. How enter into explanations without betraying Fairland? I muttered something about replying to her some other day, and precipitately left the shop. This time I did not turn round to see whether she was gazing after me. I ran straight on till I met a cab, into which I forthwith jumped, telling the driver to take me to Piccadilly.

I cannot tell of what I thought as I sped along. All my ideas were confused, and I could only keep my mind on this one point, that Ada Mildmay was unmarried, and that there was some mystery enshrouding my cousin which I could not venture to penetrate alone. It was misery to me to think that I should have to wait till evening for a settlement of all the doubts and anxieties which were oppressing me; but of one thing I was resolved—namely, that if Fairland was not back from Osborne by six o'clock I would follow him thither. Meanwhile it occurred to me that it would be a prudent thing to send a telegram to my cousin, and I alighted at the nearest office for the purpose. The message which I sent consisted only of these words:—

*"She is found, and is safe and well, at West-Drayton Road."*

The telegram clerk having informed me that the message would reach its destination in half an hour, I had put one load off my mind. Still I was nervous as to what might result from an angry interview on Lord Fairland's part with Lord Sternmouth; and it was consequently an immense relief when on debouching into Piccadilly I was crossed by the Premier's very brougham, going at a pelting trot

towards his Lordship's private residence. This was a truly fortunate rencounter. I saw Lord Sternmouth in the carriage with his venerable gray head bent over some despatches; and it was clear that he had either not been to Osborne as the newspaper had announced, or had returned very promptly thence. I ordered the cab to turn and follow the brougham, and as Lord Sternmouth was alighting at his house. I ran forward and accosted him, raising my hat.

"Lord Sternmouth, the Marquis followed you to Osborne this morning, wanting very much to see you."

"Ah, indeed. I only went to Osborne to take her Majesty's orders, and remained there about a couple of hours; Lord Fairland and I must have crossed each other," answered the Prime Minister, with studied affability. "Do you know what the Marquis desired of me?"

"He wanted to speak to you about the mysterious disappearance of the lady whom your lordship erroneously supposed to be his wife."

"Erroneously supposed? I never supposed anything, Fairfax. What are you dreaming about?"

"Why, did not your lordship speak to me yesterday again about Lord Fairfax's clandestine marriage?"

"I do not remember to have ever opened my lips on such a subject," rejoined the Prime Minister, with astounding effrontery and politeness.

I was for a moment dumbfounded; but not liking to be made a zany of, I plucked up my spirit, as I answered with rising anger:—

"Your lordship has surely not forgotten addressing me about Lord Fairland's supposed marriage with a glove-seller, and making threatening remarks on the matter?"

Something in my tone probably showed the Premier that it would be inexpedient to trifle with me. He smiled and slightly shrugged his shoulders.

"That inquiry office led us all astray. It was not a marriage, but a *connection*; and with that neither you nor I nor anybody else have anything to do, Fairfax. Lord Fairland is his own master."

## CHAPTER V.

THESE words of Lord Sternmouth's made my heart turn to ice. His manner of uttering them spoke volumes, and the truth seemed to go through me as a flash that this pretty glove-seller, Ada Mildmay—or Blake, or whatever else was her name—was simply living under Lord Fairland's "protection." I called to mind Lord Fairland's unconcern that morning. His jaunty, almost flippant, composure



as he smoked his cigar, and the unconcerned style in which he had set off in quest of Lord Sternmouth. All this pointed to a *liaison*, and what is more, to a *liaison* of which one of the parties was beginning to tire.

And yet no! Any one who had once fallen under the thralldom of those sweet eyes would remain their slave for ever. And they were eyes full of innocence—not those of one who had fallen from woman's high estate of chasteness and modesty. I was ready to admit a mystery, however improbable, but I could not admit that Ada Mildmay was otherwise than irreproachable. The artless laugh which had pealed from her lips as she related her adventure to me rang in my ears, and dispelled all the miserable notions which Lord Sternmouth, with his sneer of worldly scepticism, had conjured up.

I returned to Fairland House and shut myself up in the study, resolving that work was the best cure for care, and that I would toil away at answering official letters till the Marquis came back. But, alas, a busy pen must be guided by an undisturbed mind. Again and again the pen fell from my hands, and I was listlessly tracing figures in the blotting-book, when towards evening a footman knocked at the door, and announced to me that a Miss Mildmay craved a few moments' interview. Before I could answer, Ada's figure had brightened the threshold, and I ran forward to meet her.

"I came to you about the gloves you bought yesterday, sir," she began, faltering: but at once throwing away this pretence, she added—"No, Mr. Fairfax, please tell me the truth about all these things which I cannot understand. I have been looking into the 'Peerage' this morning at the name of 'Fairland,' and I find the Marquis's name is Fairfax. Is it you who are Lord Fairland?"

I shook my head.

"Then it's the gentleman whom we know as Mr. Fairfax? Tell me the truth—I beseech you tell me the truth—if you like I will swear never to disclose the secret."

Why should I have deceived her? I confessed the truth, and she at once burst into tears, clasping her hands and rocking to and fro. "Oh, how noble and great and good he is! I could not have believed such goodness possible! I could not have thought that any human being could have given proof of such magnanimity, and generosity, and fondness as he has evinced towards us."

"Do you mean Lord Fairland?" I inquired, considerably moved.

"Yes; Lord Fairland's my sister's husband," she answered, as her tears continued to flow.

There was a long pause. Lord Fairland was married then, but not to Ada, and Lord Sternmouth's expressions on Ada were calum-

nies. I felt too grateful—my heart bounded too high—to leave me any power during the next few moments to ask questions. But when I could speak without faltering I requested Ada Mildmay to furnish me with some explanation as to what she had just said, and she readily did so.

"My sister Amy and I are daughters of a clergyman," she said, drying her eyes; "we are twins, and used to be so like each other that it was impossible to discern between us. Well, some years ago papa died, and Amy soon afterwards fell in love with a gentleman who represented himself to be an officer, but who turned out to have no means of livelihood at all. Amy only found out that after their marriage, and with some little money that she had inherited from papa she suggested that they should set up a glove-shop. This was done, but George Blake, Amy's husband, was a terrible drinker, and gradually fell into such courses that, had he lived longer, it would have been necessary to restrain him. He was killed, however, in a railway accident, and in that same accident Amy lost her eyesight and her beauty. For a time she also lost her reason, and the doctors feared she might never recover."

"But that does not explain Lord Fairland's marriage with her," I remarked.

"O yes, it does," answered Ada. "Listen to me, and you will see how it all occurred. Some time before that railway accident, Lord Fairland—who called himself simple Mr. Fairfax—came by hazard into the shop to buy gloves, and fell at once into love with Amy, who stood behind the counter then, as I do now. Amy, of course, couldn't listen to him; but she secretly loved him, and the grief that chiefly unsettled her reason when the accident occurred was, I fancy, that she thought Mr. Fairfax would cease to love her because her beauty was gone. He behaved grandly, however; for though she had just passed through one fit of insanity and was threatened with soon having another, he married her in the lucid interval, and I believe now that his only reason for concealing his high rank was that he thought Amy might refuse his sacrifice, if she knew who he really was. He described himself as a commercial traveller."

"A nobleman indeed!" I murmured.

"Isn't he?" cried Ada. "And you should have seen his tenderness towards Amy. Oh, how it all comes back to me now! Amy, being blind you know, keeps in an upper room over the shop; but Mr. Fairfax used to come to spend at least three hours every day with her, and a gentler, kinder being never existed."

"But is there no hope of Lady Fairland's reason and sight being restored to her?" I inquired.

"Her reason is restored to her completely,"

reiterated Ada; "and as to her sight, the doctor says she will soon regain that too. She already sees through a film."

It was just at this moment, as Ada was still speaking, that there was a ring at the front-door bell, and Lord Fairland's tread resounded through the hall. He came straight to the study, opened the door, and exclaimed, without much surprise, "Well, Ada, so you've found out everything?"

"Oh, Lord Fairland!" she exclaimed, rushing into his arms and kissing him with a fervour of sisterly admiration, "I ought to have guessed all along that you were not what you pretended yourself to be!"

"Thanks; but that's a clumsy compliment, dear," laughed the Marquis, shaking his head and knitting his brow. "At any rate, don't call me Lord Fairland again. I like my old name of Charles."

He turned as he said this, and held out his hand: "Pray, Frank, oblige me by going to Lord Sternmouth's, and saying I shall call on him in the course of an hour. I want to introduce somebody to him."

His tone was so mild as he said this that I no longer dreaded the possibility of a quarrel between him and the Prime Minister. I

repaired at once to Lord Sternmouth's, casting, as I departed, a valedictory look at Ada (who blushed), and found the Prime Minister in company with several other great noblemen, who were presumably going to dine with him. He seemed surprised at my communication; and was apparently about to solicit more detailed explanations, when Lord Fairland, who had followed me almost step for step in his carriage, arrived, and the usher wonderingly brought up the announcement of his visit in the following terms:—

"The Marquis and Marchioness of Fairland."

With intense curiosity all eyes turned towards the door, through which Lord Fairland entered, escorting a veiled lady, who leaned on his arm. She wore a shade over her eyes, and the veil of her face was invisible; but the looks of proud tenderness which Lord Fairland bent on her was such as a woman of the most peerless beauty would have envied.

He advanced into the middle of the room, and, with a gesture at once quiet and manly, said:—

"My Lords—Lady Fairland, my wife!"

I have only to add, that Fairland and I are now brothers-in-law, for I married Ada.

—*Cornhill Magazine.*

## FLOWERS AND STARS.

BY JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

### I.

LEANED from my window at even  
And looked on the garden below,  
Where bright-eyed, like stars in the heaven,  
Bloomed the flowers in their beauty and glow.  
Their odorous breathing rose slowly  
Perfuming the warm air above,  
Earth offering to heaven most holy  
The incense of worship and love.

### II.

I sat in my window as night fell  
And gazed on the deep summer sky;  
'Twas glittering with stars whose soft light fell  
In glory serene from the sky.  
Till heaven, to my fancy, was seeming  
A garden celestial and bright,  
Where star-flowers immortal were beaming,  
Returning earth's love with their light.

### III.

And I thought that the angels may rightly,  
When they look at our world from afar,  
Mistake each fair flower that glows brightly,  
And deem that on earth 'tis a STAR.  
While we, when the skies spread before us,  
All lustrous at midnight's still hour,  
May deem that each star beaming o'er us  
In the garden of heaven is a FLOWER.

—*Temple Bar.*



## PROUD MRS. BRANDLETH.

## CHAPTER THE FIRST.

**S**HE was a proud old woman. Many West Indians are endowed with more pride than is good for them, and she was an instance. Perhaps it was the blacks, or the climate, or living on an island where there was no aristocracy save that which was constituted by money. She was very rich, there was no doubt of that; and she had a very lovely daughter, there was also no doubt of that—a fair-haired girl, with large dreamy eyes, and a fair skin, and lips that suggested

a pout, yet broke into the most enchanting of smiles now and then—not very often either; perhaps because the girl's life had been lonely, as an only child's often is, and perhaps because she was half afraid of her mother. Her happiest days had been her school-days; she had been sent to England for her education, and when she returned to the narrow circle, and the stiff uncompromising mother, who since her husband's death had managed the estate herself, and was absorbed in the produce of sugar and the politics of Government House, Alice felt lonely and weary enough. Yet Mrs.



"I OWE MY LIFE TO A LIFE-BOAT."

Brandleth was very proud of her beautiful daughter, and waited serenely, convinced that the day would come when a wandering duke, or perhaps a stray prince, sent over to improve his knowledge of the tropics, would fall in love with her and insist upon laying his name, rank, and fortune at her feet. Having this conviction strong upon her, it was provoking when one fine day Alice informed her, tremblingly enough, that she had engaged herself to Hugh Trevor, a young surgeon who was vainly trying to get a practice in the island—for the population was more inclined to

trust its broken bones and epidemics into the hands of the older practitioners.

"If you dare to think of such a thing," she exclaimed, "I'll leave every penny away from you, and what is more, I will let you starve rather than give you a shilling;" after which comfortable assurance, having no money and no prospects, the pair prudently got married on the sly, and trusted to "luck."

Luck betrayed the trust and never came near them, or only luck of the worst description did; so they realised all they had, and, after one unavailing appeal to Mrs. Brandleth,

determined to leave the West Indies and seek for better fortune in England.

"I should so like to see my old friends again; yes, do let us go, Hugh dear; besides, we can make a better fight with poverty there than here," Alice said, thinking wistfully of her school-days, and a little bitterly of the manner in which her tropical acquaintance had cut her since her marriage. So with two hundred pounds in the world they set out for England.

"It is no use trying in London," Hugh said, "we should only be lost in the crowd, and allowed to starve quietly. We'll go to some small sea-side place, or country village, and set up, and hope for the best. Unless there is some one there before us, patients must come in time"—a reasonable supposition when one considers that, in the long run, disease and death are never inconstant long together anywhere.

"Let us go by the sea then," pleaded Alice, so they went to Drayton-on-Sea, a small sea-side place where fisher-folk abounded, and where there were hills around, with here and there houses scattered about, all inhabited by the probable patients of Hugh Trevor's future.

There was no surgeon at Drayton-on-Sea before Hugh Trevor went there, but a railway came soon after they settled there, and very soon after that a surgeon—an older man, with long experience—came and practised more for love than fees, for he was well off, and so the bright future the Trevors were seeking was still far away.

"Oh, Hugh! what shall we do?" poor Alice said, looking up with troubled eyes at her husband. Their second child was just born, and their last bank-note just changed.

"Never mind, darling," he said bravely, "better days will come yet."

"Shall I write to mamma?" she asked.

"No," he said; but she did, only to have her letter remain unanswered.

## CHAPTER THE SECOND.

THE first and the most vivid memory of anything that little Frank Trevor ever had was the fishing-village of Drayton-on-Sea; of the grand hills guarding it and the great gray sea bounding it. It always seemed to him as if there were two other worlds besides the one in which he lived, for every day—nay, two or three times a day—did not the train pass by Drayton-on-Sea, coming from some unknown land behind, and rush by to some unknown land beyond? He watched it come and go with a wondering, thoughtful face many a time, and speculated on all the strange things the whizzing engine had seen, but he was quite content when it had gone. Then there was the sea. He and his little sister spent half

their time down on the sandy beach, watching that great world of waves, with nothing beyond save the sky which lovingly touched it in the dim distance, and the white sails of the passing ships. Every morning, for many and many a long day, his mother came down to the beach with him and little May, and sat watching the tide coming in or going out.

"Mother," he often asked, "where is father?" But she always gave the same answer—

"He is on the sea, my child, attending to all the people that may be ill on a large ship in which he is, and he tries to make them well."

"And what are you saying to the sea, mother?" he asked one day. She turned and answered him as if he had been a man rather than a wee child—

"I do not quite know, my darling. I am sending a prayer out with the tide, I think, to your father, to come back again. I always fancy that some of those great waves may travel far away till they touch his ship, and when the tide comes back that perhaps they bring me an answer or some whispered message from him."

And so the months went by, and then suddenly some terrible news came, that made his mother wring her hands and rock to and fro in an agony of sorrow.

"Don't cry, mother," he said, climbing into her lap; "come down to the shore and watch for father." But she only sobbed the more, and cried—

"Oh! my child, my poor child, we shall never watch for him more. He is drowned, and gone for ever."

"Did you see him?" he asked childishly,—

"were you on the shore?"

"No, darling, he was far away—much farther than we can see—and he was wrecked, and is drowned, and lying in the great sea for ever," she wept.

Then he knew that there was a great sea-world beyond his sight, and that somewhere in it his father was lying dead, and so the child's face grew grave, and his eyes always seemed to be looking much farther away than even the great hills themselves could see.

The fisher-folk, and the people scattered in the houses on the hills around, were very good to Alice in her sorrow, but they could not provide for her and her children; and when a letter came from her mother, kind enough now, begging her to come back to the West Indian island, they tried to persuade her to go. But she refused; she could not accept what had been denied to her husband, and though money was enclosed, it was long before she could bring herself to spend a shilling of it. She preferred even the charity of the fisher-folk. So letter after letter came, but at last there was one she could not resist.



"Remember it is your own mother you are steeling your heart against," Mrs. Brandleth wrote, "and I feel for your sorrow as if it were my own, for your father died before you can even remember. I am getting old to travel alone, but I must go to you if you will not come to me."

Then she broke up the little home—the home in which, in spite of poverty, she had been very happy in days gone by, and in which her children had been born—and went to her mother. But she could not stay there, and so after a few years Mrs. Brandleth put the sugar plantations under the care of an agent, and once more Alice Trevor came to England, to live in a small country town.

### CHAPTER THE THIRD.

TEN years from the time when Alice left Drayton-on-Sea, and the sun shone no longer down on a little fishing village, but on a growing place of fashionable resort. The houses which dotted the hills were closer together, and at their feet there stretched terraces and streets, and on the once lonely shore were the marks of many footsteps on the sand, and rows of boats for hire, and sailors hanging about seeking for idlers who would sail beneath the summer sun, or listen to their yarns.

"A glorious day, ma'am," Tom Hardy said to an old lady who, feeble and tired, sat down on one of the few seats scattered about. "Ah! a glorious day, ma'am. Would the young lady like a sail? I've a neat little craft yonder."

"No, thank you," she answered quietly. "May, dear, give me my knitting;" and the old woman and the young girl sat down, shaded from the fierce rays of the setting sun by the life-boat which was drawn up on the sand behind them.

"Is the paint wet?" the old lady asked.

"No, ma'am, 'tain't wet," the sailor said; "it's the one behind I've been touching up. We are mighty proud of our life-boat, ma'am. It isn't long we've had her, you see. They say it was a Mr. Greathead who invented her, but it's great heart that gives it, I think. A lady gave that to Drayton-on-Sea, just a year ago this August. It's saved a good number of lives already, too." There was no reply from the old lady, but the bright face of May Trevor looked up at him (for it was she and her grandmother, Mrs. Brandleth. They had come to see and stay a month at the place in which Alice's married life had been spent, and had left her now at the lodgings, too tired to come out; besides, the sea was always a dreary book with a terrible past history to her). "Yes, miss," he went on, encouraged by the look, "I owe my life to a life-boat—not this one, but to a life-boat many

a year ago—that is, nine this last spring. We were took up by one, me and two others, just as we had given up all hope and were clinging to almost the last bit of spar left. She was the boat of an American that took us up, and belonged to a ship that was bound outwards. There were only us three saved from the wreck, and one of us died."

"And did the other live?" May asked.

"Yes, miss, but he kept it secret. He was poor, you see, and his wife's mother had behaved badly, and let him and his wife and children almost starve, though she had plenty. So when he'd made enough to come back, without a penny in his pocket, and came here and found that he was counted dead, and that his wife had gone to her mother with the little ones, he thought it no use to take them back to starve again, so he determined not to let her know he was alive till he'd money enough to keep them. So he went back to America. He wanted me to go with him, but I says, 'No, sir, 'tisin't money I want, but just the sea-faring life I've been used to, to make me happy.' However, he went, and he's made a lot of money; 'twas he sent me the money to get yonder little craft with, now that I felt inclined to settle down a bit; he wished me to come here because it is where he lived before he set sail."

Mrs. Brandleth looked up at him with startled eyes, and lips that would scarcely move.

"Where is he now?" she asked, while the colour died from May's face, and her hands nervously clasped themselves together.

"He's gone to seek his wife and tell her he's not dead. She'd had her sorrow over mourning for him when he first got back, you see, so he never let her know. He'll be over there by to-morrow or next day, I expect."

Mrs. Brandleth rose, piteously clasping the sailor's hands. "Tell me his name," she said feebly.

"Mr. Trevor, ma'am; he's a doctor——" She heard no more, but sank fainting at May's feet.

"I always felt that Alice laid his death at my door," she said, when she opened her eyes; "she'll forgive me now, and he will too, for I have taken care of you both for him."

A telegram was sent off that afternoon to tell Hugh Trevor that he would find his wife and child where years before he had left them. And then they waited with an impatience and happiness that seemed almost too much to bear, till that happy day should come when the train, which years before had seemed to little Frank to come from some unknown world, should bring the lost one back again.

"If I had only known it all these years!" Alice said. "It would have been better to have told me."

"It was my fault, dear," Mrs. Brandleth

said. "He thought you would have refused my help, perhaps, if he lived, and he could not do much for you. Tom Hardy says he has been working all these years to endow you with his earnings at last." And thus the one unkind thought vanished.

"I think I will go and meet him," Alice had said at first, meaning to go to Southampton and bring him back to Drayton; but she gave up the idea long before she received the telegram from him to say he had reached England, for Mrs. Brandleth had broken down beneath the excitement and the long years of her busy life, and was ill and failing. So when the day came at last, Alice left May—May who was almost a woman now—to take care of her grandmother, and went down through

the summer fields to the little station to meet her husband.

It was late when his train came in, almost evening time, and the sun was setting when the husband and wife went hand in hand towards the house where Mrs. Brandleth and May were awaiting them. Mr. Brandleth was watching them from the window. "The day is nearly done," she said, and a moment later she tottered forward to meet her son-in-law. "I am so thankful," she said, as she kissed his bronzed cheek.

She never saw the sun rise again; but she died knowing that when it looked next upon them she best loved, it would be to see that their only sorrow was that which her parting gave them.

—*Cassell's Family Magazine.*

## HOW I CAME TO BE A MANAGER.

BY FREDERICK TALBOT.

**I**N any scheme that philosophers might propose for remodelling society, there would be a considerable difficulty, I fancy, in providing candidates for certain necessary callings—chimney-sweeping, now, and coal-mining, and that kind of thing. How could you expect your sucking philosophers to embrace such professions as those?

I can see a way out of the difficulty myself, although I'm not a philosopher, in this sort of fashion: I'd have a grand competitive examination every three months or so; I'd have advertisements in all the daily papers—thus: Wanted for the Public Service. One Governor-General of India, one President of the Board of Works, one Chancellor of the Exchequer; and so on, according to what high offices might be vacant, till you come to the end of the list with, say, one hundred and fifteen bone-boilers, and two hundred and twenty-six chimney-sweeps. And I'd have no shirking, mind you. Once put your name down for the race, and there it must stay; you must take whatever place the verdict of the judge assigns you. Chancellor of the Exchequer or chummie, you must take your chance; and if you refuse to run at all and get no marks, it would be chummie as a matter of course.

But there are one or two points on which I don't see my way. Authors and artists would be a difficulty, only we shouldn't starve without them; but when we come now to the "managerial profession," I own to feeling fixed. What possible training and education would have fitted me so well for the place I hold in

the world as the practical school of life? What competitive examination is equal to the keen encounter of our wits, to show us what we can do and what we can't?

When I speak of the managerial profession I don't mean bank managers, or managing directors, or anything of the kind. I mean you to understand theatrical management, whether transpontine or otherwise doesn't matter.

Of course you'll say, "O, it's easy enough to manage. If you have actors you won't want for managers; some experienced artist who's getting past his work will do that job." Yes, and a pretty hash he'll make of it, mark my word. No, no; that's not the way I got my experience, and I've been pretty successful in my time, I believe. Now I'm on the subject, I'll tell you how I first got into the line, and then you'll see how the doctrine of natural selection works in that as in other matters.

I needn't say that my parents and guardians never intended me to be a "manager." On the contrary, when my father died—my mother had then been dead for some years—he left me to the care of an old friend of his, a lawyer, with an intimation that he wished me to be brought up to the legal profession. He left a thousand pounds to carry out his wishes. That was just enough to finish my schooling, to pay for my articles and premium, and keep me till I was twenty-one. It left a little over, as it happened, for on my twenty-first birthday I had a letter from my guardian, enclosing a check for a hundred pounds,

which, he said, was the balance of my fortune, and wishing me success in my career in life. Looking at the matter dispassionately at this distance of time, I don't think my guardian did any too much for me. He had articled me to a firm in Bedford-row, and taken lodgings for me in Camden-town; and after that he concerned himself nothing at all about me, and I grew up pretty much according to my own sweet will; and that didn't work altogether in a legal direction. In fact, I hated law like poison. I do now; and in my grand scheme of competitive callings, I shall put lawyers down next to chimney-sweepers.

Living, as I did, in London, without anybody to take me by the hand and train me up in the way I should go, I developed a very strong love for amusement. I was in the habit of turning night into day, which is all very well if you don't burn the candle at both ends. I didn't do that, because I used also to turn the day into night. At Strop and Block's the articulated clerks didn't work unless they pleased. I rarely did please, and was consequently left out of the calculations of the firm in distributing their work, and there was scarcely anything given me to do even when I wanted to do something. So I got into the habit of getting up about noon, looking in at the office for an hour or so, and then spending the rest of the day as it pleased myself.

There was no doubt that, according to all reasonable calculations, I ought to have gone to the bad altogether; indeed, I believe that some of my relations are to this day under the impression that this was my eventual fate, but they are mistaken. There was one thing saved me: I was a good financier. If I spent my money, I always got the worth of it back again. I had what people call "luck," which is, in fact, a mixture of resolution and an instinctive power of combination and rapid calculation. And during all my five years' apprenticeship I had been reading men instead of reading books, whilst my isolated self-dependent state had given me nerve and confidence.

From an early age I was devoted to theatres. I've no fancy for acting myself, not having any histrionic talent, but I liked the company of actors, and I had the *entrée* of pretty nearly all the theatres in London, and I knew tolerably well what was going on behind the scenes.

But there was no doubt about it that, on this my twenty-first birthday, things were looking very fishy. "Oh," said I to myself, "if I had only in my hands one half of the thousand pounds that this donkey of a guardian of mine has wasted on my professional training! Why, there were half a dozen good things I knew of that I could have worked with five hundred pounds. But what was the good of that paltry hundred? And when it

was gone, what should I do?" I was a sanguine youth, but I own the prospect staggered me. My mind's eye conjured up a stern court-martial of wasted hours, neglected opportunities: austere Duty was the president, who read the finding of the court; and hungry Want was the provost-marshal, who led me away to my doom.

It was in a dusky little room in Islington that I held this soliloquy, on a dull November night, with the rain drizzling against the window-panes. I had determined to stop at home that night and look into my affairs a little, and make up my mind what to do. Should I abandon this kind of life altogether, spend my last hundred in cramming, and try to pass the law examination? Respectability has its advantages. But, then, wasn't it too late? Had I the capacity to work up in six months what I ought to have been acquiring during the last five years? It's no use taking a virtuous resolution unless you can carry it out.

There's nothing like a pipe when you're in a fix. I loaded one and lighted it, and started walking about the room. By and by I came opposite the pier-glass, a little, smoky, flyblown kind of a thing. "Now," I said, addressing my own dim image in the glass, "you're not cut out for a lawyer; a fellow for that wants an adamant kind of a mug. It's an advantage for some kind of work to look soft, but it isn't for a lawyer's work, because half of what he does is mere gag. Now, here was I, a man with a face full of sensibility, curly hair, a nice sloping forehead, prominent eyes, a large intelligent nose, and mouth expressive of every sentiment except application to business. Clearly I would not do for the law. But, then, what *was* I to do?"

At that moment I heard a gentle knock at the door below.

"Very well," I said, throwing myself on the horse-hair sofa, with my heels up in the air, "perhaps that's a call."

It was Ned Spicer.

Now Ned was a sort of hanger-on to the dramatic world, including in that almost everything in the way of entertainment, down to conjurers and acrobats. I had made a friend of Ned by lending him a fiver once, when his wife was ill, and he was in a terrible hole. He never paid me; but that was another of my judicious investments; for Ned had given me what, in my unregenerate days, we used to call the "straight tip" more than once.

"Now, sir," said Ned, as soon as the preliminaries—including gin-and-water—had been adjusted, "do you want to be put up to a good thing?"

"Indeed I do, Ned," I said.

"And will you promise to carry out faithfully what I tell you, without asking any questions?"

"I thought for a moment, and then I said, 'Yes, I will, Ned.'"

"And if it turns out a real good thing, you will let me have a slice?"

"I will."

"Then do you know anybody who can lay his hands on a hundred pounds?"

Again I meditated. "I think," I said, "that if I saw my way, I do know a friend who might advance me as much."

"Very well, sir, then you go and get the hundred pounds, and run down to Ludtown by the night train; and at nine o'clock in the morning do you go to No. 15 Sidney-street, and see the secretary of the Philharmonic Hall, and take it for a month. Now don't ask any questions—just you go and do what I tell you."

Ned tossed off his glass of gin, and departed.

I looked at *Bradshaw*, and saw that there was a train at 9.15 that got to Ludtown about 3 A.M. I had no time to lose in reflection, and I sent for a cab, and was presently on my way.

Ludtown isn't a cheerful place to arrive at under any circumstances, least of all at three o'clock on a drizzly November morning. It doesn't seem a town at all, in fact, as far as streets go, but just a jumble of factories and warehouses, with a few public-houses among them.

There was an hotel, however, and to that I obtained admittance. At eight o'clock I roused myself with considerable difficulty, and had some breakfast, and sallied out. I soon found the Philharmonic Hall, a large brick building, without any windows. The secretary had just arrived.

"I wish to engage the hall for a month," I said, without any beating about the bush.

"O, certainly," he said, with a little hesitation, however, scanning me narrowly. "Are you here on behalf of Mr. Shrike?"

"No; I'm here on my own behalf," I said modestly, giving him my card.

"Yes," he said, twiddling it between his thumb and finger. "May I ask for what purpose you want the hall?"

"For an entertainment," I said at hazard. The question took me by surprise. What *did* I want it for?

"And what is the nature of the entertainment?"

"Magic and mystery—that kind of thing."

"Oh, yes," he said; "we can't object to that, of course. We are bound to let you the hall, as it is not let to any one else; the rent for the month is two hundred pounds," he said, looking at me severely, as much as to say—That's a staggerer for you!

"Ah, well, that's quite enough for it," I said with nonchalance. "What's the deposit?"

"A hundred pounds."

"I happen to have a Bank of England note of that amount in my pocket," I said, handing out a crisp new £100 note—the proceeds of my guardian's last cheque. "Give me a receipt, please."

He gave me a receipt on a printed form, and leaving my name and address, I returned to my hotel, after signing a contract to take the hall for a month.

Now it's one of my peculiarities, to which I owe a good deal of my success in life, that I never begin to be frightened till after I've done a rash thing. When there's action going on I'm as steadfast as a rock; but it's the waiting part of the business that tries one; and I was horribly frightened: I seemed to have flung away my last chance in life. My hundred pounds was gone, and I'd made myself liable for as much more.

There was nothing to relieve the tedium of my anxiety. The coffee-room of the hotel was a long narrow room, with a fireplace at one end, and the walls covered with a crimson flock paper. A long table was laid out with a white cloth upon it; so many plates and accessories for breakfast, so many for dinner. A smaller table at the end of the room held a Directory and a Bible. Three windows looked out upon a dirty narrow street, along which some umbrella-covered individual occasionally tramped, or some heavy wagon, loaded with bales, thundered on its way to the railway station.

The day passed away with leaden hours. I got into a sort of comatose state—dozed at intervals—waking as often with a start. Darkness came on; the lamps began to twinkle along the sloppy street. Still I sat by the fire, on a slippery horsehair chair, heavy with sleep and care; and at last I went right off into a nap.

I awoke at the opening of the door, which let in a great waft of raw damp air. The gas in the coffee-room was not lighted; I was the only guest using the room, and had not asked for it. A man entered—stout, rather short, wrapped in a heavy drab overcoat. He came up to the fireplace, and, putting his elbow on the chimney-piece, began to warm his feet at the fire. He muttered and grumbled to himself, and seemed in a very bad temper about something. Presently he rang the bell, and, when the waiter came in, ordered a glass of brandy-and-water.

"Shall I light the gas?" said the waiter.

"Yes—no, never mind the gas."

I was rather glad of this. It struck me—I didn't know why—that I was destined to have a passage of arms with this gentleman, and I preferred that it should be in the dark. I was like the man who, having to fight a duel with a practised shot, availed himself of



his privilege to fix the place of meeting, to choose a darkened room. This was my first real essay in the battle of life. I wasn't sure of my power of command over the facial muscles, and was the more composed that I had the shield of obscurity over my features.

"Waiter," I said, just as he was leaving the room, pretending to wake up suddenly, "bring me a glass of brandy-and-water."

"That'll be two glasses," cried the waiter. "Let's see—I forget your number, sir."

"Sixty-six."

"That's the number of the beast, isn't it?" said the stranger gruffly.

"I think not," I said politely. "I believe three sixes to be the appropriate number of that, ah—functionary."

"I daresay you're right. I'm not good for much at legerdemain and necromancy, myself," said the stranger.

"I should judge not; rather belonging to the heavy brigade, I should say."

"Ah!" said the man, looking down upon me with a sort of surprise. "Been here long?"

"Since this morning. Have you been here long?"

"Just come down. Beastly hole, ain't it?"

"I have hardly been here long enough to judge. The inhabitants seem harmless and well disposed."

"That all depends on what you call well disposed: they're not disposed to be humbugged."

"That's not to be wondered at; few people undergo that operation voluntarily."

"Ah!" growled my friend, once more scowling down upon me. "When I said it was a beastly hole," went on the stranger after a while, seeing that I wasn't disposed to make any further remark, "I meant professionally—from an artistic point of view. Perhaps I have the honour of speaking to a brother artist."

"I don't presume to call myself an artist," I said. "In my humble way I try to amuse, and, I hope, to instruct the British public."

The stranger made a wry face, and the brandy-and-water coming in just then, took a huge gulp of it.

"I always feel an interest, sir," he said, "in youthful talent. My name is Shrike, sir—W. B. Shrike."

I bowed, but did not reciprocate his confidence.

"If in my youth I had possessed a friend who would have given me a little good advice, sir, I should have avoided many a quicksand, many a pitfall, sir; and for that reason," he went on, looking at me keenly, "when I meet with an artless, guileless young chap, who doesn't know the world, I like to help him, if I can."

"That's very kind of you," I said.

"Kind! well, it's my disposition. Now, sir," he said, turning suddenly upon me, "I hope you haven't had any thoughts of opening your entertainment here."

"I don't think I mentioned any entertainment," I said mildly.

"So I understood you, sir—so I understood you; but if I'm wrong, I apologise."

"You're not wrong as it happens. I not only intend to open my entertainment, but to keep it open for a month."

He held up his hands, and turned his eyes to the ceiling.

"Well, well, if you must open here, take my advice: engage the smallest public room in this hotel; it will seat about fifty; and if you advertise plentifully you may draw about five shillings a night."

"Ah, you see, I've engaged the Philharmonic."

"The Philharmonic!" cried the man with a sort of scream. "The Philharmonic—and for a magical entertainment! dear, dear!"

"I didn't say anything about magic, I think."

"Yes, surely—so I understood you, sir; but if I'm wrong, I apologise."

"You're not far wrong; without indicating the precise nature of my entertainment, I may say that it is of a somewhat magical character."

"Pray, sir, did they show you the museum when you went to the Philharmonic?"

"No."

"Ah, you ought to have seen that to have learnt a lesson. There's the apparatus of two conjurers, a panorama, an orrery, dissolving views—ah, and that's not half—all detained for rent due. It's distressing to see. They make a boast of it too. This is the place to bust up your cadgering fellows, they say—your lakers, according to their jargon."

"But they can't do that if you pay the rent in advance," I said.

"I tell you what, sir," said my friend after a pause, "my heart bleeds to see a young artist to imposed upon. Take my advice, sir, throw up this disastrous contract; you might get somebody to take it off your hands for half the money. Betake yourself to some place where talent is appreciated, where skill is rewarded and genius cultivated, and you'll bless the name of W. B. Shrike for ever after."

"But don't you think," said I, looking modestly downwards, "that when the people here come to know that real sterling genius is at their doors—"

"They'd shut and double lock 'em. You don't know the besotted bigotry of the place."

"Well," I said, rising, "to end the discussion, I'm prepared to lose a few hundreds, if I must."

W. B. Shrike made a gesture of disgust,

swallowed up the rest of his brandy-and-water, and departed.

His visit had put me into sufficiently good spirits to order dinner. After dinner I took my seat by the fire once more, with the remains of my pint of sherry on the chimney-piece, and there I stopped till nearly ten o'clock. More than once I thought I'd go and find out Mr. Shrike, and ask him to take my receipt off my hands for fifty pounds. The thought of passing the night in a strange place, in a strange bed, with this load of anxiety on my brain, was dreadful.

Probably everything that Shrike had told me was perfectly true. But even if the people of Ludtown had been mad for entertainments it would have done me no good. I couldn't get up an entertainment at a moment's notice. I thought for a moment, as a last resource, I might open the hall with "readings from Shakespeare;" but then the moment I begin to read out loud I fall into the sing-song snuffing style we used at school in construing,

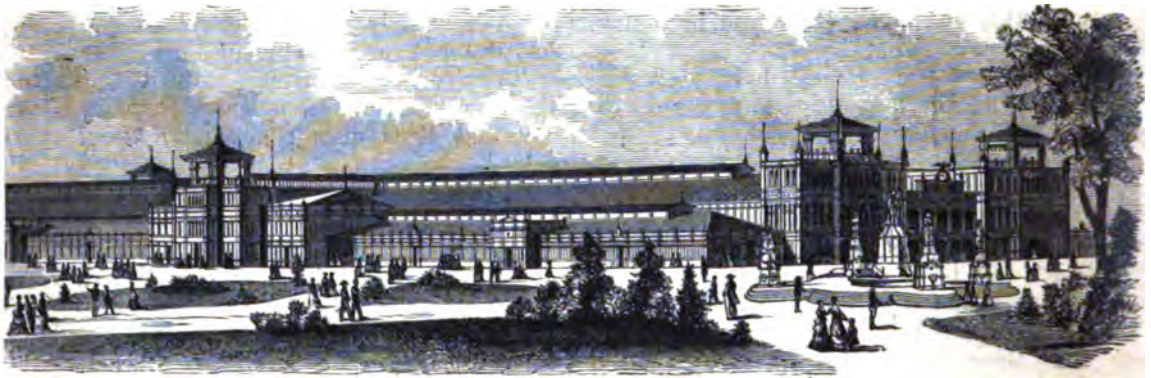
and so on. No, I couldn't attempt Shakespeare. "Half-hours with the poets;" getting some reverend gent to take the chair, and then having a violent sore throat, and making him read instead of me. That would put off one night, perhaps; but then—

Shrike appeared once more with a friend. This time he seemed in a business-like mood. He seated his friend at the table from which the waiter had removed the cloth, as a sort of hint it was time to go to bed, and he himself came to me very politely:

"I've learnt your name at the bar," he said, "and I have to apologise for having spoken to you as a young beginner. Of course your name is a well known to fame as that of an accomplished er—"

"I feel proud to hear it," I said.

"Now I've no hesitation in speaking to you in the most open way, with an artists's freemasonry. Will you give way to us for the ensuing month at the Philharmonic? My friend here, the celebrated actor, Mr. S. W.



AMERICAN CENTENNIAL.—MACHINERY HALL.—SEE MISCELLANEA.

Coke, and I have arranged a little enterprise in the starring line. This is Mr. Coke's native place, and, with pardonable, nay admirable, pride, he is determined here to open the campaign. The whole town will come to him, and the country round for miles. Honestly, I don't think you'd draw a dozen a night. No, nor would the ghost of Garrick, sir; no, nor of Shakespeare either, if they came to revisit this lower world. So you needn't be offended."

"Ah," I said with a sigh, "I'm so dreadfully sorry. I, too, have made up my mind to open the campaign here; and I never change my mind except on ample consideration." So saying I took a chamber candlestick from the table, and prepared to light it.

"Well, then, come, sir," said Shrike,—"come, sit down and let's talk it over."

"O, very well," I said with a yawn; "only don't be long-winded, for I'm dreadfully sleepy, and must take care of myself."

"Well, Shrike," said Mr. Coke, rising, "I'll

go to bed, and leave you to settle it with this gentleman."

"Very good, sir," said Shrike, getting up to open the door, and putting a candle into Mr. Coke's hands, regarding him tenderly the while as an Italian might his bear. "You're quite right, sir; good-night."

"Now, come," he cried, sitting down once more, and slapping me on the knee,—“come, let's have a glass together. Now, what are your terms?"

"The hundred pounds deposit back, of course."

"Yes, of course."

"And a fourth share of your net profits. As you will throw me out of my professional arrangements, I don't mind staying here and helping you for the money."

"Say an eighth now, come!" cried Shrike, looking at me with suppressed admiration.

"A fourth, or nothing done."

"Very well," he said, after a moment's reflection. "Your terms are hard, but we must

take them. We've had scenery made to fit the hall, and engaged band and performers and everything; only we held out about the hall because we thought nobody would ever take it again, and we wanted to get in at half the usual rent. I admire your courage, sir, and address, and shall be very glad of your coöperation."

Indeed, I did make myself very useful to Mr. Shrike. I kept the accounts, and managed the box office, and took the checks at night, and even came on as a super when I was wanted. We had a most successful campaign, and the end of the month saw us returning to London, all exceedingly satisfied with the result.

"Now, Tom," said my friend Shrike, putting his hand affectionately on my shoulder, "what was the kind of magic that you proposed to practise at Ludtown?"

"Just this," I said, drawing from my pocket three crisp hundred-pound notes. "A transformation trick, that's all; but the one most popular with the British public. 'This only is the witchcraft I have used.'"

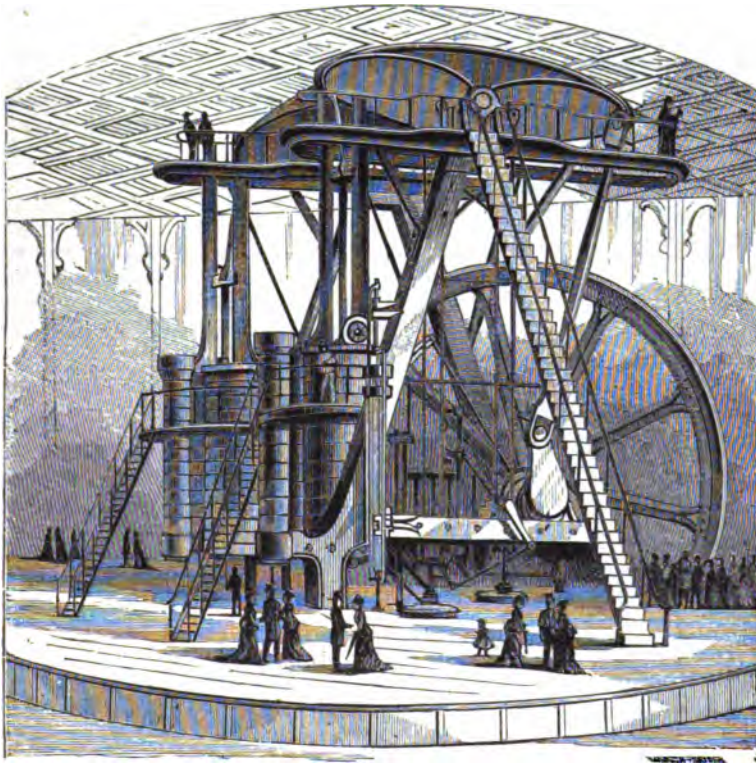
Shrike laughed till I thought he would have had a fit.

"Pretty well for a beginner," he said at last. "Tom, you shall be my partner."

And that's how I came to be a manager.

—Belgravia.

## MISCELLANEA.



AMERICAN CENTENNIAL.—THE CORLISS ENGINE.—PAGE 750.

**THE MOUSE TOWER ON THE RHINE.**—(Illustration, Page 733.)

—The Rhineland is as fertile of fable and legend as it is of vineyards. Who that has sailed on this stream, of all others on the globe consecrated to poetry, does not remember the Mouse Tower? Like many another architectural relic of the olden time, the history of this building is enveloped in a mist of tradition and conjecture. Its singular name is accounted for by the following story, which the credulous will not find difficult to swallow. About the year of grace 968 Hatto the Second, archbishop of Mayence, doomed a great multitude of his poor subjects to a cruel death by shutting

them up in a barn and burning them, in order to rid himself of their importunate cry for food during a period of famine. Hearing from afar the shrieks and groans of the dying victims of his barbarity, the bishop jestingly observed that the barn-mice were making dismal music. For this cold-blooded cruelty he was, by divine decree, pursued and tormented by mice during his whole life, with no possible escape from his persecutors. At length he bethought him to build this tower in the middle of the Rhine as a place of refuge. But the device was of no avail, for armies of mice marshalled on the river bank, swam over to the tower



and devoured the bishop alive. And so the tower took the name, not of the holy martyr, but of his murderers. Such is the legend of this stately pile of masonry, which is an object of curious wonder to all voyagers on the Rhine. The Mouse Tower was destroyed by the Swedes in the year 1635, and remained a ghastly ruin till 1856, when it was rebuilt by the Prussian government.

**CENTENNIAL MACHINERY HALL.**—(Illustration, Page 748.)—This is probably the most thoroughly characteristic building in the American Exposition, as it illustrates the predominant quality of that great people who in a century have changed the Western Continent from a wilderness into a vast arena of industry and commercial enterprise. In this microcosm of mechanical force and production we see everything which a machine can create, "from an iron-clad to a penknife or pocket-handkerchief." In the center of the immense hall, fourteen hundred and two by three hundred and sixty feet, covering fourteen acres, is the great Corliss Engine, of which we have on the preceding page given an illustration. The foundations of Machinery Hall were laid in the fall of 1874, and it was completed in the summer of 1875.

The Corliss Engine, this mammoth machine, is perhaps the chief wonder of the American Centennial Exposition. It is the grand motive power of the vast labyrinth of mechanical production in the world's great show, which is now approaching its conclusion. The nominal capacity of this immense mechanism is 1500 horse-power, though this could be increased to 2500 horse-power, should occasion require. The whole weight of the engine, underground shafting, and boilers, is 700 tons. This is said to be the most powerful engine ever built, and was worthy to be started on its active career by the united hands of the Brazilian Emperor and the President of the United States.

**THE VALUE OF THE CENTENNIAL BUILDINGS** at the Philadelphia Exposition is estimated at \$5,794,000, and that of their contents at \$97,343,350, making a total of \$104,820,350. It is believed that there has never been an aggregation of products of all the arts and trades of such immense value as that in Philadelphia.

**THE FIRST LADY DOCTOR IN RUSSIA.**—For the first time in Russia, the degree of M.D. has been conferred upon a lady. Madame Roudneff entered the Medical Academy as a free scholar in 1868, and, after having completed her course of study, left the establishment with the gold medal, and soon afterward went up for her doctor's degree.

**LADY LAWYERS.**—University College, London, consented this year to admit ladies to the class in Roman law, and two availed themselves of the privilege. One of them took the first place at the recent examination, and the other is third in the list.

**CABLEING ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.**—How long does it take to transmit a message through the Atlantic cable? The *New York Journal of Commerce* has been investigating this question, and simple as it looks at first sight, there are many singular and interesting points in the answer. When the electricity is applied to the cable at one end, two-tenths of a second pass before any effect is felt at the other end, and

three seconds are consumed before the full force of the current is in action. The first signal is felt in four-tenths of a second, but the following ones go through more rapidly. As many as seventeen words have been sent over the Atlantic cable in one minute. Fifteen can usually be sent under pressure, and twelve words a minute is a good working rate. Messages of twelve words have been sent all the way from New York to London in two minutes. A fact not yet explained by the scientists is, that the electricity does not move as rapidly from New York to London as in the opposite direction.

**SUABIA'S WELCOME TO THE GERMAN EMPEROR.**—The closing days of September, 1876, will long be remembered by the residents of Stuttgart and its vicinity. While the trees were taking on their autumnal hues, the houses were blazing with the tokens of loyalty and patriotism. If it were ever doubted before whether Germany was a united nation, there never should be a skeptic again among all the thousands who witnessed the welcome which Suabia has just given to the great and noble chieftain of the Fatherland. Never did a people flock together with more willing loyalty to pour upon a worthy leader the tributes of their affectionate devotion. Auspicious days were those, and pregnant with a thousand glorious promises. Political discussion is far from our intent; yet who can repress admiration for a great people, speaking one language, and bound together by common interests, burying all the petty jealousies of the past in oblivion, and unselfishly confederating together to help in the march of the world's civilisation? Well may the venerable monarch return to his capital with a restful mind, and look down the long vista of his country's future with hope and joyous expectation.

**A LOSS TO LITERATURE.**—Sweden has lately lost her cherished poet and historian, G. H. Mellin. His career began in 1829, and his historical works exceed thirty in number, most of them having been translated into various European languages.

**MS. OF THE "IMITATION OF CHRIST."**—Prof. Carl Hirsche, of Heidelberg University, has discovered, in the Royal Library of Brussels, an original manuscript copy of "*De Imitatione Christi*," of Thomas à Kempis. The learned professor has recently published in Berlin a new edition of this ancient manual of devotion in the original language, and following the arrangement indicated in the newly found manuscript.

**AMERICA AND ENGLAND.**—In 1874 John G. Whittier, the venerable American poet, who composed the Centennial Hymn, wrote the following lines in the album of an autograph collector in England:—

"AMERICA AND ENGLAND.  
Thicker than water in one rill  
Through centuries of story,  
Our Saxon blood has flowed, and still  
We share with you the good and ill,  
The shadow and the glory."

**FEILIGRATH'S LOVE OF HIS FATHERLAND.**—Herr Wilhelm Feiligrath concluded his sympathetic notice of Ferdinand Freiligrath in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of August 17th. The years of the poet's exile in England are described in gloomy language. In May, 1856, he writes:—"I have now been five



years in England. The result is that I love Germany more than ever. I have no weak homesickness, and certainly do not wish to return unless it can be done with honour. But the feeling of being in a foreign land makes itself more sensible each year. The children take more readily to foreign ways; but that is often a source of pain to me. A good education is dearer here than elsewhere, and the English school turns them into downright Englishmen."

**DUST FROM OTHER WORLDS THAN OURS.**—The colour of the sky is said to be due to the transmission of rays of light through a cloud of dust which collects above the earth. Professor Nordenskiöld examined the snow which covered the icebergs as far north as 80°, and found it strewn with a multitude of minute black particles, spread over the surface, or situated at the bottom of little pits, a great number of which were seen on the outward layer of snow. Many of such particles were also lodged in the inferior strata. This dust, which became gray on drying, contained a large proportion of metallic particles attracted by the magnet, and capable of decomposing sulphate of copper. An observation made a little later upon other icebergs proved the presence of similar dust in a layer of granular crystalline snow, situated beneath a stratum of light fresh, another of hardened, snow. Upon analysis, this matter was found to be composed of metallic iron, phosphorus, cobalt, and fragments of diatomacea. It bears the greatest analogy to the dust previously collected by the professor on the snows of Greenland, and described by him under the name "kryokonite."

**ANOTHER REMARKABLE DOG.**—Dogs, we all know, are extremely sagacious; but we can scarcely credit the following story:—A few days since, as a train was tearing along, the driver noticed a large Newfoundland dog on the line. He blew the whistle, but the dog stood his ground; and, thinking something was wrong, the engineer whistled down brakes, and fortunately the train was pulled up within a few feet of the dog. It seems that a waggon and team of horses had attempted to go over the line at a crossing, when by some means the wheels caught in the metals, causing a delay. The waggoner heard the train approaching round a curve, and rushed down the line to stop it. His dog was, however, before him; for, taking in the situation, he dashed round the curve, causing the driver to check the train in time, which it would have been impossible to do after seeing the waggoner himself.

**THE CROWN OF ENGLAND.**—It may interest those of our readers who have visited, or may visit, that miserable-looking room in the Tower of London, and listened to the doleful strain of the doleful old lady who describes the crown jewels, to have a full description of the crown of England. It contains one large ruby, irregularly polished; one broad-spread sapphire, sixteen other sapphires, eleven emeralds, four rubies, 1,363 brilliant diamonds, 1,273 rose diamonds, 147 table diamonds, four drop-shaped pearls, and 273 other pearls. The crown was made in 1838, with jewels taken from old crowns, and others furnished by command of her Majesty.

—Once a Week.

**AUTOMATA.**—M. Maillardet, a celebrated Swiss mechanician, in the beginning of this century, produced a number of automata, of which the most remarkable was a lady who

executed eighteen airs on the pianoforte, and actually pressed the fingers on the keys, the flats and sharps being played by means of pedals, as in an organ. In fact, the instrument, though called a pianoforte, was a kind of organ blown with bellows. The figure is said to have played in a manner so similar to a living performer, that at a distance the difference could scarcely be perceived. Maillardet also invented a drawing and writing boy. Most writing and drawing androids are worked by machinery which passes through the floor to an adjoining room, where an assistant directs the figure by means of a pantograph, a scientific instrument, one arm of which being moved causes the other arm to trace the movement in fac-simile. The cleverest of these was a writing-hand, exhibited in London, which was apparently isolated on a plate of glass, and consequently it appeared impossible for the movements to be obtained in the manner just described. There was in reality a double sheet of glass, the lower one, through which the motion was communicated, being movable; but both sheets of glass being transparent, the motion of the lower plate was not perceptible. Maillardet's writing-boy was not dependent on such assistance, but really moved by the action of springs, working on combinations of various levers, which traversed the circumference of metal plates, the edges of which were cut into different shapes, so as to produce a corresponding outline, and to make the up-and-down strokes thinner or thicker as required, in imitation of actual writing and drawing.

The same artist also invented a magician that answered questions. The figure was seated, and held a wand in one hand, a book in the other. Twenty oval brass medallions on which questions were inscribed were handed to the audience, who chose one at random. The chosen medallion was put into a drawer which shut with a spring. The figure then, after spending some time in apparent study, rose, waved the wand, and struck the wall above its head, when two folding-doors flew open, and displayed the answer. The doors then shut, and the figure reseated itself. The *modus operandi* was simple. The medallions had holes, which did not precisely correspond, and these were brought into contact with needles, so as to produce a different result with each medallion.

Maillardet also constructed an automaton tumbler, only a few inches high, and inclosed in a glass case. When at rest, the tumbler sat on a slender steel rod, which it grasped with both hands. When in action, it descended and hung by its hands, then tumbled and adopted a variety of attitudes, and finally seated itself again on the rod, and bowed to the audience.

In 1875, the latest wonder in the way of automata, the joint invention of Mr. John Nevil Maskelyne and of Mr. John Algernon Clark, was brought out at the Egyptian Hall, London. The figure, which has received the name of Psycho, represents a man in oriental costume, twenty-two inches high, seated cross-legged on a box, and, to all appearance, perfectly isolated, on a hollow cylinder of transparent glass, without any connection with an operator at a distance. It may be freely examined by the audience, who are allowed to look and feel within the body and pedestal, to ascertain that there is no Worouski concealed there. Psycho plays at whist with persons who volunteer from the audience, itself choosing and taking up with its finger and thumb the proper card, without anyone calling out the cards played by the other players. It also performs several conjuring tricks; replies to questions by striking a bell; moves fast, or slowly, or stops, at the direction of anyone of the audience; works sums in arithmetic, and executes a variety of feats which demand intelligence, as well as complicated and ingenious mechanism. As yet, no positive explanation of Psycho's movements has been brought forward, though many ingenious guesses have been hazarded.



"THE SIREN."

(SEE MISCELLANEA.)



head high among men when it should have been bowed in the dust under the burden of his shame? Could there be pardon for a sinner who kept the secret of his guilt, and pretended to lead other men along the shining path to heaven? No, assuredly. That smooth-faced hypocrisy—the sin for which man's Teacher and Redeemer reserved His most scathing denunciations—must treble the infamy of the darker guilt it masked, and render pardon impossible. To the sinner who repenteth pity and peace had been freely offered, but what mercy was ever promised to the Pharisee who, under the semblance of exceptional piety, concealed a deeper infamy than the worst act of the despised publican?

These thoughts were in Naomi's mind as she sat in her narrow deal pew, in the soft June twilight, listening to her father's preaching. The chapel was full to suffocation, for this was one of those meetings which the people of Combhollow particularly affected; a service in which Joshua Haggard was expected to surpass himself, and in which Satan—so often and so directly appealed to as to seem an actual member of the congregation—was to be worsted and driven forth in confusion by the minister's eloquence. Some even went so far as to call these evening services "devil hunts." The part which the congregation took in them was not altogether negative or quiescent. There were times when eager spirits assumed an active share in the proceedings—when from smothered sighs, and head-shakings, and hollow groans, as of inward and bodily disorder, the convulsed auditor was moved to speech, and poured forth his Satanic experiences before a hushed and awe-struck congregation. Joshua did not encourage or favour these lay utterances, and his powerful influence and vigorous eloquence did much to hold his flock in check; but he could not always dam the flood of inspiration.

"You're a powerful praycher, Muster Haggard," observed a weather-beaten old fisherman, whose rambling discourse Joshua strove to arrest, "but when a hignorant man feels he's gotten the holy Sperrit inside un, he ain't goin' to be cut short before he's had his say. Edication goes for nothin' with the Sperrit. He don't mind grammar."

Upon this particular evening the flock had been content to express its feelings by means of groans and sighs, and brief ejaculations of a self-abasing character. Joshua stood in his square deal pulpit, with an open Bible on the green-baize cushion, and preached of erring humanity and man's darling sins. His sermons were always extempore, and had of late been obviously without plan or method—a change for the worse, which Naomi was conscious of, but which had scarcely been perceived by the flock—that congregation being satisfied with

strong language and a flow of rugged eloquence, without looking too nicely for logical precision or directness. Joshua turned the leaves of his Bible, and seemed to draw new ideas from the page he glanced at.

He had been preaching longer than usual, though his sermons were apt to be long, and the twilight deepened as he stood in his pulpit, leaning forward with his elbow on the desk, and the other hand nervously turning the leaves of the Bible, which there was now scarcely light enough for him to see. He looked pale as ashes in that gray light, but his large, dark eyes gleamed with a sombre fire as they wandered round the upturned faces of his flock. Sometimes his eyes lingered wistfully on the pew where Naomi sat, and on Cynthia's empty place.

"Yes, my brethren," he cried, "yes, fellow-sinners, each has his darling sin. The world sees it not, knows it not. The world honours us—we bask in its smiles and favour. Men point to us as ensamples of godly life. Yet the darling sin is there—in our heart of hearts; we hug it close—we hide it from every human eye. But in the still night-watches it comes forth like a serpent out of his hole, and rears its venomous crest, and stings us with the horror of our guilt. We call ourselves soldiers and servants of God, yet know that our real master and captain is the Devil. Yes, my brethren, the great recruiting sergeant has enlisted us. We have taken the Devil's shilling; the image and superscription upon the coin is the image and superscription of Satan.

"Alas, my fellow-sinners! know you how swift a thing it is to fall? The fall of Lucifer himself was but the act and passage of a moment. There was no long deliberation—there was no broad gap of time between heaven and hell. In one hour an angel of light standing near the throne—in the next revolted, fallen, banished, the prince and leader of devils. So, too, with us the fall is swift, the fall is sudden. We are chosen and elected—called to grace—all our old sins forgiven. This regeneration is the work of a moment. We look back and remember the hour in which the light came down upon us, as at Pentecost. But we may extinguish this light in blackest darkness—we may lose this divine heritage—forget our citizenship in the eternal city—and this extinction, this loss may be the work of a moment."

Groans both loud and deep—plaintive feminine sighs—disjointed ejaculations of "Alas!" and "Too true!" spoke the convictions of the assembled sinners.

"Oh, my brethren, wretched sinners, grovelling in the dust and ashes of this little world, if at this moment the last trump should sound, and the heavens be rent asunder, and the Great Judge appear shining in his un-



speakeable splendour, calling men to judgment, how many among us could answer to that awful summons without fear and trembling, and the knowledge that eternal death was our just doom? How many would He find in this crowded chapel fit to stand before Him? how many of those blessed ones for whom judgment would mean reward everlasting? Would He find twenty, do you think, or ten, or five? Alas, my fellow-sinners, would He find one?"

He lifted his arms aloft at this solemn question, looking up as if he verily saw that appalling day—the great white throne—the company of angels—the throng of saints and martyrs—the Divine Judge himself—in their dazzling glory.

"Oh, come not yet, Awful Judge!" he cried; "we are not ready. Leave us a little more time to wrestle with Satan—to repent our iniquities—to loosen the bondage of this earthly tabernacle, before we stand naked at Thy throne. Who among all these is prepared to meet Thy summons? Who does not tremble as I do at the thought of Thine anger?"

"Ay, tremble, sinner; quail before the God you have blasphemed!" cried a resonant voice at the end of the chapel. "Tremble, hypocrite, for the sins of these whom you pretend to teach are white as snow beside the blackness of your guilt."

There was a sudden commotion in the crowded chapel; everyone turned towards the door at the end of the building, from which direction the voice came.

Naomi's heart sank with an appalling dread. Too well she knew that voice, though she had never before heard it raised in those tones of withering denunciation.

"A worthy teacher," cried Arnold Pentreath, facing the excited congregation, who were all standing up in their pews and staring at him, as he stood conspicuous among the crowd at the door; "a teacher to call sinners to repentance—a fit exponent of gospel truth—a man whose soul is steeped in hypocrisy, whose hands are stained with blood."

There rose a chorus of exclamations; and then one of the staunchest of Joshua's followers, a brawny farmer, opened the door of his pew and pushed his way out into the narrow aisle.

"Now, look'ee yere, Cap'n Pentreath," he said, "I ain't goin' to stand by and yere Muster Haggard abused. You'll just hold your tongue—and if you're gone mazed you'll just take your madness out o' this yere chapel."

On this there rose a general cry of reprobation at the Captain's unseemly conduct, Joshua Haggard standing up in his pulpit all the while, looking down at his bewildered flock; firm as a rock, but pale to the lips.

"Come out, come out all of you, and see the witness I bring against him. You think

I accuse him without grounds for my accusation. I have my evidence close by—damning evidence. Let him confront it if he can. Do you know that this man—your teacher and guide—is a murderer, a secret assassin?"

"It's a lie!" roared the man who had last spoken; "it's a lie, and I'd ram your lying words down your throat if I could get at'ee!"

"It's the truth, and he knows it. Look at him. He doesn't deny it, you see. Look at your teacher—he is dumb. His eloquence fails him for the first time in his life. He does not fear to insult his God by his lying oracles, but he shrinks from the face of the man he has injured. Come out, Joshua Haggard, and meet your accuser. He is at the door. He is waiting—oh, so patiently!—till you come and look him in the face."

Naomi could just distinguish the sailor's white face in the dim light. He stood above the crowd, raised on the step of the door—the entrance to Little Bethel being somewhat higher than the chapel itself.

All was over then. The worst an avenging God could bring to pass had come. Her father was known to others as that which she had in so many an hour of agony suspected him to be. He was known as a murderer. By some means or other the secret had been made known. God's ways are wonderful and mysterious. She had always thought that it would be so. Her lost lover's blood cried aloud for vengeance, and the Great Avenger had heard the cry.

At last Joshua spoke, and that firm, full voice in which he had so often swayed and moved his flock silenced all ejaculations. Every eye was now turned towards the preacher, and all waited his indignant denial of the charge brought against him.

"I am accused of murder," said Joshua calmly and deliberately, "and we are told the witness of my crime is at the door. Let us go forth and meet him. Those who know me best here know whether God ever meant me to be the shedder of my brother's blood. He maketh one vessel to honour, and another to dishonour. My portion hitherto has been honour, and you who know me can say whether I have been deserving of any other lot."

"There is not a better man in the country," cried the farmer who had first taken upon himself to be Joshua's champion.

"Nor a more pious—nor a more charitable," clamoured many voices.

"God, who knows all things," cried Joshua, lifting up his voice with a sudden burst of passion, "knows that whatever I have taught in this tabernacle of His I have taught from my heart of hearts. I have travailed for this people. I have loved them and striven for them. I have not cheated them with pleasant words, though my heart yearned towards them."

Where others have chastised with whips I have chastised with scorpions: but I have preached the gospel with a single mind. I have had no thought save to teach and to save. Oh, Lord, if I have been the vilest of sinners, at least in this Thy house I have been a true and faithful servant!"

"Ay, and so ye have, Muster Haggard," chimed in a chorus of women.

"And now let me go forth to meet my accuser," said Joshua, opening the door of his pulpit and coming slowly down the stair.

Naomi had come out into the aisle. She threw herself in his way as he passed, and linked her arm through his; and thus linked they came along the narrow space together, the congregation falling back a little to let them pass.

Joshua did not repulse his daughter. He suffered her to hold his arm, seeming scarcely conscious of the contact. His dark, deep-set eyes looked straight before him under bent brows. His firm lips were closely set. He looked a man who was ready to confront Satan himself in bodily form.

"Come," cried Arnold, beside himself with suppressed passion, "your accuser is not loud or clamorous. He will wait quietly till you go to him. It is I that am impatient to set you face to face."

Joshua and his daughter were at the door by this time. They came close to Arnold. Naomi almost touched him as the crowd swayed against her. She looked at him with an expression which he never forgot.

"Oh, Arnold, what have you done?" she said piteously, in a low voice.

"My duty to my brother."

They were outside the chapel in the next moment, in the clear summer evening. The stars were shining in the pale gray; the great green hills stood up against the cool night sky. All wore its accustomed look of rustic tranquility. And just in front of the chapel door four men were standing with a litter, on which there lay a quiet figure covered with tarpaulin.

"Come and look at my witness," said Arnold, seizing Joshua by the arm and dragging him towards the litter, and bending over it to lift the edge of the covering which shrouded that motionless form.

"Stop!" cried Joshua, with a shuddering movement, "you need not lift it. I can guess. It is death you would have me look on."

"Yes, death. The body of the man you murdered. My dead brother, whom you slandered in his unhallowed grave, telling me that he had died the death of the suicide. Harkye, neighbours," cried Arnold, turning to the awe-stricken crowd; "it is my brother—Oswald Pentreath—who lies here, shot through the heart by yonder villain nearly a year ago.

God only knows if there is evidence enough to bring him to the gallows—but God knows, and I know, that he did the deed. Before you all I accuse him—your preacher, your pastor, your example of righteousness—he is my brother's murderer. The corpse lies here, silent witness of the crime. He—your preacher yonder—was seen waiting for my brother close to the spot where that corpse was found—shots were heard by the witness who saw him—and my brother was never seen after those shots were fired—never seen; he was lying at the bottom of the old shaft, murdered, and flung there to rot forgotten and unknown. And the murderer looked me in the face, and told me my brother was a coward and had slain himself. If earthly justice cannot touch him—if human ingenuity cannot bring this crime home to his door, may God's justice punish him as never man was punished by mortal avenger! May heaven make his lot more bitter than the hardest doom man's inhumanity ever devised for his fellow-man's torture!"

"Take your corpse to the dead-house," cried Joshua, with a contemptuous calmness, as if those passionate threats of Arnold's passed him by like the wind, "and make your complaint to the coroner. It is his business to find out the cause of your brother's death. All here know that I saved Oswald Pentreath's life at the peril of my own. That is my answer to your charge."

"Ay, that we do," cried ever so many voices, and the crowd turned angrily upon Joshua's accuser. "We all remember how he saved the young Squire that stormy day—four year ago—risked his life as if it weren't worth a groat, and brought him in alive off the rock when ne'er another would ha' done it. Doant'ee be afraid, Muster Haggard. Let un try to lay a finger on'ee."

"Come home, father, come home," whispered Naomi, white as death, and trembling so that she could hardly stand, yet with firmness to make her careful for the father who had always been first in her love and reverence—who was first to-night even, when her lover's corpse lay there before her under its dark pall; awful—unsightly—a thing to be thought of with horror.

She held her father by the arm and led him away from that dreadful spot, scarcely able to walk herself, and yet supporting and sustaining him. The crowd followed as if to protect their minister—followed and congregated round the garden rails as Joshua went into his house; and Arnold was left alone with his dead, and the little group of farm-labourers who had helped him in his hideous discovery.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

## AN OPEN VERDICT.

THE claims of the business had kept Judith Haggard away from the prayer-meeting at Little Bethel. She now came out to the door, surprised and alarmed by the appearance of the eager assembly at her brother's heels—still more alarmed by Naomi's pallid face, as the girl led her father into the dimly-lighted passage.

"Why, what in mercy's name is the matter, girl?" cried Judith; "has your father had a stroke that you hold him like that, as if he couldn't stand without your help—and what brings all the town after him?"

Joshua's fixed eyes and rigid countenance—awfully calm, with a blankness of expression which was like death itself—might have justified the idea that he had lately been struck down by some mortal illness, and was but just emerged from a state of helpless unconsciousness.

"No, Judith," he answered with something of his old firmness; "the visitation is not such as you think, and yet the hand of God is heavy upon me. A calamity has befallen me which you could never have foreseen, bringing shame upon my name and race, making all the days that I have lived here in honour of no avail. Arnold Pentreath has found his brother's body, and accuses me of being his murderer."

"You," shrieked Judith, "you a murderer!—you murder the young Squire, when you were all but drowned in the work of saving his worthless life. If Arnold Pentreath can bring that charge against you, he is a worse man than I should have thought him, knowing the badness of his blood as I do, and expecting as little as I do from any of his worthless race."

"He has so accused me."

"But why? On what grounds? Why suppose that his brother was murdered?"

"His body has been found—in the old shaft."

"His body has been found—but that doesn't prove that he was murdered. He may have fallen into the shaft."

"Spare us your arguments to-night," said Joshua, with a weary air. "We shall know more to-morrow. I am tired and sick at heart; and want rest. I am in God's hands, and He will deal with me as seemeth best to Him. Yes, in the hands of God—not in the hands of men."

He left them without another word, and went slowly upstairs to his own room. The crowd had withdrawn quietly by this time, some hastening back to the spot where they had left Arnold and his ghastly burden—others dropping in at the "First and Last"

to discuss the event that had convulsed their peaceful settlement. All were of one mind about Joshua Haggard, and agreed that the accusation brought against him was as wild and foolish as it was infamous.

"I allus said it'd be so," growled old Jabez Long, the fisherman, from his favourite seat in the chimney-corner, where he hung over the smouldering logs even at Midsummer. "I allus said harm 'ud come of pullin' yon puir chap out o' the say. There's never no good comes o' saving a drowning man. Chuck un back into the water. That's wisdom—t'other's foolishness. Why, ye see this yere chap can't bide quiet in his grave till he's done Joshua Haggard a hinjury. He rises up agen his deliverer like the onclane sperrits that come out o' the tombs."

There was an inquest held next day in the long low-ceiled justice-room at the "First and Last." The body of Oswald Pentreath lay at the Grange, and there awaited the visitation of coroner and jury. It lay in the long white drawing-room—that stately saloon which in its air of disuse and solitude had always had something of the look of death. Here to-day lay the master of the house—in the dress he had worn when he left it—a ghastly form, only recognisable by the garments that clothed it, and the colour of the soft golden-brown hair. A pocket-book, stuffed with bank-notes, and the old Squire's watch and seals, had been found upon the body, a proof that the assassin's motive had not been plunder.

Brief was the visitation of the jury to that awful chamber. They had heard the evidence of Arnold Pentreath and the farm labourers who had assisted in the finding of the body. The search had been long and careful. Guided by the statements of Farmer Weston's cowboy, Arnold had gone straight to the old shaft. He had first searched the ground near the pit, and a few yards from the engine-house, under a furze-bush, he had found one of his brother's pistols discharged. The second pistol had been nowhere forthcoming. Then, by means of ropes and ladders, and with due precautions against the effect of noxious gases in the disused mine, Arnold and two of the men had gone down the shaft. Their quest was soon ended. Oswald Pentreath lay at the bottom of the shaft, with a bullet through his heart. To bring the body out of the mine was a labour of no small difficulty; but time, the men's sturdy willingness to help, and Arnold's inexhaustible energy, conquered all obstacles, and by the time the earliest star was shining in the calm evening sky, Captain Pentreath was alone in the engine-house keeping guard over his unburied dead while the men went to the farm-house to fetch a litter on which to carry the corpse to the Grange.

That dismal walk through wood and lane had taken a long time. The church clock was striking ten as the procession entered the straggling village street. The windows of Little Bethel shone dimly, and Joshua's voice was raised in vehement exhortation.

It was the sound of that voice—the impulse of the moment—which led Arnold to enter the chapel, and denounce the man of whose guilt he had no shadow of doubt.

Old Nicholas, the butler, had been one of the witnesses called to identify the body of his late master. He remembered the clothes Oswald Pentreath wore that last day—and he had helped him to put on that coat—and he could swear to the pistol that had been found under the furze bush. He insisted upon telling the whole story of his master's departure, and his own fears and wonderment when the trunks were brought back from Exeter. The Combhollow coroner was a patient gentleman, accustomed to a long-tongued race, and listened quietly to the butler's statement. Here was a mystery to be unravelled, and there was no knowing whence the first gleam of light might come.

But when Arnold's evidence took the form of an accusation against Joshua Haggard, the coroner stopped him peremptorily.

"I cannot listen to any such speculations, Mr. Pentreath, to the discredit of a man in Mr. Haggard's position."

"They are no speculations," answered Arnold hotly. "They are convictions. Hear what the next witness has to say, and then you will see what reason I have for accusing Joshua Haggard of my brother's murder—though you can never know all the ground I have for certainty—the looks, the words by which that assassin has betrayed his guilt. Why, I ought to have known it the first time he talked to me of my brother. It was clear enough if I had had eyes to see, or a mind to understand."

The coroner protested against the irrelevance of such assertions, and then Timothy, the cowboy, was called, and told over again the story of that August afternoon on which he had seen Joshua Haggard go up to Matchley Common.

That picture of the man standing by the door of the engine-house as if watching for some one, impressed and puzzled the jury, but it could not shake them in their conviction that Joshua Haggard was a good man—a man who had taught and reprov'd them for many years, and who had always dealt honourably with them in temporal matters—a man whose weights were true as the sundial on the church tower, and whose goods were of the best quality. That such a man could commit a base and cowardly crime savoured of impossibility. Witchcraft alone could account for such a monstrous thing.

"He couldn't ha' done it unless he wur bewitched," said one of the deliberants when the jury took counsel together.

"Who knows if that young wife of his didn't bewitch him," argued another. "There's many as marked a change in him from the time she came among us. His thoughts seemed to be roving like, half his time, and he stared at you, skeared like, if you spoke to him sudden, and he got careless about his business. You never found him behind his counter."

"Joshua Haggard is not the man to hurt a wurrum," said a third jurymen. "He used to come and sit beside my puir old missus when she was down with her last illness, and read to her by the hour together, and she looked up to him as if he'd been a saint. I'll agree to no verdick that throws any blame on Muster Haggard."

"Who wants to bring a verdick agen Muster Haggard? But we mun come to some sort o' verdick, maunt we."

"Make it accidental death, can't 'ee?"

"But he couldn't a got throwd down the shaft by accident."

"He might have fell in, mightn't he?"

"Ah, but who was it shot him?"

"He might ha' shot himself fust, and just had strength enough left to throw hisself down th' old shaft."

The discussion waxed warm after this, but the jurymen were finally agreed that Oswald Pentreath had been murdered by some person or persons unknown.

Arnold went to the coroner directly the inquest was over, and asked for a warrant to arrest Joshua Haggard.

"My dear sir, it is quite out of the question. There is no evidence upon which I can issue a warrant."

"Not the fact that the man was seen there, hiding in the engine-house, waiting for my unhappy brother. Is that no evidence?" cried Arnold indignantly.

"There is no evidence that he was hiding—there is no evidence that he was waiting for your brother. The mere fact of his being seen at that place a short time before the firing of the shots amounts to nothing, even if we could be sure those shots the cow-boy heard were the shots that killed your poor brother. Joshua Haggard is a mystic, a fanatic, a man who spends half his life wandering in solitary places. I have often met him on the hills and commons. There is nothing strange in the fact of his being seen up yonder that day. Then again, there is an absence of all motive."

"I beg your pardon," said Arnold eagerly. "There was a motive, and a strong one; but there are reasons why I could not speak of this motive just now in open court. It in-



volves error—though not actual guilt on my brother's part."

He told the coroner the story of Oswald's attachment to Mrs. Haggard, and the meeting between them that afternoon.

"We have no evidence that Mr. Haggard knew of that meeting," said Mr. Penruddock, who was much disinclined to make himself odious to all chapel-going people by an unwise arrest of Joshua Haggard.

"We have the evidence of his presence at that spot—at that hour."

Arnold argued the matter, but in vain, and left Mr. Penruddock, of Wrinkles Close, with the idea that a rustic coroner was the most inept and useless of officials.

Once more Naomi heard the old church bell tolling dismally in the afternoon sunlight. Again she saw the funeral train wind slowly round the curve of the hill, the same wind-tossed plumes—for even in this June weather the breeze blew fresh from the western sea—the same solemn figures and black horses, and poor pomps and vanities of earthly pride; and this time she turned from the shrouded window with the heart-sickness of despair, and cast herself upon the ground, and tried to shut out the light of day, and prayed for death as the one issue and release from her miseries.

They were carrying him to his father's grave—her murdered lover—slain by her father's cruel hand, and slain at her prompting. Had she never put that fatal letter in her father's hand, this thing would never have been. Oswald would have gone his way in peace, to a new world, and repentance, perchance, and quiet days, and Joshua Haggard would have known nothing of that stolen farewell.

"Half the guilt is mine," she cried. "Let me bear all the punishment. God be merciful to my misguided father, maddened by jealousy and wounded love. Oh, God, charge not against him his sin that day."

She had not been alone with her father since that night in the chapel. They had sat at the same board, and she had looked in his face, which told no story of fear or agitation. He had gone about his business with quiet regularity; taught in his school, visited his sick, read and exhorted as of old—yes, even while the inquest was being held at the "First and Last," and all his flock were in a state of wildest emotion on their pastor's behalf. There had been a crowd of Joshua's people about the door of the justice-room, a crowd that gave vent to its indignation in a half-smothered way as Arnold Pentreath went in and out of the court. The feeling that their pastor was being persecuted for his faith was strong among them. This accusation of Arnold's was too wild to be believed even by the accuser. It was a lying invention of

Satan, designed to put this faithful flock to shame. This feeling pervaded the village, and wherever the minister went he received some new proof of his popularity. Women ran out of their cottage-doors as he passed by, and clasped him by the hand, and offered him their sympathy in this great trial. He shrank somewhat from these demonstrations of feeling.

"Let me bear my own burden," he said. "It is not too heavy for me."

And then when he was alone he clasped his hands in prayer and cried, "Oh, Lord, reward these people for their affection and their trustfulness, for I can only bring shame upon them. I have built up a temple to Thine honour, and pulled it down, and abased and ruined Thy holy place with mine own hands. I have given Thee half my heart, and sold the other half to the devil. Let these people whom I have loved and taught suffer no loss because of my iniquity. Let their faith endure steadfast to the end, though my life prove a lie."

Never had there been such a funeral as that of the young squire of Pentreath Grange. The old churchyard was filled with all the inhabitants of Combhollow, and a crowd of strangers from outlying hamlets among the hills and tiny fishing villages along the rocky coast. This God's acre lay on the side of a hill, and was a place of ups and downs, beautified by many a fuschia-shaded tomb, and by myrtles that had grown into trees—a sheltered and pleasant spot, hidden from the sight of the sea, but not so remote that the murmur of the waves might not serve as a lullaby for quiet sleepers under the ferny turf.

Arnold Pentreath stood by the open vault, pale and haggard, and with a countenance which grief had made rigid as marble. He was quite alone in his place by the coffin—chief and only mourner. There was some sympathy felt with him, yet less than would have been given but for that accusation brought against Joshua Haggard. This the Little Bethelites could not pardon. False and monstrous as the charge was, it had inflicted disgrace upon their sect. It was a fact that would be remembered and recorded against them in days to come—a dark tradition to be magnified and distorted by their enemies.

That last ceremonial completed—and oh, how brief and hasty a business it seems to the mourner who feels that this is the last!—the coffin placed in its stony niche, for worms to invade and toads to squat upon, and damp and mildew to disfigure—a place of decay and loathsomeness for evermore—Arnold walked slowly away from the churchyard, sick at heart, loathing the faces of his fellow-men. He would not go back to the lych-gate where the coach was waiting for him—would not be shut up again in the Barn-

staple undertaker's musty chariot, to hide his grief behind a cambric handkerchief, and so be conveyed slowly along the straggling village street, the principal feature and object of interest for the assembled multitude. He left the churchyard by another gate that led up to the hills—the wild lonely hills, where he could hug his sorrow, and be alone with his baffled vengeance and his passionate grief.

That was the sting—to know his brother's murderer, to have no shadow of doubt as to the assassin, and to be powerless to strike. Conscience had its scorpions, no doubt, and heaven held in reserve its lash for the hypocrite and murderer: but this was not enough for the brother who had loved his brother. Human nature in its weakness and narrowness of vision yearned for personal vengeance. Arnold wanted to bring this man to the gallows—to be the instrument of his direct and immediate punishment. Nothing less could satisfy his wounded love. His brother's ashes cried to him for vengeance.

One consideration only came between him and this hunger for swift revenge. He remembered that appealing look of Naomi's. His Naomi—his most noble among women—the woman he had hoped to win in days to come—the woman he had pictured in the fair future sitting at his board, ruling his household, making life sweet and honourable for him.

Could he ever hope to win her now? In his own mind he dissociated her altogether from her father's guilt. She was no less pure in his eyes because her father's hands were stained with blood. He was, even in his direst anger, willing to believe that Joshua's crime had been an act of jealous madness, and not the deliberate guilt of a criminal nature.

He could understand now why Naomi had forbidden him to hope, while her looks and tones told him he was dear to her. She had known or suspected her father's guilt. This would account for that deep melancholy which no hopeful utterances of his could dispel.

And if he brought Joshua Haggard to the gallows? What then? Was it not to destroy utterly the woman he so revered, the woman he fondly loved? Could Naomi survive so deep a shame, so deadly an agony; or, surviving it, could she have any feeling but hatred for the man who had brought shame and suffering upon her? He remembered that agonised appeal in the chapel—

"Arnold, what are you doing?"

And he had answered her coldly; though that answer meant the destruction of those new hopes which had been so dear to him. He knew her well enough to be very sure that she would cling to her father till death; stand beside him on the gallows, were it possible, and be true to him after death. To

hunt Joshua to his doom as he meant to hunt him must be to lose Naomi for ever.

"Be it so," he cried. "What is my happiness, or her peace, that I should put it in the balance with my brother's blood? I have one duty to perform; clear—direct—inexorable. Let me do that, and then go back to the old rough life at sea, and forget that I ever dreamt of being happy on shore."

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### JOSHUA STOPS HIS WATCH.

LITTLE Bethel was crammed to suffocation on the Sunday that followed the burial of Oswald Pentreath. Not only had the flock assembled in fullest force to hear their pastor improve the occasion, and enlarge upon the evil that had been wrought against him by the Philistine, but many who were not of Joshua's sect had been drawn to his tabernacle by curiosity. They wanted to see how the man would bear himself under circumstances so trying to manly fortitude.

The flock were not disappointed in the demeanour of their minister. Never had Joshua conducted his simple service with greater dignity. His prayers, those eloquent extemporary supplications modelled upon the theology of William Law, yet with something of Jeremy Taylor's florid warmth in their colouring, carried his congregation along with him like rushing waters down which a fleet of frail boats are driven tumultuously, knowing not whither they drift. It was by his eloquence in prayer chiefly that Joshua had established his power over his flock. He elevated their souls by his own enthusiasm, they felt themselves raised to a spiritual height which of themselves alone they could never have attained. They heard their cares and sorrows, their petty doubts and difficulties, their failures and shortcomings and evil acts laid at the foot of the great throne, with such appeals for pardon and pity as their dull minds could never frame, their uneloquent lips never utter. Joshua took them up in his arms, as it were, and held them at the feet of their Saviour, and called down the eternal mercy for them. He used the Scriptures for their benefit, as a skilful barrister uses precedents for the extrication of his clients. He found bounteous promises that they had never dreamed of in those familiar words of holy writ, covenants and pledges of grace and mercy. He held a golden key, with which he opened the treasury of Heaven, and brought forth promises and favours for his people.

To-day his prayers took a tone of deepest self-humiliation. He laid himself prostrate before offended heaven, and there was none of the exultant pride which the flock expected



JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.—"DEAREST, IT IS A HEAVY AFFLICTION."

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to discover in his supplications, no thanksgiving for an unsullied conscience, and a soul clear of offence, for rectitude which could laugh to scorn the revilings of the evil-minded. It was the publican and not the Pharisee who stood up to pray in that rural temple.

The hymn he chose was of a gloomy cast—but all his ministrations had of late been of a gloomy character. When he went up into the pulpit, and looked round at the upturned faces, and slowly opened his Bible, there was a hush of expectancy. It was thought that his text would have some bearing on the strange event of the past week, and that in his sermon he would take occasion publicly to declare the falsehood and iniquity of the charge that had been brought against him.

But when he had given out the text, with his usual deliberate distinctness, there was a general sense of disappointment—the verses he had chosen seemed to have so little bearing on the subject which filled the public mind.

"In those days they shall say no more, The fathers have eaten a sour grape, and the children's teeth are set on edge. But every one shall die for his own iniquity." Only Naomi understood the meaning of those words of assurance. For each the burden of his own sin; the assassin's innocent children were to have no portion in the shame and agony of his guilt. Upon this text Joshua Haggard enlarged with more than his accustomed power. Very awful was the picture which he painted of the sinner's earthly doom, the slow agonies of conscience, the shameful shrinking from the face of his fellow-men, the caresses of his children stinging him like the sting of serpents, the reverence and obedience of his household a mockery and a reproach—the light of day intolerable, the sun a burden, the quiet night accursed. And when from this picture of the sinner's suffering on earth he turned to the contemplation of his punishment hereafter, the vision assumed a darker and more terrible aspect. Before the titanic tortures of that land of shadows, earth's puny torments shrunk to the sting of buzzing summer flies as measured against the venom of the cobra or the rattle-snake. Joshua conjured up those visions of horror with a strange uncanny power, as if the fiend had lifted the corner of hell's curtain, and showed him the fiery gulf behind. He dwelt on these terrors with a gloomy relish, and spoke of hell and doom with a familiar knowledge, as if he had steeped his soul in the fires of Pandemonium.

"But for the sinner's children," he cried at last, withdrawing his mind, as by an effort, from this contemplation of the nethermost pit, "they shall go free; Heaven will not lay upon them the burden of a father's sin. He shall perish, he shall go to his doom, but they shall

remain scatheless. On earth, perchance, their portion may be shame and suffering, for earth's judgments are lying judgments; but God is righteous, and will keep this promise, and will adjust the balance."

Coming out of chapel, amidst the crowd, Naomi found herself close to a stranger who was talking of her father.

"I can believe anything of this man now I've heard him preach," he said.

"Why?" enquired his companion.

"Because I am very sure he is a madman."

"I don't see that," said the other, startled by the assertion. "His sermon was violent and gloomy, but sane enough."

"No sane man ever preached as that man preaches, and you may take my word for it"—Here the crowd parted Naomi from the speaker, but what she had heard impressed her deeply. It was hardly a new thought which was thus abruptly presented to her. The change in her father had inspired her with fears, to which she had hardly dared to give their actual form. Who was to discriminate between perpetual gloom—moody silence—an unbroken reserve, and the tokens and indications of a mind distraught. That her father's whole character had undergone an alteration since the day of Oswald Pentreath's disappearance, she well knew. Was it not possible that, on that day, the clear light of reason was darkened for ever. From that fatal hour he had broken loose from all old ties—from children and wife, and friends and business—he had been like an owl of the desert, a pelican in the wilderness.

But even with the horror of the thought there came a blessed sense of relief. If reason had left him in the hour of temptation, if the light was quenched before he did that fatal deed, her father was not accountable for his sin. It was not with his whole mind that he had broken the Divine Law. The clouded brain had not taken the measure of the act.

This offered a way out of her deepest sorrow. Dreadful as earthly penalties might be—shameful, intolerable, revolting—it was Heaven's anger she most dreaded for the father she so devotedly loved. Sure of God's pardon and pity for the sinner, she could see him perish on the scaffold with only earthly sorrow, with only sense of earthly suffering and loss; secure of a fair hereafter, a glorious meeting in a land of rest and peacefulness, where the red robes of repentant sinners were to be washed whiter than snow.

Awful then as this thought of mental alienation was, there was comfort in it. She could cling closer to her afflicted father, pitying and pardoning him; full of remorse for her own share in his suffering, ascribing to herself half his guilt.



"If I had but spared him the knowledge of that letter, Heaven might have spared me this anguish," she thought.

Joshua was absent from the family board at the two o'clock Sunday dinner, an uninteresting repast of cold provisions, which James Haggard regarded as one of the privations and trials of his career. Other people in Combhollow rioted in hot joints and savoury potatoes, reeking with unctuous grease and gravy, followed by huge fruit pie or pasty, and perchance a bowl of cream.

"I don't call it honouring the Sabbath to sit down to a worse dinner than on a work-a-day," Jim remarked argumentatively. "And all that Sally may sit in a corner of our pew and breathe hard all through the sermon."

"Eat your dinner and be thankful," said Aunt Judith severely, "or leave it and hold your tongue. I wonder you can be so base-minded as to think of your meals at such a time, with such affliction come upon your house as we've had to bear."

"Do you mean Captain Pentreath bringing that charge against father?" asked Jim contemptuously. "I'm not such a fool as to fret about that. Any lunatic might accuse us of murder, or arson, or high treason, or gunpowder plot. Poor Pentreath's head's been turned by finding his brother at the bottom of Matcherley mine. I was over at the 'First and Last,' when the inquest was going on, and heard everybody saying that it was worse than madness to lay such a crime at father's door. There's not a man in Combhollow would believe a word against father."

"It would be hard if they would," retorted Judith, "after the life your father has lived among 'em all these years, and no one able to bring a reproach against him, unless it was for foolishness in marrying a silly girl for the sake of her pretty face."

"I never saw any silliness in Cynthia," said Jim; "and for my part I wish she was home again. I miss her pretty face, tho' it was sad enough for the last twelvemonths, goodness knows. I don't think we any of us made her too happy."

"She's a deal better away," replied Judith, with a sour look. "She turned your father's thoughts from his duties, and never brought anything but trouble into this house. Let her stop with friends of her own station, if she has any."

"Ain't it rather like turning her out of doors to let her stop away so long?" asked Jim.

"I didn't know it was a son's place to find fault with his father's doings," said Judith. "Your father's the best judge of his duty to his wife, I should hope. It isn't for us to interfere. He didn't ask our leave when he brought her home, and it's not likely he'd want our leave to send her away."

"It's a pity things couldn't go smother, anyhow," pursued Jim, persistently; "for she's a pretty little thing, and a good little thing, that would never do harm to anyone."

"That's all you know, Mr. Clever. Perhaps you'll be kind enough to keep your opinion till you're asked for it. Why don't you eat your dinner, Naomi?" enquired Miss Haggard sharply. "It's as good a bit of beef as ever was cooked, and I suppose *you're* not too dainty to eat cold meat on the Sabbath?"

"I'm not hungry, aunt," said Naomi.

She had been sitting with her plate before her, making no attempt to eat, hearing her aunt and brother talking, but in nowise understanding them. Her thoughts were with her father in his lonely room. He had pleaded a headache, and gone quietly up to his bed-chamber when he came in from chapel. How was he bearing his burden? Without consolation, without sympathy. Yes, verily without human sympathy—but for this believer, even in his depth of guilty despair, there still remained a pitying ear that would listen to his groaning, and take account of his anguish. The friend of sinners would not be deaf to his cry.

"I think I'll go upstairs and see how father is, and if he wants anything," said Naomi, rising from her seat at the table.

"If I was you, I wouldn't go bothering and disturbing him," said Judith with her accustomed tartness; "but of course you can do as you like about it."

This was an indirect order not to go, but for once in her life Naomi disobeyed, and went straight to Joshua's room.

She knocked, but there was no answer, and she went in quietly, hoping to find her father asleep.

He was sitting in front of the open escritoire, his arms folded, his eyes bent upon the ground. He did not stir, or look up at his daughter's entrance, nor even when she came close to him and laid her hand gently on his shoulder.

She stood for a few moments in silence, waiting for him to take some notice of her; but he sat like a statue, and never lifted his eyes from the ground.

"Dear father," she began in a low and tender voice, as she would have spoken to him had he been lying ill, at death's door, "I was obliged to come to you. I could not bear to think of you alone, and unhappy. Dearest, it is a heavy affliction that has fallen upon us, but not heavier than we can bear. Father," sinking on her knees beside his chair, and putting her arms round him, "if your guilt is deep, I am guilty too. I sinned grievously when I gave you his letter. I suffered my evil passions to get the better of me. My heart was full of hatred and rancour. Let

us repent, and seek for mercy together. We both have sinned."

"The letter," muttered Joshua with a bitter laugh, "the letter was not so much. I saw him hold her in his arms and kiss her—saw her yield herself up to a love that was stronger than honour or duty, or her love of God—saw her folded to his heart under Heaven's all-seeing eye."

"It was my fault, father. But for that letter you would never have known of that last meeting. It was but a stolen farewell, and they both meant to do their duty. They were so young, and had erred for want of thought."

"They were thoughtful enough to plan secret meetings—thoughtful enough to deceive me. And I believed her purest among women—free from all taint of sin. Do not speak of her—or of him. They sinned, and have reaped the fruit of sin. 'The wages of sin is death.'"

"Father, we have sinned grievously, you and I; and we can have no hope of mercy unless we repent," said Naomi, horrified at Joshua's hardness of tone, which implied an unconsciousness of the weight and measure of his crime.

"My life has been one long atonement. I have laboured always in the work of salvation."

"But by one sinful act all might be undone—in one dark hour the labour of a lifetime might be lost," urged Naomi.

Her father made no answer.

"Dearest, will you not kneel and pray with me," she pleaded. "Will you not help me to lift this burden from my soul. I am weary with the weight of my sin. I loved him, and yet betrayed him to you. Oh, it was the act of a Judas! He must have loved his master. It was jealousy that made him a traitor. Father, if you cannot be sorry for your sin, be sorry for mine."

In vain; the brooding eyes were never lifted from the ground. Naomi looked up into the rigid face. Yes, there was an expression there as of light quenched, at least a temporary aberration. He was not listening, he was not following her.

He sat for some time thus, Naomi still kneeling by him and watching him, but in silence. Then he stretched out his hand to the open Bible that lay upon his desk, and began to read.

"Leave me, my dear," he said; "I am better alone."

"I would so much rather stay with you, dear father. I will not disturb you."

"Go, dear; I wish to be alone. I have to command my thoughts. It will be time for chapel presently."

"I will go then, dear father. But while we are alone, let me say one thing."

"I am listening."

She put her arms round his neck, and rested her head on his shoulder.

"You know how I loved Oswald, father, to the last, even after his heart had gone away from me. But I told you then, as I tell you now, you were always first and dearest, always the object of my highest reverence and love. That could never change in me. No act of yours could lessen my love, no affliction Heaven could bring upon you could lower you in my esteem. Remember that always, father. Come what may, I am your loving daughter to the end."

With this assurance she left him, a little more at peace with herself for having thus spoken.

The afternoon service was gone through very quietly. Joshua had a subdued and wearied air, as if worn out by the effort of the morning. The congregation were less alert and exalted in their piety, as was natural in people who had dined heavily, and given way to fleshly snares in the shape of too-substantial pastry. Even the hymns had a slumberous tone, and acted as lullabies upon some elder members of the flock whose feeble knees were an excuse for a sitting posture.

After service Joshua taught for half-an-hour in his school, and said a few earnest words to the young men of his adult night school, a class in which he had taken a special interest. They were very touching words, and well remembered afterwards.

Joshua was absent from the tea-table as he had been from the dinner-table. His headache was worse, he told his sister, and he was going to lie down. Naomi had an evening Scripture class to attend to after tea, a task that would occupy her for about an hour. She went to this duty at half-past six o'clock, while Judith enjoyed the one Sabbath luxury which she permitted herself, a half-hour's nap in the chintz-covered arm-chair by the best parlour window, screened from the gaze of passing pedestrians, going by at the rate of one in ten minutes, by the graceful droop of the well-starched curtain.

Joshua was alone, sitting by the escritoire, as he had sat when Naomi went to him in the afternoon. He had locked the door, determined to be free from all intrusion—free even from his daughter's pitying love. He wanted nothing between him and that awful solitude in which he had lived of late—the isolation which a mind unhinged makes for itself.

He sat thus till the twilight thickened and the pages of his open Bible grew dim. Even in the troubled state of his brain—a trouble which had been growing for months—that book was his rock of defence, his sheet anchor. He looked into those pages for justification,

for assurance of grace and redemption, and he seldom looked in vain. If he had sinned, had not David sinned also, and yet retained his exalted place in the love of God and men? Was he to humble himself more than David humbled himself? Had David ever ceased to be king, and priest, and teacher, chief and supreme among the people? If he had fallen, had not Peter also fallen, and yet received that divine commission which gave him charge of Christ's flock.

"I will preach the gospel and teach men while I have breath," protested Joshua, laying his hand upon the sacred book. "What have the burdens on my conscience to do with my teaching? What does it matter that I know myself a sinner if I can expound the Word of God? He has given me a gift, and I will use it—to the uttermost and to the last. If this is to be a hypocrite, my hypocrisy shall go with me to my grave."

This was his summing-up of his position in one of his calmer moods; but his mind was not always so clear, or his views so fixed and resolute. There were moments to-night, as he sat in the summer dusk while the shadows grew and deepened in the lonely old-fashioned room, grotesque shadows of familiar things which he had known from childhood—there were intervals in which his brain grew clouded, and past and present were alike dim and distorted. His thoughts flashed far and wide like the erratic gleams of a lantern—now alighting upon some picture of the past, now plunging into the dark gulf of the future. He saw himself as he had been at the outset of his laborious career, eager for self-sacrifice, careless of all wordly loss, sustained by an enthusiast's exaggerated hopes, and an enthusiast's indifference to suffering. He had laboured, and had been plenteously rewarded. He had been a wandering light shining in dark places and forgotten corners of the earth, and had brought many lost sheep home to the fold. Then his father had died, and he had been called back to his native place, to find that, after all, he had lost nothing of earthly gain by his constancy, for, despite the old man's threatenings, he had left all to his only son.

This day of inheritance Joshua felt to have been in some measure a time of temptation and falling away. He had turned aside from the desert and desolate places to dwell in a land of fatness. He had been content to serve a few instead of serving many. He had sat down under his vine and fig-tree, and taught one little flock instead of wandering from village to village seeking those whom the church had forgotten, or cared for with a lukewarm love. True that he had laboured hard for his flock, walked many miles, stretched his cure of souls to its utmost limits, taught the young, brought the light of education both spiritual

and secular into many dark places, but he had from this time ceased to be a stranger and a pilgrim upon earth, a disciple who has given up all things for his Master.

Then came his prosperous first marriage, the birth of his children, new ties that bound him to the old home.

How strange and remote those early years seemed as the fitful light of memory shone upon them.

The picture changed. Those peaceful monotonous days were past. He was standing on the Cornish common in the pure sunshine, the great Atlantic glittering in the distance, the sandy knolls and hollows all ablaze with yellow furze, the subtle scent of that golden blossom in the air—standing on the threshold of a new life. Never after that hour was he to be the same man, independent of all human influence. Henceforth he was to be chained to humanity by mankind's most pitiful weakness, an unreasoning love for a weak fellow-creature.

"I verily believe I loved her from that first day," he thought. "Her image never left me. She was always before me, sitting in the sunlight, with her drooping hair, like pale gold. Can I doubt that Satan set her there for my entanglement and ruin: 'His heart shall be heavy for her sake, he shall be so troubled that he shall grow dumb,' said the fiend. But I have cheated him of his prey. He has had my heart, and bruised and broken it, but he has not quenched my spirit—he has not silenced me—I have borne my burden and continued to teach and exhort, and will so continue to the end. No snare of the Arch tempter hiding behind a fair face shall destroy me."

Then followed a moment of relenting,

"She seemed so innocent, so pure. She was so gentle and obedient, and owned so meekly that she had been tempted, and had sinned in hearkening for a little while to the tempter. Oh, God, there could be no vileness in the soul that looked up at me from those gentle eyes. And I thrust her from me with violence and contumely, and sent her back to servitude and dependence. My wedded wife, the one creature I have loved most on earth!" He clasped his hands, and looked upward in exaltation of mind.

"Surely that was an atonement for my weakness. Surely that was a sacrifice which Heaven must approve. And yet I have known no peace of mind since that day. Heaven has given me no token of approval or forgiveness."

That intense egotism which is one of the characteristics of a mind off its balance had taken possession of him. He felt himself the centre of the universe. The Bible had been written for him. He stood face to face with his Creator, and felt himself worthy to be saved.

His daughter knocked at the door presently, and asked him if he would not have a light.

"No," he answered; "my soul can hold communion with God in the darkness. I am alone, as Elijah was upon the mountain waiting for the voice of the Lord."

It was after midnight when he laid himself upon his bed, wearied with meditations in which his brain had been hyperactive. Tired as he was with the long day and its double service, the long evening and its protracted thoughtfulness, he could not easily sleep, and when at last his wearied eyelids closed his slumber was more like a trance than a sleep.

He saw his wife's face looking up at him as she had looked that last day in the lane, pleadingly, piteously, full of grief and love. He saw it more vividly than faces are seen in dreams—saw it close to him as he lay upon his pillow, and was dimly conscious of lying there, and the hour of the night, and that this face was looking at him from afar off, though it seemed so near that he could have stretched out his hand and touched it.

Then came a voice that thrilled him.

"Joshua, Joshua, come to me."

He was awake and on his feet in an instant. It seemed to him that his waking ears had heard that voice—that it was something more than a part of his dream. He stood listening for some moments, half expecting to hear the cry repeated, and his wife's hand upon his door.

He went to the door, and opened it, and looked out upon the landing faintly lighted by the stars.

No, the place was empty, the lower part of the house was dark and silent. Nothing had happened. It was only a dream.

"But it is a dream sent by Heaven," he said. "I will hearken to it, and go. Yes, my love, I forgive you; I am coming to you. I bring you pardon and love."

He struck a light from the old tinder-box, lighted his candle, and began to dress himself hurriedly. He had looked at his watch on first rising, wondering to find so little of the night was gone. It was twenty minutes past one o'clock.

Joshua took his watch from under his pillow, lifted the glass and laid his finger on the hands and stopped them. Only once before in his life had he ever done this thing, and that occasion was the moment of his conversion, the instant in which the divine assurance of his election and calling had been breathed into his soul. At that blessed moment he had stopped his watch that it might for ever record that one hallowed hour. It was the watch he had used as a young man, and was still in his desk: he had never carried it afterwards, and had endured no small inconvenience for the want of it, till his father's fine old timekeeper had descended to him as a part of his inheritance.

It was a curious fancy which moved him to do the same thing to-night. He could have given no reason for the impulse, but he obeyed it blindly, and the loud ticking of the watch grew still at twenty minutes past one.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

## THE OLD KING.

BY HEINRICH HEINE.

TRANSLATED BY BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD.

(Illustration, Page 769.)



An old, gray king lived long ago,  
Slow beat his heart, bent was his form:  
He chose a maiden for his bride  
Fresh as a rose at morn.

A page moved in their palace-halls,  
With golden hair and blithesome mien;  
He bore her trailing silken robes.  
He worshipped the fair queen.

And dost thou know this little song?  
So sweet, so sad it is to hear!  
Both queen and page to death were doomed  
When life had grown—too dear.



## HAD SHE BUT KNOWN.

BY THEODORE GIFT.

**A** STILL, quiet day in February, the air mild and soft, and filled with a faint, pearly haze, through which the sun shone with the shy sweetness of a bride half shrouded in her misty veil. Crocuses thrusting their white and lilac heads out of the mould in London squares and gardens. A faint, rosy flush dimpling the tips of the almond-trees in the park. The mounted policeman in the Row looking very like an illstuffed cloth figure of Patience on a monument, smiling at emptiness. A small dog barking at the fleets of ducks dimly showing through the mist on the gray silver of the Serpentine. A girl sitting on a bench near the boat-house waiting—that was all.

Waiting! Yes, does not every one know the unmistakable something which stamps a person as being in a state of expectancy, be it of a passing cab, a sister in the nearest shop, or a lover, always too late? Don't ask me to explain what it is: not restlessness; this girl sat as still as if carved out of stone, her hands folded on her knee in perfect motionless quiet: not an impatient expression; her face, a pretty, neat-featured little face too, was pale and a trifle sad, but no shade of impatience ruffled the set, firm lips, or the steady, far-away gaze of the large gray, misty eyes. No! I don't know what it is, and I give it up; but every man or woman of common discernment knows what I mean, and would have agreed with me that Mazie (pet name for Margaret) Jerningham was waiting, and had been waiting for some one for the last ten minutes—was getting tired of waiting too, for the eyes had acquired a deeper shade of pain, and the "perfect lips" were folded more closely as if \* \* \* \* But here he was!

A tall, broad-shouldered man, of eight or nine and twenty, brown eyes, brown curly hair, cropped in that peculiarly close convict-cut which our lads assume nowadays; a handsome, haughty face, browned too by foreign suns and out-door life—a face the expression of which could be sweet and winning as a woman's, but clouded now by a troubled look, mixed up of annoyance, shame, and defiance—an unpleasant combination, expressed oddly enough in his very walk, expressed not at all (need I say it, this being the nineteenth century?) in his greeting.

"Here before me, Mazie! I am so sorry, dear, but I could not get away sooner; an old friend of mine, Banshire, of the 10th Hussars, delayed me at the club."

"I always come here early, that Jack may

enjoy his swim without the risk of spoiling anybody's fine dress afterwards," she answered, hardly waiting for his explanation, and taking away the hand he was still holding. Will Travers looked at her narrowly, and, as if glad to find a reason for the pallour on cheek and brow, burst out:

"You are vexed with me for being late, Mazie, and it was so good of you to come; but, indeed——"

"I am not vexed at all, and I come here on Jack's account; I told you so last night," she said shortly, and turned away with a slight shrug of her shoulders as Will Travers cried out:

"Hang that Jack! you think of nothing else. I asked you if I might come and meet you."

"And I told you the path by the Serpentine was not my property."

"But you did not say I was not to." (When men are excited their grammar is generally at fault.) "You knew I would come; that I would not break an appointment with *you*."

"Mr. Travers," said the girl proudly, "I would not *make* an appointment with you, or any other man." Then her voice changing as she met his look of surprise: "But, after all, you are right. It comes to the same thing. What humbugs we all are!"

"Don't speak in that way, Mazie," pleaded Will Travers. "What makes you so different this morning? Why are you so cold and bitter?"

"Because—because, Will, I am getting very tired of all this," she answered, looking up at him suddenly. They were standing by the water's edge now, with Jack describing wet and frenzied circles round them; and both faces looked very pale in the misty light.

"Tired, Mazie! tired of me?"

"No, not tired of you, but of your ways, of the life you lead, and of the life you are making me lead."

"I don't understand you," he said, flushing up half in anger, half in mortification. "You are complimentary this morning, Mazie."

"No, I am not complimentary, only honest," Mazie replied sadly. "Look here, Will," for he was going to speak. "Listen to me a few minutes, for I am going to be very plain. You saw I was annoyed at the ball last night, and you asked me to come here to-day. I was annoyed, and I've come." Something choked her for a moment, and she paused. "Come to tell you that I am tired of this secrecy, which I hate; of this half-and-half

engagement, which is everything nor nothing, according to your pleasure, and which simply gives you the right to make me wretched by your jealousy, your flirtations, your temper, and your love—yes, your *love*; for if you did not love me a little, or pretend to do so, I could never have let you have your way, never have cared for you as I have done.”

“Have done, Mazie! Don’t you care for me now?”

“That is not the question,” she said coldly. “What I was saying comes to simply this, I am weary of it all, weary and disgusted, and I want to end it.”

“In fact, to break your engagement, and leave me! Oh! Mazie, you don’t—you can’t mean that.”

His voice, his eyes, those bright brown, beautiful eyes, so terribly fascinating when they would, were full of passionate reproach, but she never looked at him; the small, gray-gloved hands never trembled as they played with Jack’s silky ears; the dull lustre of her dress, gray also, lay smooth and unruffled over the shapely bosom; only she said in the same quiet tones:

“You told me it was not an engagement when we began it; that we were both free to decide as we pleased.”

“And you have decided to fling me away because you are tired of even the shadow of a bond to a poor devil with nothing but his love to give you. My God! Mazie, you can’t be so base, so heartless, or, if you are——”

“If I am, you would be much better off without me,” she answered steadily, though the gray silk was heaving stormily enough now, and Will Travers saw it, for he caught her hands in his, and cried out:

“Mazie, you are not; I don’t believe it; you are too noble, too true. Oh! Mazie, if you knew how I love and worship you. I know I did flirt with that little chit of a girl last night; but what will you have? A man isn’t a saint; and when a girl throws herself at his head——”

“That’s right, Will! It is so gentlemanly, so honourable, to excuse yourself to one woman at the expense of another. There, I beg your pardon. I had no right to comment on your words. What is the use of going on talking when there is really nothing to be said but good-bye?”

“Mazie, Mazie, what would you have me do?”

“I? Nothing.”

“What have I done then? At least tell me that. You won’t make me believe (I know you too well) that you would cast me off for one idle flirtation.”

“No, not for *one*,” she said sadly, “nor yet for ten. In themselves they are nothing; but because if you cannot keep true to me before

marriage, you would never do so afterwards. If the pleasure of an idle flirtation, of whispering pretty compliments, and calling blushes to pretty cheeks, is greater to you now than the preservation of my peace of mind or your honour, we are better apart. What would you say, what would you think, if I were to act as you do?”

“Women are different to men,” he muttered half apologetically.

“Yes, I suppose they are. At any rate, you and I are so different that we could never be happy together. No, Will, it is not the flirtations only; it is the want of firmness, the want of energy, the selfish—for it is selfish—weakness which ruins your whole life, and lets you put aside ambition, duty, even honour, for an hour’s pleasure.”

“You are plain enough, God knows, and devilish hard on me too,” her lover replied, haughtily in his turn. “Another woman might have hesitated before blaming me for not exiling myself on a three-years’ cruise half across the world, when it was my love for her which held me here. But you are so cursedly rigid. One might as well have a stone for a wife as you. Fool that I am to have ever thought you had any softness or womanly tenderness in you.”

“It was a short-lived folly,” she answered, the utter deadness of her tone freezing his wrath even as it aroused it; “and it is ended now. Good-bye.”

She held out her hand, and he took it; but only to half crush it in both his, as he cried:

“Mazie, forgive me. I think I am half mad to talk so; but I will do better if you will only stay with me. I’ll speak out to your stepmother, though I know she will say ‘No,’ and so do you, don’t you, Mazie?”

“I think so. Yes.” The girl’s face had grown even whiter than before, and her breathing came hard and quick.

“Then where is the use? I wish to God I were a rich man for your sake; but at least I’ll apply for a ship to-morrow. I’ll never rest till I get my promotion. I—Mazie, darling, don’t look like that. I know I’ve said the same before; but I do mean it now. Dear, won’t you believe me? Won’t you say you are mine still?”

Whiter and whiter yet, and the bosom rising and falling in slow, heavy throbs; but the answer came steady as a rock:

“No, Will, no; not yours any more. I do believe you, that you mean what you say *now*, but would you mean it a week hence? Could you keep true to me, true in my sense of the word, not only for a few months, but during the years we might be parted? You know you could not; and I should be wrong, I should be guilty of making you sin, by binding you to what you could not do, unsettling





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your life, and deceiving my kind stepmother, for silence is a sort of deceit, say what you will; and all for what?—a fancy which would never last, which never does last beyond its own gratification. No, Will, a thousand times no. It cannot be. If we can love each other at all, we can do it as well free as bound. And now forgive me if I've hurt you, and God bless you. Good-bye."

"God forgive *you*, Mazie," cried the man, "for you have cursed me indeed. I shall go to the devil now fast enough—the faster the better. Who cares? Not *you*, hard and calculating as you are; and yet—yet—though you don't care enough for me to save me from ruin, I love you; I always shall love you better than any living woman; and I'll win you yet some day, my own heart's darling;" and then—they were under the arch of the bridge, with the deep shadow round them, and only the gray, trembling water for a witness—Travers caught the girl in his arms as she was turning from him, caught and nearly crushed her to his heart in a sort of frenzy, kissing brow, lips, and cheek, not once, but a hundred times as he did so. The next moment he was gone, past away into the mist, and Mazie Jerningham was left alone.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two years—a short space in a long life, a mere nothing to look back upon in general, though a very eternity in prospect—two years had passed, and Mazie Jerningham was still Mazie Jerningham, still alone. It was evening now, a calm, bright evening after one of the hottest days of an unusually hot July, and she was sitting on the pier at Southsea, looking across the sheet of deep, molten blue, to where the Isle of Wight rose greenly purple against a pre-Raphaelitish background of violet and crimson sky. Behind the dark fringe of trees crowning the summit of the island the sun was just sinking like a huge globe of lambent flame, and, as it touched the topmost boughs, it flung a broad bar of liquid gold across the dimpled waters of the harbour to Mazie's feet, as she leant over the railings, the only solitary, the only sad-looking person among the gaily dressed, gaily talking groups of people who sprinkled the pier.

She had been rather a pretty girl, two years ago, more noticeable, perhaps, for a certain refinement, an air of unmistakable good style which clung about her, than for actual good looks. Now, at four and twenty, she was simply a beautiful woman, beautiful even without the added charm of birth and cultivation; and she knew it, knew it as well as did any of the idle gazers on that fashionable lounge, and valued it—well, valued it rather less than she did the greenish-white pebbles glimmering through the cool water

under her feet, or the fragment of seaweed flapping idly to and fro at the will of that same water. What was beauty or grace to her when she was all alone?

Two years ago—even now, looking back, it seemed like ten to her—she had been wont rather to fret because her hair was not as curly, her cheeks as pink, and her eyes as blue as other girls'—girls Will used to admire at the theatre or in the Row. She wanted to be pretty then for Will's sake, just as she wanted to be rich, just as she thanked God for her talents, her good old name, and the capabilities for good she felt within her. They were just so much to give Will, and for that reason they were precious to her, not for any other. An orphan, with neither brother nor sister, living with a wealthy stepmother, and, while enjoying every comfort and even luxury in that lady's house, fully aware that of her own she had only the prospect of a modest hundred a year, and that contingent on her not marrying without Mrs. Jerningham's permission before her twenty-fifth year, perhaps no human being felt more solitary than did Mazie at the hour we are contemplating her.

There she sat, thinking, as she did often—much too often—of that parting in Hyde Park under the old archway. She never could quite recollect how she had got home afterwards, and what came next, though she could remember well that, just after Will had sprung up the bank, master Jack had leapt on the foremost miss of an approaching girls'-school, splashing her with water from his tail, and she (Mazie) had to go forward and apologize, in her pretty, ladylike manner, for the accident. She could remember that trifle, and also a very red pimple on the very large nose of a bald-headed old gentleman who sat opposite to her at dinner that day; but everything else, thought, feeling, and surroundings, seemed like one dark blank to her until she found herself lying face downwards on the floor of her room, with the door bolted, and the moon looking curiously in on the tempest of sobs and tears which was tearing her slight frame with the violence of its anguish.

He was all she had, her own, her love, her husband in all but name, the very heartspring of her existence, and she had torn herself away from him. No one, not even herself, could have told how deeply and passionately she had loved that idle, good-for-nothing young sailor, with his handsome face and winning manners. She only learnt it now when he was gone from her for ever; learnt it, as we learn most things in this world, *too late*.

Are all women such contradictions, I wonder? Do all of them know their minds, or rather their hearts—for when do mind and heart go together in a woman—as little as Mazie Jerningham? No girl could have appeared more



cold, more passionless, more unsympathisingly hard than Miss Jerningham when reasoning coolly with, and as coolly dismissing her loving, passionate, half-desperate suitor. Now, that prudent, sensible woman of the world was rocking herself to and fro, her eyes blinded with tears, her face, her hair soaked in the same scalding rain, her hands twisted together, her breath coming in fast, strangling sobs, her white, parted lips quivering with hopeless gasps of sheer heart-broken misery. And Lieutenant Travers, where was he?

His bonny brown eyes had been full of tears—tears which were no disgrace to his manhood—when he held his hard-hearted love on his breast, and, as he strode away, his brain seemed almost on fire with wrath and despair: but ere he got into Piccadilly he met a naval friend, who greeted him with warmth, told him he looked awfully seedy, and asked him to have a glass of something at the Club; and Travers assented, and had, not one glass, but several of something which cleared his head for the moment, and gave him artificial spirits; and afterwards he dined and went to the French play with the same friend; and after that—Well, I don't think we need follow him any farther. He had told Mazie that she would send him to the devil; and therefore it was probably her fault if he took a long step in that direction the same night; or if, while she was praying and wrestling with sorrow and love and remorse for her lost lover, that lover was making a fool, and worse than a fool, of himself somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Haymarket.

"*Telle est la vie!*" and, my dear messieurs and mesdames, you and I were both young once, was it so very different in our day? A good old Frenchman once said, "*Il y a toujours un qui aime, et un qui tend la joue.*" Will had been eager enough to *baiser*, but Mazie had not even *tendu la joue*; it was his turn now.

She had never seen him since; and she had never told any one of her trouble. It was a very short-lived folly, as she had said, that sad little romance; and it was ended now. If everything else in life seemed ended too, that could not be helped. It is not the fashion to die of a broken heart nowadays, and she could live it down. People had lived down worse things. Yes, Mazie, so they have; but that same process of "living down" is a worse martyrdom than many a death; and all the more that to weep over the victim is the cruellest aggravation of her sufferings that we can offer. Mazie gave no one a chance of weeping over hers: let fall no word which could give a clue to her sorrow. She had a heavy cold, she said, and so she kept her room for a couple of days, and the blinds were drawn down, and a white face and swollen

eyes were quite admissible even in Mrs. Jerningham's opinion. But after that she came downstairs, and took up her usual rôle of home and social duties, and was the same graceful, dignified, intelligent Miss Jerningham as of old: the same clear-eyed, courteously cheerful girl to all outward appearance as she had ever been; how changed within none but herself and God knew.

People talked a little at first, and wondered why that charming Lieutenant Travers was never to be met at the Jerninghams' now. There had certainly been a strong flirtation between him and Miss Jerningham—though she seemed so proud and unimpressible in the usual way—but, after all, every one knew he had no money, and was always flirting with some one; those sailors were so proverbially fickle. And then some one said he had gone to sea again; and it was suggested that Miss Jerningham had refused him. Mrs. Jerningham, of course, would not dream of such a miserable *parti* for her elegant step-daughter, and every one knew how devoted Sir Edward Bartlett had been in that quarter of late. So wagged the tongues for a few days; and then the subject was forgotten for some more interesting piece of gossip; and Mazie was left to herself.

Not utterly heartbroken after the first few weeks. There was a great element of justice in this girl's character; and before that stern goddess Will's wrathful speeches and despairing threats melted away, and were condoned on the score of the provocation which had evoked them. "If he had not loved me, he would not have been so angry," said Mazie to herself; and the thought brought a sudden warm pulse to the poor bruised heart, a soft mist over the painful brightness of the brave gray eyes. His last words, too, how could she forget them, she, a woman, and a woman so passionately in love? Common sense and logic would have told her at once that it was absurd to lay stress on one word more than another, when both are uttered in a moment of great excitement; but then girls are seldom noted for either extra common sense or logic; and well for us they are not! for on the strength of that one sentence, "I love you better than any living woman; and I'll win you yet some day," Mazie quietly consecrated her whole life, heart and soul, present and future, to waiting for that day. Sir Edward Bartlett was sent away discomfited, and so were one or two other men of good means and high standing, whom most girls would have been only too willing to accept; and still Mazie Jerningham kept Will's angry kiss sacred on her lips against the wonder of the world, and the grumbling of her step-mother, who being a kindly, managing woman, was anxious to see her daughter well established in life.

It is not to be supposed, however, that Mazie confessed to herself that she was waiting for, or even expected for one moment, a renewal of the offer she had repulsed. She told herself with stern decision that it was all over for ever, and that it was well for both of them that it should be so; but all the same she made a willing sacrifice of her whole inner life to Will Travers; kept herself single for him, prayed for him, thought of him, and dreamt of him with the entire, single-hearted devotion of a loving wife. Every day she read every word of the "Naval and Military" column in the "Times," and there she read that he had gone to sea again a fortnight after their parting; later on, of his promotion to the rank of commander; later still, a brief account of Captain Travers' gallantry in saving the life of a sailor washed overboard in the outer harbour of Rio de Janeiro; and ah! how the pale cheek glowed and the beautiful eyes sparkled on that day; but after this came a long interval of silence, when, except for the testimony of the blue "Navy List" in Mazie's desk, Captain Travers might have dropped out of existence altogether.

She was thinking of him now, as I have said, while sitting on the pier on this pleasant July evening; thinking of past pleasant days, with a sort of sad smile on her lovely face, which showed the Laureate in error when he declared "a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things"; trying *not* to think of a certain dim picture of a happy meeting, a warm, loving reconciliation far away in the hazy future. So lost was she, indeed, in her dreams, that she never felt the warm rays of the setting sun as they kissed her cheek, never saw the golden glitter in the water, or heard the steady dip, dip, peculiar to the sweep of man-of-war oars, till the sharp rattle in the rowlocks, and cry of "Oars in!" startled her into a sudden recollection of her whereabouts; and, looking down into the boat, she saw—the very man she had been dreaming of, the lover so long parted, just springing on to the steps of the pier. What she meant to do, what she was going to say, I do not know; but, like one in a dream, she rose to her feet, and made a step forward with great, wide, glistening eyes, and parted, quivering lips. If he had seen her then, and taken her to his arms before all the people on the pier, I don't think her propriety would have been much startled, for the moment; but as it happened, he was stayed at the gangway by two ladies, who seemed to be waiting for him, and whom he greeted familiarly.

One of these ladies was a friend of Mazie's; the other a tall, fair, German-looking girl, rather coarsely built, and dressed with more attention to showiness than good taste. They

stood a minute talking with Captain Travers, and then all three came forward; and Mazie's friend, a lively, good-tempered dame, who was very proud of ranking "that charming Miss Jerningham" among her acquaintances, saw and saluted her with great *empressement*. Mazie's lips moved, but no sound came. Her eyes had never left Will's face. They rested there still with a sort of mute, eager appeal, strangely pitiful in its forgetfulness of all else; and before that look Captain Travers' face flushed with a sudden recognition; flushed, too, with the recollection of the last time he had seen that face, for there was a little natural embarrassment in his manner, as he said:

"It is so long since we have met, Miss Jerningham, that I suppose I can hardly expect you to remember me."

The commonplace civil speech startled Mazie back to her senses. She turned as white as snow, and gave a sort of gasp for breath, when her friend most opportunely struck in: "Did Captain Travers know Miss Jerningham, then? How nice! Old friends, she supposed, since he had only just arrived in England; and what a pleasant coincidence to meet, wasn't it?"

"Yes! very old friends," Captain Travers answered, his eyes still on the white wistfulness of Mazie's face; and then, with a sudden friendly cordiality, the old manner she knew so well, he took her hand, and added, "It is indeed pleasant to meet you again. Have you been well since I saw you last? You do not look as strong, I think. And how is Mrs. Jerningham? But first let me introduce my wife to you. She will be so glad to make your acquaintance. Bertha, Miss Jerningham."

His wife! . . . Did he mean that? The blonde, uninteresting-looking girl standing by in pretty, inane apathy, Will's *wife*! . . . Poor Mazie! a great shudder ran all through her slight, shrinking frame; and then that wonderful power of self-command, that art of "making believe" which is so great in some women, came to her aid; and she shook hands with Captain Travers, and bowed gracefully to his wife, and showed her pretty pearly teeth in a gentle smile as she made some cordial, commonplace speech about being "so glad—such an unexpected pleasure. Did he command the frigate that came in last night? And where was Mrs. Travers staying? Mamma would certainly call if she was able. No time to stay and talk now;" and so good-bye and away—away from husband and wife and crowded pier; and on to the cool, breezy common—not alone, though. The friend, with that unwelcome friendliness people sometimes show when least wanted, must needs leave "her dear Mrs. Travers" to see "her dear Miss Jerningham" home. Surely she was not well, she looked

so pale! And so she knew Captain Travers! Was he not handsome? and so popular too: such a fine, manly fellow. Did Miss Jerningham think his wife pretty? Not much in her. Those big blonde women seldom had. Oh, yes, nice hair, and fine blue eyes; but no style, and very likely to grow coarse and unwieldy. German-looking? Of course she was. A Dutch girl born and brought up in the Cape. No, not very well matched; but sailors were always so foolish. Will had fallen in love and married her nearly a year ago. He always was a pet with women, you know; but it was a foolish thing to do. They were terribly poor. Indeed he never had any money, as Miss Jerningham might remember.

Yes, Miss Jerningham did remember; and how much more! Oh, my God, how much more! She had hardly sense enough to be glad when her friend was gone at last, and she was safe in her own room; for everything seemed whirling round her. Will married!—married a year ago; and all her love, her passionate devotion, her fervent prayers, her whole heart's longing, had been but so much incense wasted, so much patient, faithful worship lavished on—another woman's husband! The dutiful service of two long years had become a sin and a shame in one moment, and poor Mazie sank under the blow.

So much good had "living it down" done for her!

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One more scene, and I have done. A very short scene this; and laid, not in gay, glittering Southsea, by green uplands and sparkling waves, but back in busy, populous London, where we first met Mazie Jerningham.

The season was just beginning, the Academy open, the Park crowded, Kensington Gardens and the Botanical perfuming with shining white chestnut blossoms and "garlands of scented May," lilacs and laburnums blooming in the squares, German bands playing on the terraces, boats on the Serpentine, parties to Richmond, life and gaiety almost everywhere . . . almost: not quite. Just at the corner of Park Lane there is a quantity of straw thrown down in front of a house where the blinds are drawn, the knocker muffled; where friends drive up in their gay carriages to make whispered inquiries of the solemn-looking footman at the door, and go away with faces the gravity on which lasts nearly three minutes after they are whirling along the Row; where the flowers in the balcony, once so carefully tended, are dry and dead now, and where a wellknown physician is just emerging from the hall, saying, as he does so:

"An odd fancy perhaps; but still humour it, Mrs. Jerningham. It can't do any harm

now, you know, and it may cheer her at the end."

The end? Yes, it had come to that now. Only twelve months more, and Mazie Jerningham was passing away into the great outer, shadowy world "where the weary are at rest." She was lying in her little white bed now, repeating the line over and over to herself, as if it comforted her somehow. The window-curtains were drawn, but through their lace folds the sun glimmered cheerfully, and a soft breeze stole in, bringing wafts of music and gay voices on its breath, revelling in a huge bowl of early roses which shed their perfume over the sick-room, kissing the dying girl's forehead, and rumpling with a tender touch the damp locks off her brow.

"Where the weary are at rest." Yes, Mazie was very near her rest now. She did not look very ill, though: white and thin indeed; but the veil of soft, dark, wavy hair hid the sharpened outlines of her pure, pale face, and made her look more like her old childish self than the Mazie of later days. Her eyes, too, though sunken and shaded by dark hollows, looked larger and brighter than they had ever done; and the warm red shawl round her shoulders cast a sort of reflected glow on the small face, as she lay with clasped hands, resting (as she had begged), all alone.

A little while, perhaps three-quarters of an hour, and there was a sound of footsteps on the stairs, a murmur of hushed voices in the passage: and Mazie started and raised her head. Then the door opened, and Mrs. Jerningham said gently:

"Captain Travers is here, Mazie. Shall he come in?"

She nodded her head, for her lips were very dry; but Mrs. Jerningham understood, and the next moment Will was standing by the bed. She was not pale now. A bright red spot had risen in either cheek, making her look girlishly lovely; while he, on the contrary, though handsome and stalwart as ever, looked worn and haggard; a little nervous and embarrassed, too, as men who face death fearlessly on sea and shore will look when they come face to face with it in the quiet of a helpless woman's chamber. Mazie's quick eye saw the wan looks, perhaps the nervousness as well; for there was something wonderfully calming and gentle in her tone as she put her wasted little hand into his brown one, and said simply:

"How good it is of you to come to see me so quickly. I did so want to bid you good-bye when I heard you were in town; but I hardly thought you could come so soon."

"So soon!" repeated Will, and he meant every word, poor fellow, as he crushed the cold, waxy fingers in his strong, warm clasp. "As if I would not have hurried here the moment

I heard that—that—Oh! Mazie, don't call it good-bye. You're not so *very* ill, are you?"

The old impetuous manner made her smile, and sigh too; but she put her other hand over his as if to ward off a blow, and answered steadily:

"O yes, Will, it's all over with me; or I should not have you here. They never give indulgences like this to any but dying people."

"Don't talk like that, Mazie, for God's sake. You dying; and you look so bright. Oh! how—what is it?"

"What?" repeated Mazie more brightly still. "What is my ailment, do you mean? I don't know, it seems so many things, according to my numerous doctors: want of vital power, a neglected cold, nervous prostration—Oh! Will, what does it matter how the end comes, so it *does* come?"

"Mazie, you speak as if you were glad."

"Because I am glad, so glad and thankful. I am not suffering now; and I have"—  
"You," her eyes said; but she stopped short with a faint blush. Then, as her eyes fell beneath his, she added, "Will, you look ill yourself; and I have never told you what I wanted you for; or asked after—your wife. You won't be vexed, Will dear; but I heard you were not very well off; and I know how money anxieties worry one; so I sent to tell you that I have left all I have—it's very little, Will—to you and yours; and—"

"Hush, Mazie! for Heaven's sake, stop. Don't you know?"

"What?"

"That I am in mourning. I lost my poor wife more than seven months ago. She died in her confinement; and though the child lives, and my sisters take care of it very kindly, a motherless infant is more care than comfort to a man." He spoke very gravely, but not mournfully. Perhaps the loss had not been so very bitter; or time had already done something towards healing it; but Mazie—she lay back on her pillows, with wide, blank eyes and a face as white as death itself. Will's wife dead! The woman who came across her path, whose very existence had destroyed hers, passed away before her; and she did not know it! *That* was the strange part, that she should not have known. For two years she had loved him silently and faithfully, worshipped his memory and condemned her harshness, while all the time he was married to another woman; and she did not know it. Now that for twelve months the misery and shame of her folly, the fierce endeavour to crush out her love, and forget him and all belonging to him, had first ruined her health, and then taken her life, she learnt that the cruel task had been utterly needless. The woman was dead, had passed away eight months ago; and she had not known it!

Oh! if in this world we could only know, only see, not "as through a glass darkly," but "face to face," how happy we might be! And yet who can tell where real happiness is to be found on earth? "*Le bonheur n'est qu'un rêve; mais la douleur est réelle*," quoth Voltaire at eighty; and the dictum is as true as it is bitter.

"Don't mind me," Mazie said, in answer to Will's evident alarm. "It was only the shock. I had never heard. I am very sorry—so sorry for you; but"—and there she suddenly broke out crying; and Will knelt down, and tried to soothe and comfort her by every tender, caressing word, saying again and again:

"Mazie, don't cry. I oughtn't to have told you; and don't be sorry for me. Bertha was a good girl; but I should never have made her happy, or she me. I knew that even before I saw your sweet face, my darling, that day at Southsea; and felt what I had lost through my cursed folly."

"It was my fault. I sent you away," said Mazie softly. "Will, kiss me. I meant to do right; but I was too hard, I know that now."

"You were only just, darling; I never was worthy of you; and I oughtn't to have expected you to love me."

"But I did love you, Will," said the girl gently, "only I was too proud and hard to show it. I would not tell you now, but it can't hurt any one at present."

"What, all the time? After I was gone? Did you love me then? Oh! Mazie, you didn't."

"Always and always, Will; and more than ever when you were gone away. Then and now just the same."

Will's face had flushed deeply, and his lips were set like a vice.

"You loved me," he said hoarsely, "and I might have won you if I had only waited and been true! Oh! my God, how I am punished!" and then his bowed head went down on the bedclothes; and the very floor shook with the strong man's passionate sobbing. Poor Mazie! she was sinking fast, and her strength was nearly gone; but she managed to put her weak arms round him, and to stroke the bright chestnut head as she murmured words of soothing and consolation—"it was all for the best, and they had so little time now."

"And all through me!" Will groaned; but the little fingers were pressed to his lips; and Mazie answered:

"No, Will, it was my fault at the beginning; and how could you know? Besides, women are different to men; and there was no one like you, Will."

"There never could be any one like you," he answered passionately. "My darling, my darling, if you would but live a little longer! I would give my life to have you for but one year."



"And then leave me alone? Oh! Will, I am so tired of being alone. I would rather have it as it is, and *you* here, than anything else. Will, love, don't fret. See how bright it all is. I can hear the carriages in the Park—and that band playing "M'appari." Do you remember the last night we heard that at the Opera? You stole a flower from my hair; and I thought it was so improper of me to allow you; but I didn't know then what dreadfully improper things I should do before the end."

"You do anything improper, my innocent pet?"

"Yes, didn't I send for you to come and see me up here, and tell you to kiss me? and you did both. You have grown very good and obedient, Will darling."

"Mazie, don't! you break my heart."

"But I want to cheer you, Will. I can't be happy, if I think you are sad. Love, it's only for a little while. I shall go and wait for you there; and see you coming up, as I did on the pier at Southsea. You weren't changed a bit then, Will. I wonder will you be the same next time."

"God knows, Mazie. I wish I were dying now with you."

"Oh! no, Will, you are young and strong, and have lots of glory to win and work to do before you come. Besides I should know you however changed you were. But oh! darling, promise me you *will* come; for I don't think (it's very wicked; I know), but I don't think I should even care about heaven if you were not there."

"Mazie, Mazie, how can *I* ever get to heaven? Oh! love, if I try it will only be for you."

"Say the 'Our Father' with me now, then," she said, coaxingly. "Say it for me, Will. I am so tired, I can't talk any more, even to God."

Her face had grown whiter than ever; or was a gray shadow creeping over it? Will folded her in his arms; and with his hands

clasped together round her shoulders, and his eyes hidden on her breast, he went through the prayer they had both said from childhood apart: now for the first time together. Her lips followed him all the way; and when it was over she said softly, "Thank you," then after a little pause:

"It is so nice to have you, Will. I am very tired. I can't breathe. Lift my head a little on your shoulder, and let me rest before mamma comes. I shall be better then." Her raised her head obediently: pillowing it upon his strong arm. Her eyes were closing as if in sleep already; but first he bent his face down and asked:

"Kiss me first, Mazie—only 'once, darling. You have never kissed me yet."

The girl's eyes opened; and she put up her lips, pale and pure as an infant's, to meet his tender, passionate kiss.

"God bless you, Will love," she whispered very wearily. "Don't fret any more."

\* \* \* \* \*

It must have been ten minutes later when the door opened softly to admit Mrs. Jerningham and the doctor. Captain Travers held up a warning finger.

"Hush!" he whispered gently. "You will wake her; and she is sleeping so peacefully."

Mrs. Jerningham stood still; but the doctor, an old, white-haired man, came forward, and looked narrowly at the white face lying so quietly on the sailor's rough coat. Then he stooped, touched the slender girlish wrist and parted lips; and, turning to Captain Travers, said quietly:

"Lay her down. No one can disturb her now. It is all over."

All over! Even as their lips had parted in that last, lingering kiss, the spirit had slipped away: had gone, as it had lived, quietly and alone; with a last thought, a last blessing for the man she had loved—away into the vague, misty future of the world to come.

—London Society.

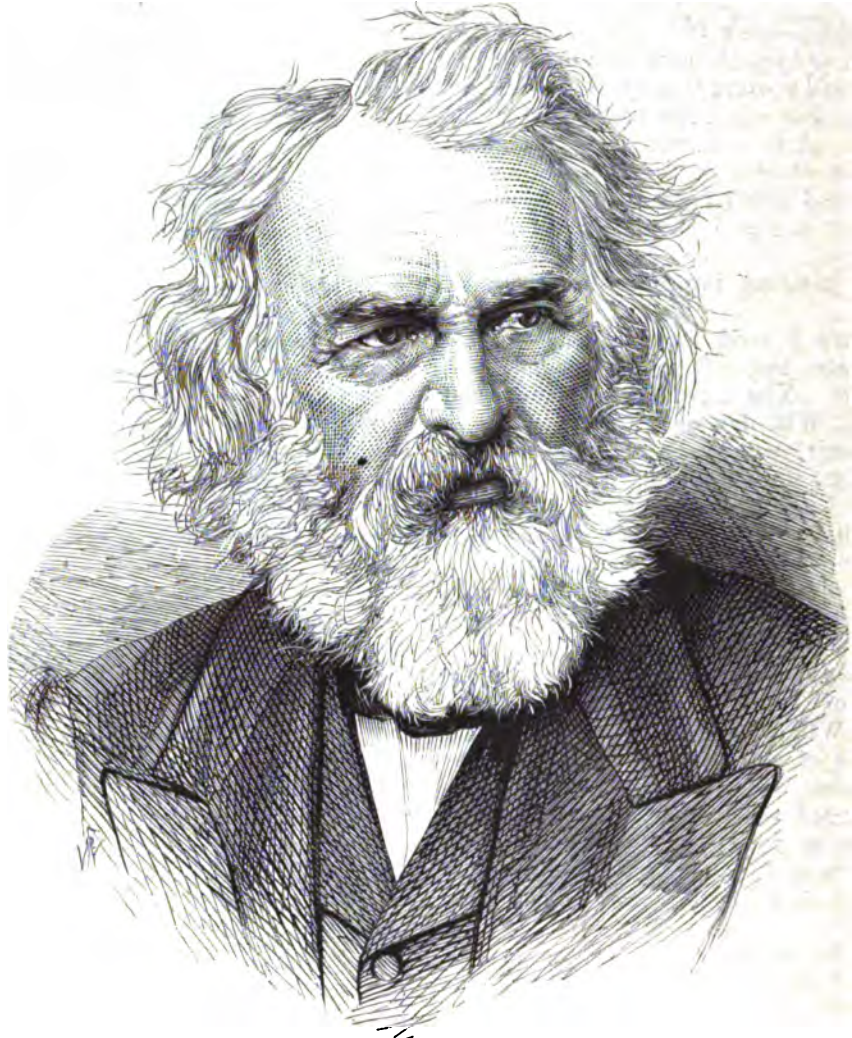
## LOVE AND DEATH.



WHEN the end comes, and we must say good-bye,  
And I am going to the quiet land;  
And sitting in some loved place hand in hand,  
For the last time together, you and I,  
We watched the winds blow and the sunlight lie  
About the spaces of our garden-home,  
Soft by the washing of the western foam,

Where we have lived and loved in days past by:  
We must not weep, my darling, or upbraid  
The quiet death who comes to part us twain;  
But know that parting would not be such pain  
Had not our love a perfect flower been made.  
And we shall find it in God's garden laid  
On that sweet day wherein we meet again.

—Argosy.



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

**N**ONE of our American poets has so established himself as a favourite wherever the English language is spoken—in England as in America—to the same extent as Longfellow. He has not, indeed, the philosophical depth of Bryant or the weird fancy of Poe, but he has such a fund of human sympathy, is so pure in thought and language, so exalted in his aims, that he has won upon the hearts of the people while critics stood debating. He has won success even where his poems have been fettered by metre or cadence that was new and unfamiliar to the ear, like his hexameters, or the form of his "Hiawatha."

His last volume, "Pandora," brings him again before us, with poems, some of which are sure to remain in that strange crucible of popularity among the minted literary coinage, to pass and circulate through the land.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born on the stormy, rock-bound coast of Maine, in 1807, with the whisper of the pines answering to the roar of the ocean. The son of an eminent lawyer, he entered Bowdoin College and graduated with honour. On him the course of culture was not thrown away; the poetic impulse implanted in him by nature was trained by the study of what other lands and other nations had given the world of poetry.

His literary taste and ability, shown by poems written in college days, led to the offer of the Professorship of Modern Languages and Literature in his Alma Mater, and he accepted it on the condition that he should be allowed a period for foreign travel and study. After three years spent in France, Italy, Spain, and Germany, he assumed the duties of a professor, and more than twenty years of his life were passed in that college

and Harvard, where he occupied a similar position.

He has been a happy poet; happy in the absence of the cares and trials which, as literary history so pathetically tells us, have been but too frequently the almost inevitable attendants of genius. A life spent amid cultured associates, with a domestic circle full of affection and charm, broken only by a sad accident, which deprived him almost instantly of the cherished partner of his hopes and joys, has been granted him.

His poems are too many to mention even by name. "Evangeline," the "Golden Legend," and "Hiawatha," among those of greater length, have never lost their hold on the affections of the people; while, of his minor poems, his "Psalm of Life," his "Hymn of the Moravian Nuns," "Paul Revere's Ride," and many another, find their way into all collections, are learned by heart in the days of youth, and accompany thousands through life with their lessons.

It has been well and justly observed that, "as a poet, he appeals to the universal affections of humanity, and expresses, with the most delicate beauty, thoughts which find sympathy in all minds. Averse to everything harsh, bitter, disdainful or repellent, there is no element in his poetry to call forth an ungracious or discordant emotion. It is always tolerant and human, kindled by wide sympathies, and with a tender sense of every variety of human condition. He combines in a rare degree the sentiment of the artist with the practical instincts of a man of the world. His thoughts are uniformly lucid and transparent, and never clouded by fanciful verbiage or obscurity. However vivid his imagery, he never seduces the attention from the main idea. Without attempting to represent the depths of passion, in his own sphere of feeling he is a genuine master, and the purity, sweetness, and refinement with which he delineates the affections of the heart, make him the most welcome of visitants at the fireside."

"Evangeline," that touching story of enduring love, a tale of that cruel episode in our history, the seizure of the Neutral French at Menaz, when they were deprived in an instant of home and property, to be thrown as paupers on our coast, from Massachusetts to Georgia, can never fail to touch the heart. The picture of the happy Acadian farms is perfect; no less so the fell hour when the prisoners,

without regard to ties of kindred or love, were sent out to the ships which were to bear them from their blazing homes; but touching, above all, is Evangeline's long search for her lover, and her finding him on his death-bed.

As a specimen of Longfellow's minor poems, we give "The Two Angels," which, like most of his noted lays, is the song of a feeling common to every mind in moods into which every mind is liable to fall. He expresses that looking forward to death felt at times by all for themselves or their kindred, and also pictures the house in which the blow actually falls.

#### THE TWO ANGELS.

Two angels, one of Life and one of Death,  
Passed o'er the village as the morning broke;  
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath  
The sombre houses heaved in plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,  
Alike their features and their robes of white;  
But one was crowned with amaranth, as with flame,  
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pass on their celestial way;  
Then, said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed,  
"Be not so low, my heart, lest thou betray  
The place where thy beloved are at rest!"

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,  
Descending, at my door began to knock,  
And my soul sank within me, as in wells  
The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognised the nameless agony,  
The terror, and the tremour, and the pain,  
That oft before had filled and haunted me,  
And now returned with three-fold strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,  
And listened, for I thought I heard God's voice:  
And, knowing whatso'er he sent was best,  
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then, with a smile, that filled the house with light,  
"My errand is not Death but Life," he said;  
And ere I answered, passing out of sight,  
On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend, and not at mine,  
The angel with the amaranthine wreath  
Pausing, descended, and with voice divine,  
Whispered a word that had a sound like death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,  
A shadow on those features fair and thin;  
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,  
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God! If he but wave his hand,  
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,  
Till with a smile of light on sea and land,  
Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are His;  
Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er;  
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,  
Against His messengers to shut the door?

—*Leslie's Popular Monthly.*

## A SCIENTIFIC VAGABOND.

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

## I.

THE steamer which as far back as 1860 passed every week on its northward way up along the coast of Norway was of a very sociable turn of mind. It ran with much shrieking and needless bluster in and out the calm, winding fjords, paid uncerecermonious little visits in every out-of-the-way nook and bay, dropped now and then a black heap of coal into the shining water, and sent thick volleys of smoke and shrill little echoes careering aimlessly among the mountains. It seemed, on the whole, from an æsthetic point of view, an objectionable phenomenon—a blot upon the perfect summer day. By the inhabitants, however, of these remote regions (with the exception of a few obstinate individuals, who had at first looked upon it as the sure herald of doomsday, and still were vaguely wondering what the world was coming to), it was regarded in a very different light. This choleric little monster was to them a friendly and welcome visitor, which established their connection with the outside world, and gave them a proud consciousness of living in the very heart of civilization. Therefore, on steamboat days they flocked *en masse* down on the piers, and, with an ever-fresh sense of novelty, greeted the approaching boat with lively cheers, with firing of muskets and waving of handkerchiefs. The men of condition, as the judge, the sheriff, and the parson, whose dignity forbade them to receive the steamer in person, contented themselves with watching it through an operaglass from their balconies; and if a high official was known to be on board, they perhaps displayed the national banner from their flag-poles, as a delicate compliment to their superior.

But the Rev. Mr. Oddson, the parson of whom I have to speak, had this day yielded to the gentle urgings of his daughters (as, indeed, he always did), and had with them boarded the steamer to receive his nephew, Arnfinn Vording, who was returning from the university for his summer vacation. And now they had him between them in their pretty white-painted parsonage boat, with the blue line along the gunwale, beleaguering him with eager questions about friends and relatives in the capital, chums, university sports, and a medley of other things interesting to young ladies who have a collegian for a cousin. His uncle was charitable enough to check his own curiosity about the nephew's progress in the arts and sciences, and the result of his recent

examinations, till he should have become fairly settled under his roof; and Arnfinn, who, in spite of his natural brightness and ready humor, was anything but a "dig," was grateful for the respite.

The parsonage lay snugly nestled at the end of the bay, shining contentedly through the green foliage from a multitude of small sun-smitten windows. Its pinkish whitewash, which was peeling off from long exposure to the weather, was in cheerful contrast to the broad black surface of the roof, with its glazed tiles, and the starlings' nests under the chimney-tops. The thick-leaved maples and walnut-trees which grew in random clusters about the walls seemed loftily conscious of standing there for purposes of protection; for, wherever their long-fingered branches happened to graze the roof, it was always with a touch, light, graceful, and airily caressing. The irregularly paved yard was inclosed on two sides by the main buildings, and on the third by a species of log cabin, which in Norway is called a brew-house; but toward the west the view was but slightly obscured by an elevated pigeon cot and a clump of birches, through whose sparse leaves the fjord beneath sent its rapid jets and gleams of light, and its strange suggestions of distance, peace, and unaccountable gladness.

Arnfinn Vording's career had presented that subtle combination of farce and tragedy which most human lives are apt to be; and if the tragic element had during his early years been preponderating, he was hardly himself aware of it; for he had been too young at the death of his parents to feel that keenness of grief which the same privation would have given him at a later period of his life. It might have been humiliating to confess it, but it was nevertheless true that the terror he had once sustained on being pursued by a furious bull was much more vivid in his memory than the vague wonder and depression which had filled his mind at seeing his mother so suddenly stricken with age, as she lay motionless in her white robes in the front parlour. Since then his uncle, who was his guardian and nearest relative, had taken him into his family, had instructed him with his own daughters, and finally sent him to the University, leaving the little fortune which he had inherited to accumulate for future use. Arnfinn had a painfully distinct recollection of his early hardships in trying to acquire that soft pronunciation of the *r* which is peculiar to the western fjord districts of Norway, and



which he admired so much in his cousins; for the merry-eyed Inga, who was less scrupulous by a good deal than her older sister, Augusta, had from the beginning persisted in interpreting their relation of cousinship as an unbounded privilege on her part to ridicule him for his personal peculiarities, and especially for his harsh *r* and his broad eastern accent. Her ridicule was always very good-natured, to be sure, but therefore no less annoying.

But—such is the perverseness of human nature—in spite of a series of apparent rebuffs, interrupted now and then by fits of violent attachment, Arnfinn had early selected this dimpled and yellow-haired young girl, with her piquant little nose, for his favourite cousin. It was the prospect of seeing her which, above all else, had lent, in anticipation, an altogether new radiance to the day when he should present himself in his home with the long-tasseled student cap on his head, the unnecessary “pinchers” on his nose, and with the other traditional paraphernalia of the Norwegian collegian. That great day had now come; Arnfinn sat at Inga’s side playing with her white fingers, which lay resting on his knee, and covering the depth of his feeling with harmless banter about her “amusingly unclassical little nose.” He had once detected her, when a child, standing before a mirror, and pinching this unhappy feature in the middle, in the hope of making it “like Augusta’s;” and since then he had no longer felt so utterly defenceless whenever his own foibles were attacked.

“But what of your friend, Arnfinn?” exclaimed Inga, as she ran up the stairs of the pier. “He of whom you have written so much. I have been busy all the morning making the blue guest-chamber ready for him.”

“Please, cousin,” answered the student in a tone of mock entreaty, “only an hour’s respite! If we are to talk about Strand we shall have to make a day of it, you know. And just now it seems so grand to be at home, and with you, that I would rather not admit even so genial a subject as Strand to share my selfish happiness.”

“Ah, yes, you are right. Happiness is too often selfish. But tell me only why he didn’t come and I’ll release you.”

“He is coming.”

“Ah! And when?”

“That I don’t know. He preferred to take the journey on foot, and he may be here at almost any time. But, as I have told you, he is very uncertain. If he should happen to make the acquaintance of some interesting snipe, or crane, or plover, he may prefer its company to ours, and then there is no counting on him any longer. He may be as likely to turn up at the North Pole as at the Gran Parsonage.”

“How very singular. You don’t know how curious I am to see him.”

And Inga walked on in silence under the sunny birches, which grew along the road, trying vainly to picture to herself this strange phenomenon of a man.

“I brought his book,” remarked Arnfinn, making a gigantic effort to be generous, for he felt dim stirrings of jealousy within him. “If you care to read it, I think it will explain him to you better than anything I could say.”

## II.

THE Oddsons were certainly a very happy family, though not by any means a harmonious one. The excellent pastor, who was himself neutrally good, orthodox, and kind-hearted, had often, in the privacy of his own thought, wondered what hidden ancestral influences there might have been at work in giving a man so peaceable and inoffensive as himself two daughters of such strongly defined individuality. There was Augusta, the elder, who was what Arnfinn called “indiscriminately reformatory,” and had a universal desire to reform everything, from the Government down to agricultural implements and preserve jars. As long as she was content to expend the surplus energy, which seemed to accumulate within her through the long eventless winters, upon the Zulu Mission, and other legitimate objects, the pastor thought it all harmless enough; although, to be sure, her enthusiasm for those naked and howling savages did at times strike him as being somewhat extravagant. But when occasionally, in her own innocent way, she put both his patience and his orthodoxy to the test by her exceedingly puzzling questions, then he could not, in the depth of his heart, restrain the wish that she might have been more like other young girls, and less ardently solicitous about the fate of her kind. Affectionate and indulgent, however, as the pastor was, he would often, in the next moment, do penance for his unregenerate thought, and thank God for having made her so fair to behold, so pure, and so noble-hearted.

Toward Arnfinn, Augusta had, although of his own age, early assumed a kind of elder-sisterly relation; she had been his comforter during all the trials of his boyhood; had yielded him her sympathy with that eager impulse which lay so deep in her nature, and had felt forlorn when life had called him away to where her words of comfort could not reach him. But when once she had hinted this to her father, he had pedantically convinced her that her feeling was unchristian, and Inga had playfully remarked that the hope that some one might soon find the open Polar Sea

would go far toward consoling her for her loss; for Augusta had glorious visions at that time of the open Polar Sea. Now, the Polar Sea, and many other things, far nearer and dearer, had been forced into uneasy forgetfulness; and Arnfinn was once more with her, no longer a child, and no longer appealing to her for aid and sympathy; man enough, apparently, to have outgrown his boyish needs, and still boy enough to be ashamed of having ever had them.

It was the third Sunday after Arnfinn's return. He and Augusta were climbing the hillside to the "Giant's Hood," from whence they had a wide view of the fjord, and could see the sun trailing its long bridge of flame upon the water. It was Inga's week in the kitchen, therefore her sister was Arnfinn's companion. As they reached the crest of the "Hood," Augusta seated herself on a flat bowlder, and the young student flung himself on a patch of greensward at her feet. The intense light of the late sun fell upon the girl's unconscious face, and Arnfinn lay, gazing up into it, and wondering at its rare beauty; but he saw only the clean cut of its features and the purity of its form, being too shallow to recognise the strong and heroic soul which had struggled so long for utterance in the life of which he had been a blind and unmindful witness.

"Gracious, how beautiful you are, cousin!" he broke forth heedlessly, striking his leg with his slender cane; "pity you were not born a queen; you would be equal to almost anything, even if it were to discover the Polar Sea."

"I thought you were looking at the sun, Arnfinn," answered she, smiling reluctantly.

"And so I am, cousin," laughed he, with another emphatic slap of his boot.

"That compliment is rather stale."

"But the opportunity was too tempting."

"Never mind, I will excuse you from further efforts. Turn around and notice that wonderful purple halo which is hovering over the forests below. Isn't it glorious?"

"No, don't let us be solemn, pray. The sun I have seen a thousand times before, but you I have seen very seldom of late. Somehow, since I returned this time, you seem to keep me at a distance. You no longer confide to me your great plans for the abolishment of war, and the improvement of mankind generally. Why don't you tell me whether you have as yet succeeded in convincing the peasants that cleanliness is a cardinal virtue, that hawthorn hedges are more picturesque than rail fences, and that salt meat is a very indigestible article?"

"You know the fate of my reforms, from long experience," she answered, with the same sad, sweet smile. "I am afraid there must

be something radically wrong about my methods; and, moreover, I know that your aspirations and mine are no longer the same, if they ever have been, and I am not ungenerous enough to force you to feign an interest which you do not feel."

"Yes, I know you think me flippant and boyish," retorted he, with sudden energy, and tossing a stone down into the gulf below. "But, by the way, my friend Strand, if he ever comes, would be just the man for you. He has quite as many hobbies as you have, and, what is more, he has a profound respect for hobbies in general; and is universally charitable toward those of others."

"Your friend is a great man," said the girl, earnestly. "I have read his book on 'The Wading Birds of the Norwegian Highlands,' and none but a great man could have written it."

"He is an odd stick, but, for all that, a capital fellow; and I have no doubt you would get on admirably with him."

At this moment the conversation was interrupted by the appearance of the pastor's man, Hans, who came to tell the "young miss" that there was a big tramp hovering about the barns in the "out-fields," where he had been sleeping during the last three nights. He was a dangerous character, Hans thought, at least judging from his looks, and it was hardly safe for the young miss to be roaming about the fields at night as long as he was in the neighbourhood.

"Why don't you speak to the pastor, and have him arrested?" said Arnfinn, impatient of Hans's long-winded recital.

"No, no, say nothing to father," demanded Augusta, eagerly. "Why should you arrest a poor man as long as he does nothing worse than sleep in the barns in the outfields?"

"As you say, miss," retorted Hans, and departed.

The moon came up pale and mist-like over the eastern mountain ridges, struggled for a few brief moments feebly with the sunlight, and then vanished.

"It is strange," said Arnfinn, "how everything reminds me of Strand-to-night. What gloriously absurd apostrophes to the moon he could make! I have not told you, cousin, of a very singular gift which he possesses. He can attract all kinds of birds and wild animals to himself; he can imitate their voices, and they flock around him, as if he were one of them, without fear of harm."

"How delightful," cried Augusta, with sudden animation. "What a glorious man your friend must be!"

"Because the snipes and the wild ducks like him? You seem to have greater confidence in their judgment than in mine."

"Of course I have—at least as long as you persist in joking. But, jesting aside, what a

wondrously beautiful life he must lead whom Nature takes thus into her confidence; who has, as it were, an inner and subtler sense, corresponding to each grosser and external one; who is keen-sighted enough to read the character of every individual beast, and has ears sensitive to the full pathos of joy or sorrow in the song of the birds that inhabit our woodlands."

"Whether he has any such second set of senses as you speak of, I don't know; but there can be no doubt that his familiarity, not to say intimacy, with birds and beasts gives him a great advantage as a naturalist. I suppose you know that his little book has been translated into French, and rewarded with the gold medal of the Academy."

"Hush! What is that?" Augusta sprang up, and held her hand to her ear.

"Somelove-lorn mountain-cock playing yonder in the pine copse," suggested Arnfinn, amused at his cousin's eagerness.

"You silly boy! Don't you know the mountain-cock never plays except at sunrise?"

"He would have a sorry time of it now, then, when there is no sunrise."

"And so he has; he does not play except in early spring."

The noise, at first faint, now grew louder. It began with a series of mellow, plaintive clucks that followed thickly, one upon another, like smooth pearls of sound that rolled through the throat in a continuous current; then came a few sharp notes as of a large bird that snaps his bill; then a long, half-melodious rumbling, intermingled with cacklings and snaps, and, at last, a sort of *diminuendo* movement of the same round, pearly clucks. There was a whizzing of wing-beats in the air; two large birds swept over their heads and struck down into the copse whence the sound had issued.

"This is, indeed, a most singular thing," said Augusta under her breath, and with wide-eyed wonder. "Let us go nearer, and see what it can be."

"I am sure I can go if you can," responded Arnfinn, not any too eagerly. "Give me your hand, and we can climb the better."

As they approached the pine copse, which projected like a promontory from the line of the denser forest, the noise ceased, and only the plaintive whistling of a mountain-hen, calling her scattered young together, and now and then the shrill response of a snipe to the cry of its lonely mate, fell upon the summer night, not as an interruption, but as an outgrowth of the very silence. Augusta stole with soundless tread through the transparent gloom which lingered under those huge black crowns, and Arnfinn followed impatiently after. Suddenly she motioned to him to stand still, and herself bent forward in an attitude of surprise and eager observation. On the ground, some

fifty steps from where she was stationed, she saw a man stretched out full length, with a knapsack under his head, and surrounded by a flock of downy, half-grown birds, which responded with a low, anxious piping to his alluring cluck, then scattered with sudden alarm, only to return again in the same curious, cautious fashion as before. Now and then there was a great flapping of wings in the trees overhead, and a heavy brown and black speckled mountain-hen alighted close to the man's head, stretched out her neck toward him, cocked her head, called her scattered brood together, and departed with slow and deliberate wing-beats.

Again there was a frightened flutter overhead, a shrill anxious whistle rose in the air, and all was silence. Augusta had stepped on a dry branch—it had broken under her weight—hence the sudden confusion and flight. The unknown man had sprung up, and his eye, after a moment's search, had found the dark, beautiful face peering forth behind the red fir-trunk. He did not speak or salute her; he greeted her with silent joy, as one greets a wondrous vision which is too frail and bright for consciousness to grasp, which is lost the very instant one is conscious of seeing. But, while to the girl the sight, as it were, hung trembling in the range of mere physical perception, while its suddenness held it aloof from moral reflection, there came a great shout from behind, and Arnfinn, whom in her surprise she had quite forgotten, came bounding forward, grasped the stranger by the hand with much vigour, laughing heartily, and pouring forth a confused stream of delighted interjections, borrowed from all manner of classical and unclassical tongues.

"Strand! Strand!" he cried, when the first tumult of excitement had subsided; "you most marvellous and incomprehensible Strand! From what region of heaven or earth did you jump down into our prosaic neighbourhood? And what in the world induced you to choose our barns as the center of your operations, and nearly put me to the necessity of having you arrested for vagrancy? How I do regret that Cousin Augusta's entreaties mollified my heart toward you. Pardon me, I have not introduced you. This is my cousin, Miss Oddson, and this is my miraculous friend, the world-renowned author, vagrant, and naturalist, Mr. Marcus Strand."

Strand stepped forward, made a deep but somewhat awkward bow, and was dimly aware that a small soft hand was extended to him, and, in the next moment, was enclosed in his own broad and voluminous palm. He grasped it firmly, and, in one of those profound abstractions into which he was apt to fall when under the sway of a strong impression, pressed it with increasing cordiality, while

he endeavoured to find fitting answers to Arnfinn's multifarious questions.

"To tell the truth, Vording," he said, in a deep, full-ringing bass, "I didn't know that these were your cousin's barns—I mean that your uncle"—giving the unhappy hand an emphatic shake—"inhabited these barns."

"No, thank heaven, we are not quite reduced to that," cried Arnfinn gayly; "we still boast a parsonage, as you will presently discover, and a very bright and cozy one, to boot. But, whatever you do, have the goodness to release Augusta's hand. Don't you see how desperately she is struggling, poor thing?"

Strand dropped the hand as if it had been a hot coal, blushed to the edge of his hair, and made another profound reverence. He was a tall, huge-limbed youth, with a frame of gigantic mold, and a large, blonde, shaggy head, like that of some good-natured antediluvian animal, which might feel the disadvantages of its size amid the puny beings of this later stage of creation. There was a frank directness in his gaze, and an unconsciousness of self, which made him very winning, and which could not fail of its effect upon a girl who, like Augusta, was fond of the uncommon, and hated smooth, facile and well-tailored young men, with the labels of society and fashion upon their coats, their mustaches, and their speech. And Strand, with his large sun-burned face, his wild-growing beard, blue woolen shirt, top boots, and unkempt appearance generally, was a sufficiently startling phenomenon to satisfy even so exacting a fancy as hers; for, after reading his book about the Wading Birds, she had made up her mind that he must have few points of resemblance to the men who had hitherto formed part of her own small world, although she had not until now decided just in what way he was to differ.

"Suppose I help you to carry your knapsack," said Arnfinn, who was flitting about like a small nimble spaniel trying to make friends with some large, good-natured Newfoundland. "You must be very tired, having roamed about so long in this Quixotic fashion!"

"No, I thank you," responded Strand, with an incredulous laugh, glancing alternately from Arnfinn to the knapsack, as if estimating their proportionate weight. "I am afraid you would rue your bargain if I accepted it."

"I suppose you have a great many stuffed birds at home," remarked the girl, looking with self-forgetful admiration at the large brawny figure.

"No, I have hardly any," answered he, seating himself on the ground, and pulling a thick note-book from his pocket. "I prefer live creatures. Their anatomical and physio-

logical peculiarities have been studied by others, and volumes have been written about them. It is their psychological traits, if you will allow the expression, which interest me, and those I can only get at while they are alive."

"How delightful!"

Some minutes later they were all on their way to the Parsonage. The sun, in spite of its midsummer wakefulness, was getting red-eyed and drowsy, and the purple mists which hung in scattered fragments upon the forest below had lost something of their deep-tinged brilliancy. But Augusta, quite blind to the weakened light effects, looked out upon the broad landscape in ecstasy, and, appealing to her more apathetic companions, invited them to share her joy at the beauty of the faint-flushed summer night.

"You are getting quite dithyrambic, my dear," remarked Arnfinn, with an air of cousinly superiority, which he felt was eminently becoming to him; and Augusta looked up with quick surprise, then smiled in an absent way, and forgot what she had been saying. She had no suspicion but that her enthusiasm had been all for the sunset.

### III.

IN a life so outwardly barren and monotonous as Augusta's—a life in which the small external events were so firmly interwoven with the subtler threads of yearnings, wants, and desires—the introduction of so large and novel a fact as Marcus Strand would naturally produce some perceptible result. It was that deplorable inward restlessness of hers, she reasoned, which had hitherto made her existence seem so empty and unsatisfactory; but now his presence filled the hours, and the newness of his words, his manner, and his whole person afforded inexhaustible material for thought. It was now a week since his arrival, and while Arnfinn and Inga chatted at leisure, drew caricatures, or read aloud to each other in some shady nook of the garden, she and Strand would roam along the beach, filling the vast unclouded horizon with large glowing images of the future of the human race. He always listened in sympathetic silence while she unfolded to him her often childishly daring schemes for the amelioration of suffering and the righting of social wrongs; and when she had finished, and he met the earnest appeal of her dark eye, there would often be a pause, during which each, with a half unconscious lapse from the impersonal, would feel more keenly the joy of this new and delicious mental companionship. And when at length he answered, sometimes gently refuting and sometimes assenting to her proposition, it was always with a slow, deliberate



earnestness, as if he felt but her deep sincerity, and forgot for the moment her sex, her youth, and her inexperience. It was just this kind of fellowship for which she had hungered so long, and her heart went out with a great gratitude toward this strong and generous man, who was willing to recognize her humanity, and to respond with an ever ready frankness, unmixed with petty suspicions and second thoughts, to the eager needs of her half-starved nature. It is quite characteristic, too, of the type of womanhood which Augusta represents (and with which this broad continent of ours abounds), that, with her habitual disregard of appearances, she would have scorned the notion that their intercourse had any ultimate end beyond that of mutual pleasure and instruction.

It was early in the morning in the third week of Strand's stay at the Parsonage. A heavy dew had fallen during the night, and each tiny grass-blade glistened in the sun, bending under the weight of its liquid diamond. The birds were improvising a miniature symphony in the birches at the edge of the garden; the song-thrush warbled with a sweet melancholy his long-drawn contralto notes; the lark, like a prima donna, hovering conspicuously in mid air, poured forth her joyous soprano solo; and the robin, quite unmindful of the *tempo*, filled out the pauses with his thoughtless staccato chirp. Augusta, who was herself the early bird of the pastor's family, had paid a visit to the little bath-house down at the brook, and was now hurrying homeward, her heavy black hair confined in a delicate muslin hood, and her lithe form hastily wrapped in a loose morning gown. She had paused for a moment under the birches to listen to the song of the lark, when suddenly a low, half articulate sound, very unlike the voice of a bird, arrested her attention; she raised her eyes, and saw Strand sitting in the top of a tree, apparently conversing with himself, or with some tiny thing which he held in his hands.

"Ah, yes, you poor little sickly thing!" she heard him mutter. "Don't you make such an ado now. You shall soon be quite well, if you will only mind what I tell you, Stop, stop! Take it easy. It is all for your own good, you know. If you had only been prudent, and not stepped on your lame leg, you might have been spared this affliction. But, after all, it was not your fault—it was that foolish little mother of yours. She will remember now that a skein of hemp thread is not the thing to line her nest with. If she doesn't, you may tell her that it was I who said so."

Augusta stood gazing on in mute astonishment; then, suddenly remembering her hasty toilet, she started to run; but, as chance would

have it, a dry branch, which hung rather low, caught at her hood, and her hair fell in a black waving stream down over her shoulders. She gave a little cry, the tree shook violently, and Strand was at her side. She blushed crimson over neck and face, and, in her utter bewilderment, stood like a culprit before him, unable to move, unable to speak, and only returning with a silent bow his cordial greeting. It seemed to her that she had ungenerously intruded upon his privacy, watching him, while he thought himself unobserved. And Augusta was quite unskilled in those social accomplishments which enable young ladies to hide their inward emotion under a show of polite indifference, for, however hard she strove, she could not suppress a slight quivering of her lips, and her intense self-reproach made Strand's words fall dimly on her ears, and prevented her from gathering the meaning of what he was saying. He held in his hands a young bird with a yellow line along the edge of its bill (and there was something beautifully soft and tender in the way those large palms of his handled any living thing), and he looked pityingly at it while he spoke.

"The mother of this little linnet," he said, smiling, "did what many foolish young mothers are apt to do. She took upon her the responsibility of raising offspring without having acquired the necessary knowledge of house-keeping. So she lined her nest with hemp, and the consequence was, that her first-born got his legs entangled, and was obliged to remain in the nest long after his wings had reached their full development. I saw her feeding him about a week ago, and, as my curiosity prompted me to look into the case, I released the little cripple, cleansed the deep wound which the threads had cut in his flesh, and have since been watching him during his convalescence. Now he is quite in a fair way, but I had to apply some salve, and to cut off the feathers about the wound, and the little fool squirmed under the pain, and grew rebellious. Only notice this scar, if you please, Miss Oddson, and you may imagine what the poor thing must have suffered."

Augusta gave a start, she timidly raised her eyes, and saw Strand's grave gaze fixed upon her. She felt as if some intolerable spell had come over her, and, as her agitation increased, her power of speech seemed utterly to desert her.

"Ah, you have not been listening to me?" said Strand, in a tone of wondering inquiry. "Pardon me for presuming to believe that my little invalid could be as interesting to you as he is to me."

"Mr. Strand," stammered the girl, while the invisible tears came near choking her voice. "Mr. Strand—I didn't mean—really—"

She knew that if she said another word she

should burst into tears. With a violent effort, she gathered up her wrapper, which somehow had got unbuttoned at the neck, and, with heedlessly hurrying steps, darted away toward the house.

Strand stood long looking after her, quite unmindful of his feathered patient, which flew chirping about him in the grass. Two hours later Arnfinn found him sitting under the birches with his hands clasped over the back of his head, and his surgical instruments scattered on the ground around him.

"*Corpo di Baccho*," exclaimed the student, stooping to pick up the precious tools; "have you been amputating your own head, or is it I who am dreaming?"

"Ah," murmured Strand, lifting a large, strange gaze upon his friend, "is it you?"

"Who else should it be? I come to call you to breakfast."

#### IV.

"I WONDER what is up between Strand and Augusta?" said Arnfinn to his cousin Inga. The questioner was lying in the grass at her feet, resting his chin on his palms, and gazing with roguishly tender eyes up into her fresh, blooming face; but Inga, who was reading aloud from "David Copperfield," and was deep in the matrimonial tribulations of that noble hero, only said "hush," and continued reading. Arnfinn, after a minute's silence, repeated his remark, whereupon his fair cousin wrenched the cane out of his hand, and held it threateningly over his head.

"Will you be a good boy and listen?" she exclaimed, playfully emphasizing each word with a light rap on his curly pate.

"Ouch! that hurts," cried Arnfinn, and dodged.

"It was meant to hurt," replied Inga, with mock severity, and returned to "Copperfield."

Presently the seed of a corn-flower struck the tip of her nose, and again the cane was lifted; but Dora's housekeeping experiences were too absorbingly interesting, and the blue eyes could not resist their fascination.

"Cousin Inga," said Arnfinn, and this time with a near an approach to earnestness as he was capable of at that moment, "I do believe that Strand is in love with Augusta."

Inga dropped the book, and sent him what was meant to be a glance of severe rebuke, and then said, in her own amusingly emphatic way:

"I do wish you wouldn't joke with such things, Arnfinn."

"Joke! Indeed I'm not joking. I wish to heaven that I were. What a pity it is that she has taken such a dislike to him!"

"Dislike! Oh, you are a profound philo-

sopher, you are! You think that because she avoids——"

Here Inga abruptly clapped her hand over her mouth, and, with sudden change of voice and expression, said:

"I am silent as the grave."

"Yes, you are wonderfully discreet," cried Arnfinn, laughing, while the girl bit her under lip with an air of penitence and mortification which, in any other bosom than a cousin's, would have aroused compassion.

"Aha! *So steht's!*" he broke forth, with another burst of merriment; then, softened by the sight of a tear that was slowly gathering beneath her eyelashes, he checked his laughter, crept up to her side, and in a half-childishly coaxing, half-caressing tone, he whispered:

"Dear little cousin, indeed I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. You are not angry with me, are you? And if you will only promise me not to tell, I have something here which I should like to show you."

He well knew that there was nothing which would sooner soothe Inga's wrath than confiding a secret to her; and while he was a boy, he had, in cases of sore need, invented secrets lest his life should be made miserable by the sense that she was displeased with him. In this instance her anger was not strong enough to resist the anticipation of a secret, probably relating to that little drama which had, during the last weeks, been in progress under her very eyes. With a resolute movement, she brushed her tears away, bent eagerly forward, and, in the next moment, her face was all expectancy and animation.

Arnfinn pulled a thick black note-book from his breast pocket, opened it in his lap, and read:

"August 3, 5 A. M.—My little invalid is doing finely; he seemed to relish much a few dozen flies which I brought him in my hand. His pulse is to-day, for the first time, normal. He is beginning to step on the injured leg without apparent pain.

"10 A. M.—Miss Augusta's eyes have a strange, lustrous depth, whenever she speaks of subjects which seem to agitate the depths of her being. How and why is it that an excessive amount of feeling always finds its first expression in the eye? One kind of emotion seems to widen the pupil, another kind to contract it. *To be noticed in future, how particular emotions affect the eye.*

"6 P. M.—I met a plover on the beach this afternoon. By imitating his cry, I induced him to come within a few feet of me. The plover, as his cry indicates, is a very melancholy bird. In fact I believe the melancholy temperament to be prevailing among the wading birds, as the phlegmatic among birds of prey. The singing birds are choleric or sanguine. Tease a thrush, or even a lark, and



you will soon be convinced. A snipe, or plover, as far as my experience goes, seldom shows anger; you cannot tease them. *To be considered, how far the voice of a bird may be indicative of its temperament.*

"August 5, 9 P.M.—Since the unfortunate

meeting yesterday morning, when my intense pre-occupation with my linnet, which had torn its wound open again, probably made me commit a breach of etiquette, Miss Augusta avoids me.

"August 7—I am in a most singular state. My pulse beats 85, which is a most unheard-



IN THE DENTIST'S WAITING-ROOM.—SEE MISCELLANEA.

of thing for me, as my pulse is naturally full and slow. And, strangely enough, I do not feel at all unwell. On the contrary, my physical functions seem to be more intensely active than ever. The life of a whole week is crowded into a day, and that of a day into an hour."

II. 17.

Inga, who, at several points of this narrative, had been struggling hard to preserve her gravity, here burst into a ringing laugh.

"That is what I call scientific love-making," said Arnfinn, looking up from the book with an expression of subdued amusement.

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"But Arnfinn," cried the girl, while the laughter quickly died out of her face, "does Mr. Strand know that you are reading this?"

"To be sure he does. And that is just what to my mind makes the situation so excessively comical. He has himself no suspicion that this book contains anything but scientific notes. He appears to prefer the empiric method in love as in philosophy. I verily believe that he is innocently experimenting with himself, with a view to making some great physiological discovery."

"And so he will, perhaps," rejoined the girl, the mixture of gayety and grave solicitude making her face, as her cousin thought, particularly charming.

"Only not a physiological, but possibly a psychological one," remarked Arnfinn. "But listen to this. Here is something rich:

"August 9—Miss Augusta once said something about the possibility of animals being immortal. Her eyes shone with a beautiful animation as she spoke. I am longing to continue the subject with her. It haunts me the whole day long. There may be more in the idea than appears to a superficial observer."

"Oh, how charmingly he understands how to deceive himself," cried Inga.

"Merely a *quid pro quo*," said Arnfinn.

"I know what I shall do!"

"And so do I."

"Won't you tell me, please?"

"No."

"Then I sha'n't tell you either."

And they flew apart like two thoughtless little birds ("sanguine," as Strand would have called them), each to ponder on some formidable plot for the reconciliation of the estranged lovers.

## V.

DURING the week that ensued, the multifarious sub-currents of Strand's passion seemed slowly to gather themselves into one clearly defined stream, and, after much scientific speculation, he came to the conclusion that he loved Augusta. In a moment of extreme discouragement, he made a clean breast of it to Arnfinn, at the same time informing him that he had packed his knapsack, and would start on his wanderings again the next morning. All his friend's entreaties were in vain; he would and must go. Strand was an exasperatingly head-strong fellow, and persuasions never prevailed with him. He had confirmed himself in the belief that he was very unattractive to women, and that Augusta, of all women, for some reason which was not quite clear to him, hated and abhorred him. Inexperienced as he was, he could see no reason why she should avoid him, if she did not hate him. They sat talking together until midnight, each

entangling himself in those passionate paradoxes and contradictions peculiar to passionate and impulsive youth. Strand paced the floor with large steps, pouring out his long pent-up emotion in violent tirades of self-accusation and regret; while Arnfinn sat on the bed, trying to soothe his excitement by assuring him that he was not such a monster as, for the moment, he had believed himself to be, but only succeeding, in spite of all his efforts, in pouring oil on the flames. Strand was scientifically convinced that Nature, in accordance with some inscrutable law of equilibrium, had found it necessary to make him physically unattractive, perhaps to indemnify mankind for that excess of intellectual gifts which, at the expense of the race at large, she had bestowed upon him.

Early the next morning, as a kind of etherealized sunshine broke through the white muslin curtains of Arnfinn's room, and long streaks of sun-illuminated dust stole through the air toward the sleeper's pillow, there was a sharp rap at the door, and Strand entered. His knapsack was strapped over his shoulders, his long staff was in his hand, and there was an expression of conscious martyrdom in his features. Arnfinn raised himself on his elbows, and rubbed his eyes with a desperate determination to get awake, but only succeeded in gaining a very dim impression of a beard, a blue woollen shirt, and a disproportionately large shoe-buckle. The figure advanced to the bed, extended a broad, sunburnt hand, and a deep bass voice was heard to say:

"Good-bye, brother."

Arnfinn, who was a hard sleeper, gave another rub, and, in a querulously sleepy tone, managed to mutter:

"Why,—is it as late as that—already?"

The words of parting were more remotely repeated, the hand closed about Arnfinn's half-unfeeling fingers, the lock on the door gave a little sharp click, and all was still. But the sunshine drove the dust in a dumb, confused dance through the room.

Some four hours later, Arnfinn woke up with a vague feeling as if some great calamity had happened; he was not sure but that he had slept a fortnight or more. He dressed with a sleepy, reckless haste, being but dimly conscious of the logic of the various processes of ablution which he underwent. He hurried up to Strand's room, but, as he had expected, found it empty.

During all the afternoon, the reading of "David Copperfield" was interrupted by frequent mutual condolences, and at times Inga's hand would steal up to her eye to brush away a treacherous tear. But then she only read the faster, and David and Agnes were already safe in the haven of matrimony before either she or Arnfinn was aware that they had strug-



gled successfully through the perilous reefs and quicksands of courtship.

Augusta excused herself from supper, Inga's forced devices at merriment were too transparent, Arnfinn's table-talk was of a rambling, incoherent sort, and he answered dreadfully malapropos, if a chance word was addressed to him, and even the good-natured pastor began, at last, to grumble; for the inmates of the Gran Parsonage seemed to have but one life and one soul in common, and any individual disturbance immediately disturbed the peace and happiness of the whole household. Now gloom had, in some unaccountable fashion, obscured the common atmosphere. Inga shook her small wise head, and tried to extract some little consolation from the consciousness that she knew at least some things which Arnfinn did not know, and which it would be very unsafe to confide to him.

## VI.

Four weeks after Strand's departure, as the summer had already assumed that tinge of sadness which impresses one as a foreboding of coming death, Augusta was walking along the beach, watching the flight of the sea-birds. Her latest "aberration," as Arnfinn called it, was an extraordinary interest in the habits of the eider-ducks, auks, and sea-gulls, the noisy monotony of whose existence had, but a few months ago, appeared to her the symbol of all that was vulgar and coarse in human and animal life. Now she had even provided herself with a note-book, and (to use once more the language of her unbelieving cousin) affected a half-scientific interest in their clamorous pursuits. She had made many vain attempts to imitate their voices and to beguile them into closer intimacy, and had found it hard at times to suppress her indignation when they persisted in viewing her in the light of an intruder, and in returning her amiable approaches with shy suspicion, as if they doubted the sincerity of her intentions.

She was a little paler now, perhaps, than before, but her eyes had still the same lustrous depth, and the same sweet serenity was still diffused over her features, and softened, like a pervading tinge of warm colour, the grand simplicity of her presence. She sat down on a large rock, picked up a curiously twisted shell, and seeing a plover wading in the surf, gave a soft, low whistle, which made the bird turn round and gaze at her with startled distrust. She repeated the call, but perhaps a little too eagerly, and the bird spread its wings with a frightened cry, and skimmed, half flying, half running, out over the glittering surface of the fjord. But from the rocks close by came a long melancholy

whistle like that of a bird in distress, and the girl rose and hastened with eager steps toward the spot. She climbed up on a stone, fringed all around with green slimy sea-weeds, in order to gain a wider view of the beach. Then suddenly some huge figure started up between the rocks at her feet; she gave a little scream, her foot slipped, and in the next moment she lay—in Strand's arms. He offered no apology, but silently carried her over the slippery stones, and deposited her tenderly upon the smooth white sand. There it occurred to her that his attention was quite needless, but at the moment she was too startled to make any remonstrance.

"But how in the world, Mr. Strand, did you come here?" she managed at last to stammer. "We all thought that you had gone away."

"I hardly know myself," said Strand, in a beseeching undertone, quite different from his usual confident bass. "I only know that—that I was very wretched, and that I had to come back."

Then there was a pause, which to both seemed quite interminable, and, in order to fill it out in some way, Strand began to move his head and arms uneasily, and at length seated himself at Augusta's side. The blood was beating with feverish vehemence in her temples, and for the first time in her life she felt something akin to pity for this large, strong man, whose strength and cheerful self-reliance had hitherto seemed to raise him above the need of a woman's aid and sympathy. Now the very shabbiness of his appearance, and the look of appealing misery in his features, opened in her bosom the gate through which compassion could enter, and, with that generous self-forgetfulness which was the chief factor of her character, she leaned over toward him, and said:

"You must have been very sick, Mr. Strand. Why did you not come to us and allow us to take care of you, instead of roaming about here in this stony wilderness?"

"Yes; I have been sick," cried Strand with sudden vehemence, seizing her hand; "but it is a sickness of which I shall never, never be healed."

And with that world-old eloquence which is yet ever new, he poured forth his passionate confession in her ear, and she listened, hungrily at first, then with serene, wide-eyed happiness. He told her how, driven by his inward restlessness, he had wandered about in the mountains, until one evening, at a sætter, he had heard a peasant lad singing a song, in which this stanza occurred:

A woman's frown, a woman's smile,  
Nor hate nor fondness prove;  
For maidens smile on him they hate,  
And fly from him they love.

Then it had occurred to him for the first time in his life that a woman's behavior need not be the logical indicator of her deepest feelings, and, enriched with this joyful discovery, inspired with new hope, he had returned, but had not dared at once to seek the Parsonage, until he could invent some plausible reason for his return; but his imagination was very poor, and he had found none, except that he loved the pastor's beautiful daughter.

The evening wore on. The broad mountain-guarded valley, flooded now to the brim with a soft misty light, spread out about them, and filled them with a delicious sense of security. The fjord lifted its grave gaze toward the sky, and deepened responsively with a bright, ever-receding immensity. The young girl felt this blessed peace gently stealing over her; doubt and struggle were all past, and the sun shone ever serene and unobscured upon the widening expanses of the future. And in his breast, too, that mood reigned in which life looks boundless and radiant, human woes small or impossible, and one's own self large and all-conquering. In that hour they remodeled this old and obstinate world of ours, never doubting that, if each united his faith and strength

with the other's, they could together lift its burden.

That night was the happiest and most memorable night in the history of the Gran Parsonage. The pastor walked up and down on the floor, rubbing his hands in quiet contentment. Inga, to whom an engagement was essentially a solemn affair, sat in a corner and gazed at her sister and Strand with tearful radiance. Arnfinn gave vent to his joy by bestowing embraces promiscuously upon whom so ever chanced to come in his way.

This story, however, has a brief but not unimportant sequel. It was not many weeks after this happy evening that Arnfinn and the maiden with the "amusingly unclassical nose" presented themselves in the pastor's study and asked for his paternal and unofficial blessing. But the pastor, I am told, grew very wroth, and demanded that his nephew should first take his second and third degrees, attaching, besides, some very odious stipulations regarding average in study and college standing, before there could be any talk about engagement or matrimony. So, at present, Arnfinn is still studying, and the fair-haired Inga is still waiting.

—Scribner's Monthly.

## CURIOSITIES OF THE WIRE.

**T**ELEGRAPHY affords ample room for the occurrence of curious and remarkable incidents, and these, it may be explained, arise generally from a variety of causes. In its early infancy the telegraph, as can well be imagined, was like the railways at first, a source of much wonder to many who came under its influence; and even at the present day there exists a great deal of imperfect knowledge and misconception concerning it. I remember a lady-friend apologising not long ago for faults, &c., in a telegram she had sent me, offering the excuse that it was the first she had ever sent. I assured her there was no occasion to apologise, since the original document did not, of course, come into my hands. The following, kindly supplied to me by a telegraphist in the London Central Station, to whom it really occurred, is also a case of patent misconception as to the powers of telegraphic communication. An old lady presented a telegram at the counter duly addressed. Telegrams being not unfrequently sent to the counter-clerk in that manner, my informant began to open it. "What are you about?" exclaimed the lady in surprise. He, of course, explained that it was impossible to send a message *without first seeing it*. "Then,"

replied the female, in evident ire, "do you suppose I'm going to let all you fellows read my private affairs? I won't send it at all;" and therewith she bounced out of the office in high dudgeon.

One of the chief eccentricities of the telegraphic wire is frequently to refuse to do its duty altogether, and pile on the battery-power as you may, probably not a vestige of current reaches the distant end. Before the transfer of the "telegraphs" to government, it was no uncommon thing for the companies occupying the roads and canals to have half-a-dozen "repeaters" or "automatic clerks" between London and the North, in order to get their traffic through. Practically, in fair weather there is no limit to the distance the current will travel; but in bad fogs and wintry weather, the loss of current at the supporting poles is so considerable that the greatest difficulty is sometimes experienced in keeping up the communication with distant centres. Spiders are the bane of the telegraph; they choke up the cups of the insulators with their webs and nests, and in foggy weather render them conductors rather than insulators.

The tendency of the action of atmospheric electricity during thunder-storms, on the tele-

graph, is generally to demagnetise the instruments, thereby causing the needles to move in a contrary direction; or in the case of a Morse instrument, to cause the paper-slip to record dots *only*, instead of the proper code of dots and dashes. It also sometimes causes the total or partial destruction of the apparatus, and as a consequence scares the employés present. Lightning, in its eagerness to get to earth, has been known to blow the telegraph apparatus to pieces, fusing the wires that form the electro-magnets and charring the wood-work. Where the earth connection of the wire has been made to a metal gas-pipe, an occurrence of this description has been found to melt the pipe and fire the gas; while on more than one such occasion the flame of the gas has in its turn melted a contiguous water-pipe, and thus saved the building from very serious damage, if not from total destruction. It may be added that those earth connections which are attached to water and gas mains are considered the most reliable.

Blunders occasionally take place from the imperfect writing of the receiving clerks. We have had telegrams delivered to us utterly unintelligible. A celebrated doctor was once sent on a fruitless journey by receiving a telegram worded—"Don't come too late." As originally handed in to the telegraph office, the message ran: "Don't come, too late;" but in the transmission, the signal denoting the comma was omitted; and hence the considerable inconvenience to which the recipient was put. This instance shews, however, what care telegraph-senders should exercise to avoid the least ambiguity, since the mere reversing of the phrases thus: "Too late, don't come," would in the case in point have dispelled all doubt as to the meaning which was to be conveyed. At the same time, of course, it also shows that the telegraphist in receiving and transmitting telegrams cannot give too much attention to apparently the most trivial matters.

Another instance is taken from Mr. Scudamore's lengthy Report of 1871 on the "Telegraphs." A London firm telegraphed to a country agent: "Send rails ten foot lengths." The letters "t" and "e" are in the Morse code represented by a dash — and a dot · respectively; but in transmitting this message, the instrument in recording the word "ten" signalled two dots instead of the dash and dot, and the word was thereby converted into "in," the message reading: "Send rails in foot lengths." Mr. Scudamore adds, however, that "if the senders had been less chary of their words, and had written: 'Send rails *in* ten foot lengths,' which would have cost no more, the blunder would never have occurred." In somewhat the same manner, in a message where the sender asked for a "hack" to be

waiting at the station, the letter "h," which is signalled on the Morse instrument by four dots, was converted into "s," the signal for "s" being three dots; the wayward instrument having failed in one dot, the consequence was that the traveller found a "sack" awaiting his arrival.

We can imagine the astonishment of a butler who received a telegram from his master—a certain nobleman—asking him to send at once "*ten bob*," as he was "greatly in need of it." Of course the message had been wrongly transmitted, "*ten bob*" having originally been "*tin box*." This story, which happened not many years ago, was told me by a gentleman who was in the telegraph service at that time, and had to deal with the complaint which was made about the matter. The following also comes from the same source. At one of the gatherings held periodically at Braemar, some years ago, a certain earl telegraphed to Edinburgh for a "*cocked-hat*" to be sent to him at once. In transmitting the message, the article mentioned as wanted was converted into "*cooked ham*," which was actually forwarded forthwith, greatly to the surprise and indignation of the nobleman.

A telegram was once received as follows: "Please send your *pig* to meet me at the station." Of course it should have been "*gig*," the instrument having made what, in telegraphic phraseology, is called a false dot, by recording · — — · (P) instead of — — · (G). In fact, it is almost necessary to state, for the credit of the telegraph, that the treachery complained of is, after all, not intentional, but arises mainly from a difficulty which it appears to have in distinguishing the difference between certain letters. This is plainly so in the letters "y" and "x" which the electric wire is constantly confounding one with the other. Over and over again jaded railway officials have been caused fruitless searches after a missing "*black boy*" through this want of power, on the part of the telegraph, to discriminate between "y" and "x." The stories current on this point are numerous, but the best I have heard is the following: Some time ago, a station-master received a telegram from a lady, stating that she had left at his station "*two black boys*" in the waiting-room, she believed, and tied together with red tape; would he please forward them at once. The astonished official caused search to be made; but instead of "*boys*" he found two "*boxes*" in the waiting room, as described, which were duly forwarded. From a similar cause on the part of the electric fluid, a lady received from her son-in-law a telegram which astonished her not a little. It stated that his wife had presented him with a "*fine box*."

Sometimes, however, the telegraph takes it into its head (metaphorically) to substitute in

messages passing along the wires, words altogether different from the original; more by way of a joke, let us conjecture, than anything else. But in some cases the joke fails to be appreciated by the victim. For instance, a gentleman who recently telegraphed for some ice was more wroth than amused by the playfulness of the instrument, which converted "ice" into "tea," and thereby caused a box of the same to be sent at once.

In the same manner, the sense of a message sent over the wire by a gentleman who had left his *wig* in the train, and desired it searched for, was unmercifully altered, the word *wig* having become *wife* when the telegram was received at its destination. Diligent inquiry and search was of course made for the missing lady, but without avail. The mistake was, however, ultimately discovered, and the lost article recovered. Another story tells of exactly the reverse, where a gentleman, being detained out on business, telegraphed for his wife, but was strangely surprised to receive by the next train a *wig* instead. Let us hope that when he returned home his explanation of the trick the telegraph had played him was accepted by his wife as sufficient excuse for his "absence without leave," and saved him from a wiggling.

During the lectures by the Anti-Papist Murphy at Bury, Lancashire, he was severely handled by a mob, and according to a telegram, "seven of the men charged with an assault on Mr. Murphy were *boiled*" (bailed).

Here is a curious mutilation of a telegraph message hardly to be accounted for. Not long ago the clerk of a small telegraph station near Burton-on-Trent was surprised to take from his instrument a telegram addressed to the "*Master of Miseries*." He was naturally puzzled how to effect its delivery, and only succeeded by receiving from his head office the information that the message was really intended for the "Master or Mistress" of a school (*not* a Dotheboys) in the vicinity. Let us add that it was only in the short distance between Burton-on-Trent and the telegraph station referred to, that the message became so equivocally altered.

A large number of the erroneous messages which pass over the telegraph arise through some fault of the senders themselves. The most common fault of senders at present is that of making their telegrams too short, for which there is really no need, when a uniform rate of so liberal a character has now been conceded to the public by the government. Another too frequent fault upon the part of the sender is bad penmanship. If the caligraphy is nearly illegible, mistakes must continue to exist. The person who telegraphed to a broker with reference to certain stock which he desired to have transferred, was alone responsible for the mu-

tilation which occurred to his message, in which, with graphic brevity, he described the transferee as of "Largo, Fife, widow." The broker received it as "large fine widow." Again, the curt instructions, "Sell three orels five" contained in a telegram proved disastrous to the sender, for it was transmitted to the addressee: "Sell three *or else* five." If the sender had availed himself of the sixteen words which were still at his disposal in this case, the mistake had surely never taken place. A firm of brewers at Burton-on-Trent recently received an order by telegraph to send "6 casks of butter;" but inquiry elicited the discovery that bitter ale was meant. Again, less brevity would, undoubtedly, have prevented this error.

The following extract from the telegraph-book preserved at the Paddington station appeared some years ago in the *Quarterly Review*. It is illustrative of the great use of the telegraph in criminal matters, and is so interesting as to merit record here. "*Paddington*, 10.20 A.M.—Mail-train just started. It contains three thieves named Sparrow, Burrell, and Spurgeon, in the first compartment of the fourth first-class carriage."—"Slough, 10.48 A.M.—Mail-train arrived. *The officers have cautioned the three thieves.*"—"Paddington, 10.50 A.M.—Special train just left. It contained two thieves, one named Oliver Martin, who is dressed in black, *crape on his hat*; the other named Fiddler Dick, in black trousers and light blouse. Both in the third compartment of the first second-class carriage."—"Slough, 11.16 A.M.—Special train arrived. Officers have taken the two thieves into custody, a lady having lost her bag containing a purse with two sovereigns and some silver in it; one of the sovereigns was sworn to by the lady as having been her property. It was found in Fiddler Dick's watch-fob."

"It appears," continues the writer, "that on the arrival of the train, a policeman opened the door of the 'third compartment of the first second-class carriage,' and asked the passengers if they missed anything. A search in pockets and bags accordingly ensued, until one lady called out that her purse was gone. "Fiddler Dick, you are wanted," was the immediate demand of the police-officer, beckoning to the culprit, who came out of the carriage thunder-struck at the discovery, and gave himself up, together with his booty, with the air of a completely beaten man." The effect of the capture so cleverly brought about is thus spoken of in the telegraph-book: "*Slough*, 11.51 A.M.—Several of the suspected persons who came by the various down-trains are lurking about Slough, uttering bitter invectives against the telegraph. No one of those cautioned has ventured to proceed to the Montem."

No wonder that, as the *Quarterly* writer



adds, "ever after this light-fingered gentry avoided the railway and the too intelligent companion that ran beside it, and betook themselves to the road; a retrograde step to which on all great public occasions they continue to adhere."

The last curiosity of the wire which I have now to touch on is of a sentimental character. "Can the telegraph make love?" has been asked of me. Yes! most emphatically, as could well be attested by many a telegraph operator. There are many stories current as to marriages that have taken place between telegraphists, the courtship having been carried on through the medium of the wire, although the parties concerned were miles apart. The best story I can remember at the present time in reference to this matter is told by Mr. Scudamore. Berlin and London are directly connected by wire. At one time a male operator occupied the seat at our end of the wire, and a female at the other. As time went on, these two began to know something of each other through daily telegraphic intercourse; and naturally enough, for while conversing with each other per wire, during spare moments, they came to

possess a mutual knowledge of each other's habits and character. Cartes-de-visite followed. Later on, to use the language of love, hearts were exchanged, electricity was made the slave of love, and finally the happy pair were made partners for life at the hymeneal altar! By the telegraphist, distance is laughed at, for he or she can talk to the operator at the other end of the wire, no matter what number of miles away, as easily as to his or her next-neighbour; while experts are said to be able to tell the handwriting of those with whom they have been in the habit of wiring.

The story I have given is not the only one on record; many are known to have taken place, and there is no doubt that still more have also occurred through this agency that are not known. Nor need we wonder that Hymen sometimes plays a part, when I inform my readers that certain love-code signals exist, known only to the parties most interested; and that it is perfectly possible for a sentimental telegraph clerk at A. to transmit a kiss instantaneously to the lady who has charge at B., or—*vice versa*. I have seen it done!

—Chambers's Journal.

## AN INTERLOPER.

"THE big boss," as the old apple woman calls him, stopped a moment as he passed through our office. Everybody was wondrously industrious at that moment.

"A young woman will take the place left vacant in this establishment by the death of Edwards," he said, in his usual abrupt manner, at the same time looking at nothing and seeing everything. "She will be here to-morrow, and I've no doubt will perform the duties required of her in a satisfactory manner. Good-afternoon."

We looked at each other in surprise, and Thrall just stopped himself on the verge of a whistle, and coughed instead; but not a word did we say until we were sure that our head had reached the street, for the ears pertaining to our heads are exceedingly sharp.

Then burst forth a torrent of words.

"A girl! what a nuisance!" said Smith.

"Alas! my melodious voice is silenced forever," said Thrall, who was great in opera burlesque, at the same time, with appropriate gestures of despair bursting into "Infelice."

"What possessed Lawrence? Such an old foggy as he is, too. I can't understand it at all," said Marlowe.

"Got her at half the salary he paid Edwards," drawled Jule Gerard, a young fellow

disliked by most of us for his uppish airs, and chaffed unmercifully behind his back for his immense belief in himself and the Gerard family.

"And dear at that price, in my opinion. A chit of a girl, smart at her sums; gold medal for mathematics at What's-it's-name Institute, and consequently highly eligible for any position anywhere," said Thrall, flinging his hat across the room, and singing some ridiculous words of his own to an air from "Somnambula."

"Do be quiet a moment, Thrall," I interrupted; but he never heeded me, but went on until the very last note was reached, and then politely requested me to proceed.

"Lawrence didn't say a girl; he said a young woman, and that may mean anything in pull-backs from sixteen to sixty. Anyhow, as Smith says, she'll be a nuisance. Why don't she sculp, or paint, or draw, or engrave, or something of that sort, all undisturbed in the privacy of her own dear little studio? Or, better yet, why don't she marry somebody?"

"Marry her yourself, Dickson, and prove a benefactor to mankind in general and your fellow-clerks in particular," suggested Smith.

"Oh! I say!" drawled Gerard; "life's too short to be wasted talking about a woman."

Let's go round and get some beer" (he called it "be-ah"), "and drink death to all interlopers."

We went.

I am Dickson, the young man who was kindly advised to marry the girl book-keeper, a proposal from which I shrank, having a horror of women who usurped, as I thought, the positions and privileges of the sterner sex.

However, I will admit I had a fair share of curiosity about the new-comer, and so no doubt had my companions, always excepting Gerard, who was too selfish and indolent to feel the slightest interest in anything or anybody. And the next morning, when a young woman pushed open the swing door, walked quickly up to me, I being nearest to the door, and said to me in a low, shy voice (I like low, shy voices), "Will you please show me where my desk is?" I am conscious I regarded her with a look more keen than polite.

The blood rushed to her cheek, and she returned my look, not boldly, but unflinchingly.

"Certainly," said I, and escorted her to her seat, catching a fearful grimace from Thrall as I passed.

The girl (for she was a girl, about eighteen, I should think), was, in my opinion—

an opinion shared by all my fellow-clerks, as I found before the day was over—not at all pretty, not even good-looking.

She was tall and thin; had large sunken gray eyes, a wide brow, left bare by the very plain arrangement of her hair all of which was drawn away and carelessly coiled up at the back of her head, rather ugly nose, and a rather pretty mouth.

She blushed nicely, the delicate crimson just tingeing her pale cheeks and touching her chin; and she had beautiful hands, with long taper fingers—I noticed them when she began to write—and her name, as I afterward discovered, was Stella Starsun.

Miss Starsun proved so quiet and mouselike that after a few days we almost forgot her presence, and sung.

chaffed, and laughed, when the cat was away, almost as much as ever.

One thing we all noticed—Miss Starsun never went out at lunch-time. She nibbled at something for about five minutes, drank a glass of water, and then taking a book from her sachel, read or studied until time for work again.

"Fellows," said Smith, one day, after she

had gone, "I've found out what Miss Starsun lunches on."



AMERICAN CENTENNIAL.—JUDGES' PAVILION.



AMERICAN CENTENNIAL.—GOVERNMENT BUILDING.



AMERICAN CENTENNIAL.—PENNSYLVANIA BUILDING.

(SEE MISCELLANEA.)

"Pickles," said Thrall.

"Candy," drawled Gerard.

"Two crackers," said Smith; "neither more nor less. I've watched her for a week through a little peep-hole I've made in my screen, and that's all, 'pon honour!"

"Poor thing," said I; "that's dry fare."

"Not so very bad," drawled Jule. "Some unfortunate people haven't two crackers."

"Good heavens! what a tortoise you are, Gerard," said Thrall.

"Ya-as," said Jule.

The next day I noticed on Miss Starsun's desk a pretty basket of strawberries, inwreathed with bright green leaves. She looked at it in evident wonder for a moment when she entered, and then set it aside; but I was glad to see that at lunch-time she ate the strawberries with her crackers, taking what the gods apparently had sent her, in her usual quiet manner, without question.

After that, every day throughout the summer, some fruit-offering was laid upon Miss Starsun's desk: placed there by order of old Lawrence, we all decided, whose poor relation we had long ago made up our minds the girl must be.

Gradually we became quite interested in the interloper—she was so patient, so thoroughly womanly and modest in all her ways, and worked so conscientiously and well.

"Only inconvenient to have around one," Thrall said, "when a fellow feels as though he *must* swear or burst." And if she had only been pretty, half a dozen of us would have been in love with her, as I said to Elizabeth Wayland, authoress, who had come in to see the

editor of one of our numerous publications, and he being out, stopped a moment to chat with me. By-the-by, those who say all women writers are ugly, should see Elizabeth Way-

land. It is a pleasure to look at her bright, attractive face—and such a delicious, charming, harmless flirt as she is!

"'Pretty,' Mr. Dickson," said she. "Where are your eyes?"

"Where they always are when you are present," I replied courteously.

"Take them away instantly, and look at that girl. Nice head, nice broad brow, nice brown hair, sweet gray eyes, long dark lashes,

pretty little mouth, and characteristic nose—"

"'Nice' way of saying ugly," interrupted I.

"And altogether," continued Elizabeth Wayland, "a refined, lovely face."

And so it was.

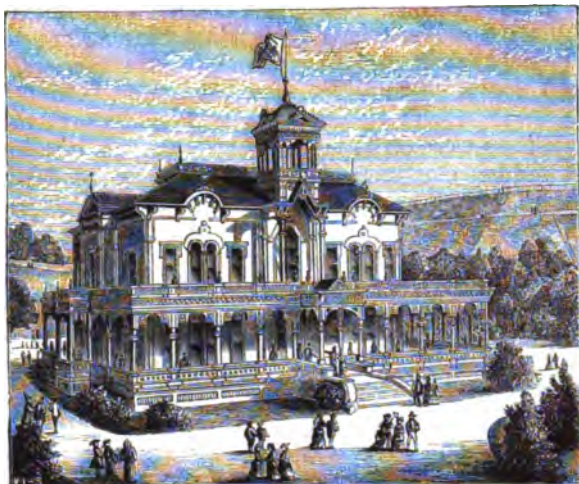
She had been with us three months now, and her cheeks had filled out and were tinged with a faint pink hue; her eyes no longer looked sunken; her brow was shaded by some pretty tendril-like curls, and a happy smile lingered about her lips.

"Well, stupid?" said Elizabeth Wayland.

"Yes, ma'am," said I.

And from that day I began to fall in love with Miss Starsun. I helped her all I could with her work, which was not much, as she understood her business almost as well as I did. I bored the fellows in the other publishing houses for all their new books, that I might lend

them to her. Now and then I left a little bouquet on her desk, and at last I got to exchanging a dozen or so sentences a day with her.



AMERICAN CENTENNIAL.—NEW YORK BUILDING.



AMERICAN CENTENNIAL.  
INTERIOR OF HORTICULTURAL HALL.—SEE MISCELLANEA.

She had a sweet, low voice, as I have said before, and a pretty way, which I have not said before, of glancing up at you from under her long, dark lashes, which liked me much.

Well, the long and short of it was that Miss Starsun had been my fellow-clerk only four months when I was desperately in love with her, and only waited for a favourable opportunity to tell her so.

It came. Some of our fellows were on their summer vacation; the rest had been summoned to the room of the chief. I would be alone with Miss Starsun for an hour.

I approached her desk, my heart beating violently, and leaned over her. She laid down

her pen and looked wonderingly up in my face.

"Miss Starsun—dear Miss Starsun," I stammered, "you have a woman's tact and intuition; you cannot have failed to see that I—"

"Have ceased to regard you as 'a nuisance,'" drawled Jule Gerard, who had silently approached from behind, and secured the taper fingers I was about to clasp, "and I, Stella, my love, as an interloper. And now put on your hat, say good-bye to Dickson, and invite him, if you choose, to call upon us when we return from our wedding tour.—Ta-ta, old boy!"

—Harper's Weekly.

## MISCELLANEA.

**THE SIREN.**—(See Frontispiece.)—The style of art, of which our engraving may be taken as an example, has, at all times, found favour with the British public. It blends the ideal with the real; and gives to actual portraiture the aids of fancy and invention. Mr. Middleton, to whom we are indebted for this charming picture, holds a prominent rank among British artists; and, although eminent as a portrait painter, he has obtained no inconsiderable reputation by producing subjects of a more imaginative character. His painting, "Effie Deans in Prison," exhibited in the British institution in 1843, was honourable to his genius. "The Siren," as pictured by Mr. Middleton, is a damsel brilliant with youth, health, and beauty: her dress is sufficiently enriched to betoken that her "state" is not lowly, but it is impossible to imagine that one so gifted with natural graces could have been long "in populous city pent." There are, in the picture, less questionable proofs than the vine-leaves which hang about the balcony, to indicate that her young life has been only a pure enjoyment of the luxuries of Nature.

**IN THE DENTIST'S WAITING ROOM.** An Original Drawing by F. M. Moyer.—(Illustration, Page 785.)—Every reader recalls an experience like this. Aching teeth were the great providential mysteries in the philosophy of our childhood. It was wholly incomprehensible to us why Omnipotence could not make teeth which never would ache. Only one man had the means of bringing these grave questions to a happy conclusion, and he was more the terror of our lives than all the aches that our jaws ever experienced. The reader can easily call back a dreadful trial of years ago of which our picture gives a vivid representation. Not a detail is wanting to complete the scene. The little patient, with swollen and bandaged cheeks, the comforting mother, the little dog whose teeth never ache, and the merciless man of the pincers and his victim in the adjoining chamber are all here to make up a pictorial chapter of the long story of life's warfare, which begins at birth, and never ceases while mortality endures.

**FAREWELL TO THE CENTENNIAL.**—(Illustrations, Pages 792 and 793.)—About the time that the present number of our

MAGAZINE is issued, the World's Great Show has passed the closing hours of its existence. During its continuance we have endeavoured to lead our readers in the track of its history by means of excellent pictorial illustrations, and we present in this number our last installment in this record of current events. No better sign of an international exposition could be given than the variety of architectural forms which our illustrations present to view. And so farewell to the Great Exhibition of 1876, and let us hope that the New Republic will commemorate its second hundred years of history with a cosmos of industry and art, if possible, of still greater magnificence.

**THE CENTENNIAL AWARDS.**—The awards granted to the successful exhibitors at the Centennial Exhibition have been announced, with great ceremony, at the judge's pavilion in the presence of all the authorities, the judges, the commissioners, and hundreds of spectators. There are 11,000 names on the list as receivers of medals, including 6,000 British and Continental exhibitors. No distinction, however, is made of the comparative merits of the receivers, and no second prizes are given. It is consequently impossible to single out particular names without doing injustice to the rest.

**ART EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON.**—During September there were more than twenty-five exhibitions of paintings and water-colour drawings open in London. Among the number is an exhibition of paintings and drawings by the late Louis B. Mignot, N. A., who died a few years ago in England. The exhibition includes Mr. Mignot's two great paintings of "Niagara Falls" and "Table Rock," and the proceeds are to be used for the benefit of his family. It has been said by some New York journals that Mr. Mignot was a Louisianian; but he was a South Carolinian.

**MEMORIAL TO GEORGE SAND.**—Soon after the death of Mine George Sand, a proposition was made in the Assembly to erect a statue of her, either in the garden of the Luxembourg or in one of the Versailles galleries, but the family



were opposed to the scheme, and it was withdrawn; and now several members of the Municipal Council propose to change the name of the Rue Meelay, in which she was born, into that of Rue George Sand.

**DEATH OF A GREAT PAINTER.**—Théoph. Fragonard, grandson of the great painter of the last century, has just died in Paris, aged 74. The deceased was also an artist of talent, and was for many years attached to the Sèvres porcelain manufactory. His pastoral scenes, in the Boucher, Watteau, and Lancrey styles, were much appreciated.

**A GREAT SCULPTOR GONE.**—Herr Bandel, the well-known sculptor of the great Hermann Monument in the Teutoburger Forest, has at length succumbed to a lingering illness. Through long and patient years he wrought upon the great work of his life, the colossal statue of the Founder of German Civilisation, and it was his good fortune to survive its completion. Germany will not soon forget this gifted artist.

**A LOSS TO LITERATURE.**—Archæological literature has suffered an almost irreparable loss in the untimely death of Mr. George Smith, the great Assyrian explorer, and the interpreter of the cuneiform dialect. The circumstances of his taking off are involved in mystery, and the darkest suspicions are entertained. In any event, whether through natural causes or foul play his death has transpired, it has made a breach in the ranks of learning which cannot soon be filled.

**HONOUR TO AN ARCHITECT.**—Viollet-le-Duc, the French architect, whose works—"The Story of a House," "Annals of a Fortress," "Discourses on Architecture," and "The Habitations of Man in all Ages"—have brought him before the notice of the public, has just received from Queen Victoria the medal of honour reserved for foreign architects who have distinguished themselves by their works.

**A NOTABLE REVOLUTION IN NAVIGATION.**—All travellers by water from New York to Boston are acquainted with an ugly spot, connecting the East River with Long Island Sound, where, for a few miles, a reef of hidden rocks renders the most tortuous navigation necessary. The foaming strait has the not very euphonious name of "Hell Gate," and has been the terror of navigators for at least a century. For several years past experienced engineers have been devising means for removing these dangerous obstructions, and at last, through the bold experiment of General Newton, the gigantic enterprise has been accomplished. During many months miners have been at work excavating a huge tunnel under the river which a few weeks since was charged with nitro-glycerine and exploded. The dwellers on Manhattan Island had long been anticipating the shock with terror, and some of them, we are told, had removed their families and household effects to remote places, as if in prospect of an earthquake. But on a quiet Sunday, while scarcely anyone suspected what was going to happen, a little daughter of the chief engineer, two and a half years old, lighted the fuse, and, with one grand explosion, the immense mass of rock was lifted from its bed, and fell, a crumbled wreck, to the bottom, leaving a clear channel for the largest steamers, and materially short-

ening the voyage to Europe. It was a surprising feat of engineering, and marks a revolution in navigation which is one of the most memorable that the century has recorded.

THE following comes to us from Brooklyn, N. Y.:—A Philadelphia hotel-keeper posts at his door this notice: "English, German, French, and Italian spoken here." Arrives an Englishman, and in fantastic French asks for the interpreter. "Monsieur," replies the waiter, "there is none." "What, no interpreter? And yet you say on your sign that all the languages are spoken here." "Yes, sir—by the travellers."

**NEW SAFETY-LANTERN.**—In Paris, night-watchers of factories and warehouses containing highly combustible material are supplied, for safety, with a peculiar lantern. A piece of phosphorus about the size of a pea is introduced into a glass flask, which is one-third filled with boiling olive oil, and closed air-tight with a cork. When light is desired the cork is simply removed for an instant to admit the air, and a clear light is emitted from the empty space in the flask. The intensity of the light when it diminishes may be renewed by admitting air again. A lantern thus prepared, it is said, may be used continuously for about six months without the least trouble.

**PROGRESS OF CHILE.**—Chile is making rapid progress in educational matters. In 1875 there were 1284 public and private elementary schools, giving instruction to 85,442 children.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**AN ANGLOMANE, Berlin.**—We are acquainted with no better Compendium of English Literature than the already mentioned Encyclopedia of Chambers. The author of "Ward or Wife" is Mr. J. W. Dangers, of London.

**P. S. B., Kanew, Russia.**—Many thanks for the poetical contributions, which we are compelled to decline, as the plan of our MAGAZINE restricts us almost exclusively to the republication of English and American literature. As you ask our candid opinion, we will say that the verses have merit, but there is room for improvement.

**FRAÜLEIN VON R.**—The Centennial correspondence between the German Emperor and the President of the United States has been published in all the British and American journals.

**BARON VON L., Leipzig.**—Edwin Booth, the famous actor, is a brother of John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln. He is a true patriot, as well as a highly cultivated artist, and had no complicity whatever in his brother's crime.

**M. L. B., Strasburg.**—We have no acquaintance with the author you speak of.

**M. J., Schaffhausen.**—Prof. Edmund Singer, of Stuttgart, could give you the information which you seek.

**MARIE VON S., Berlin.**—It is not likely that Miss Harriet Martineau's correspondence will be published, as she put a special clause in her will prohibiting it.

**L. N.**—We will try to answer your question in our next number.

**FRAÜLEIN VON G.**—We are not sufficiently well posted on American fashions to answer your inquiry satisfactorily, but refer you to *Harper's Bazar*.

**DR. L., Jena.**—The Museum of Antiquities from the Island of Cyprus, called the "Cesnola Collection," is in the Metropolitan Art Museum, of New York City.

**FÄULSTEN V.**—Your command of the English language indicates much study, and you have every reason to be encouraged. Do not be disheartened because your sentences are not yet ready to go into print. Read Addison attentively.

**Miss K.**—The specimen of blank verse which you sent us is worthy of commendation. Try your hand at a translation from a German poet.

**Miss B., N.Y.**—It is no part of our business to give advice in such matters; but we will say that if you contract such an alliance without making thorough inquiry into the character and antecedents of the party, you have more faith in human nature than we have.

**PROV. N.**—There is a difference in some cases between English and American spelling. Where the question is doubtful our general rule is to adopt the English standard.

### OUR HUMOROUS PORTFOLIO.



#### YOUNG, BUT SMART.

**Aunt Mary.** "Now, don't quarrel, children! RECOLLECT THAT 'BIRDS IN THEIR LITTLE NESTS AGREE!'"

**Ethel.** "WELL, IT WOULDN'T DO FOR THEM TO 'FALL OUT'—ANYHOW, NOT BEFORE THEY COULD FLY. WOULD IT, AUNT MARY?"





"FLIRTATION."

(SEE MISCELLANEA.)



# HALLBERGER'S ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

## JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

BY

M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

### CHAPTER XXXVII.

#### JOSHUA'S CONFESSION.

**N**OTHER bright June morning; the newly-blown roses looking in at the open windows, born, like the butterflies, for a day. Naomi was astir earlier than usual, after a sleepless night, full of care for her father. Oh, if that sweet air of heaven, which is a joy in itself for the happy, could but blow away one's sense of abiding trouble, could but bring the promise of relief! This was what Naomi thought, as she stood at her

open window, looking out at the calm hill-tops, from which the summer mists were rising, like a veil slowly unfolded by invisible hands.

She was at her father's door before six o'clock, knocking and waiting his reply with fast-throbbing heart, fearing she knew not what. There was no answer. She felt the floor reeling under her feet. Awful fears seized upon her. She knocked loudly, vio-

lently almost, and still no answer. She tried the door with shaking hands, expecting to find it locked, as it had been yesterday evening when she came to inquire about the light; but it yielded under her hand, and she went into her father's room.

It was empty. She looked round with wild eager eyes, almost beside herself in the agony of that great dread. The room was quite empty. The bed had been lain upon; the candle had been left burning, and had burned down to the brazen socket. There was a letter lying on the escritoire, which Naomi seized upon eagerly. It was addressed to herself.

She tore it open, still full of fear; for the letter might reveal some terrible determination. There was another letter inside, sealed, and addressed to Captain Pentreath.

My beloved Daughter,—I am going to Penmoyle to seek my wife, and shall return to Combhollow no more. My duty there is done. I have taught my people to know the right path. I can give them up into the hands of a new minister. I am going where the darkness has never been dispelled by Gospel light: I am going to find new duties in desolate places. But first I must see my wife. I would pardon and bless her before I go. Do not follow me. My lot is fixed.

Do not fail to give the enclosed letter, with the seal unbroken, into Captain Pentreath's hands.

Your affectionate father,

JOSHUA HAGGARD.

Naomi lifted up her heart in thankfulness. He had gone to do no wicked and desperate act. He had gone to seek his wife, carrying with him pardon and love. The ice had melted. Who could tell what healing for mind and soul there might be in the change?

But this letter to be delivered to Arnold Pentreath? Here was a fearful thought. What if it were a confession of her father's guilt—a confession which would put his life in Arnold's power? And Arnold had already

shown himself merciless. To withhold the letter would be to disobey her father's express command. To deliver it might be to endanger his life. What was she to do?

She sat by the escritoire with the letter in her hand, perplexed in the extreme. Then, finding thought useless to show her the way, she fell upon her knees and prayed for guidance, prayed long and earnestly.

She rose from this prayer resolved, whether for good or ill, she would obey her father's behest, and deliver the letter, trusting to God's mercy and her own influence with Arnold for the issue. He had pretended to love her—nay, had loved her—before this fearful discovery of his brother's fate. She must have some power over him still; her pleading must be of some avail. Yes, she would obey her father, and in so doing proclaim her trust in Providence.

"Let me fall now into the hand of the Lord; for very great are his mercies," said Naomi. "Can I doubt that my father is in God's hands to-day, though men may seem to have the ordering of his fate?"

She lost no time in carrying out her determination, but went back to her room and put on her bonnet, and then ran downstairs.

She was going out at the street-door when it suddenly occurred to her that her father's absence must speedily be discovered, and would make a commotion in the house if it were in no manner accounted for. So she went to the kitchen, where her aunt was employed in her usual morning duty of giving out provisions for the day's consumption from a rigorously locked store-room.

To her Naomi quietly announced that her father had started early that morning on his way to Penmoyle to see his wife.

"Started early!" cried Judith, incredulously. "Why, the Truro coach doesn't go before half-past seven, and it's not a quarter-past yet. What do you mean by started early?"

"He may have set out to walk part of the journey, perhaps, aunt," answered Naomi. "You know how fond he is of walking. He was gone at six o'clock when I went to his room, and had left me a letter to say he was going to Penmoyle."

"I think he might have written to me," said Judith, with her offended air. "If he must needs go off at a moment's notice, throwing all the housekeeping into a muddle—you needn't roast the mutton to-day, Sally; the cold beef will be good enough for us—he might at least have had the civility to address his explanation to me. After keeping his house nearly thirty years it's hard to have such a slight put on me."

"The beef, mum!" remonstrated Sally; "there's hardly anything but bones."

"Nonsense, girl; there's plenty of picking

between the bones. And, if I've time, I'll make a treacle pudding."

Naomi vanished while the dinner was under discussion. Her heart was very heavy as she went to the Grange. She had not entered the house since the days when she had been Oswald's plighted wife, and the future lay fair before her, full of the promise of happiness. And now there was a thought of horror in the very road by which she went. Twice had her murdered lover been carried along that road; and now he was lying quietly in his grave, and all earthly hopes lay buried with him.

The old house looked peaceful enough in the cheerful morning light. Gardens and shrubberies had been better kept since Arnold's return. The beds and borders were full of sweet-smelling flowers. The windows were all open, and a handsome red setter—a favourite of Arnold's—was lying in the porch.

Naomi rang the noisy old bell, which was answered after a longish pause by Nicholas the butler, who came across the hall, carrying his master's breakfast on one of those old silver trays which had been kept under lock and key during the Squire's life-time, but which the less careful sailor had given out for daily use.

At sight of Naomi the old man stopped short, with a startled look.

"Lord, miss, how you skeared me!" he exclaimed.

"Can I see your master, Nicholas?"

"To be sure 'ee can, miss. He's to his break'ust in the blue parlour—the room that was Squire's study, you know; but the har-kiteck had it all routed out and painted."

The butler opened the door of that small room on the left hand of the porch, and ushered Naomi into the presence of Captain Pentreath.

He started up with a cry, half surprise, half welcome, as if to see her only were in itself so glad a thing, that he forgot all the painful circumstances of their meeting. This oblivion lasted but for a moment. His face clouded, and he looked at her deprecatingly.

"Naomi, I have been longing for such a meeting as this. I want to tell you—to make you understand, if I can—that in what I have done I have been constrained by my duty to the dead. Had your father wronged me—that wrong the deepest one man could do another—I would have endured all for your sake; but my duty to the dead is sacred. At the hazard of breaking your heart, with the certainty of losing your regard, I was forced to do what I did."

"Hush!" she said; "do not speak of me or my feelings. You have brought great misery upon us—an irreparable shame. It may be in your power to work still greater misery for us. I can but do my duty to God and my

father. My first duty to both is obedience. I have brought you a letter."

"A letter?"

"From my father. But, before I give it you, promise that you will make no evil use of it, that you will not make his own words the means of destroying him. I cannot tell what he has written. I know that all yesterday his mind was sorely disturbed—that he has been oppressed and troubled in mind for a long time. How can I tell what he has written? Promise me that you will not use this letter against him."

"I promise," answered Arnold, with a touch of scorn. "It is not likely that a letter which your father writes to me of his own free will can prove a weapon with which to strike him."

He opened the letter, prepared to find an artful and studied composition setting forth the minister's innocence of the crime charged against him, a plausible and subtle defence, such as the ingenuity of a clever and thoughtful man might elaborate at his leisure. The paper almost dropped from his hand as he read the first line.

Arnold Pentreath, you accused me rightly. It was this hand slew your brother. But the deed was not so basely done as you think. We stood face to face, each with his weapon in his hand. It was what the sons of Belial call an honourable meeting, though my conscience tells me it was murder. He stole my young wife's heart—came between me and the most perfect happiness that Heaven ever vouchsafed to man. I met him with my wife's kiss still warm upon his lip. I had seen them part, mind you, as lovers whose hearts are cloven asunder in parting. I told him that he owed me his life, and he was willing to admit the debt. "My life is of so little value that you are heartily welcome to it," he said; "I have often thought of taking it myself." He had a pair of pistols about him, and proposed that we should fight on the spot; but withdrew his proposal the next moment, remembering that I had no practice in the use of firearms.

I told him I was willing to set my want of skill against his bad cause. "It is you that are the wrongdoer," I cried; "Heaven will be on my side."

We fought, and he fell. I was alone with his dead body, and all the horror of my position was suddenly revealed to me. According to my own creed I was a murderer; and in the sight of the world I should stand revealed as a murderer if I were found with this dead man by my side.

Satan, who had made me blind to the guilt of my act till it was accomplished, now tempted me to the baseness of concealment. I dragged the body to the edge of the shaft and threw it down, and went quickly home, and kept silence about your brother's fate till the day I spoke of him with you.

I told you that in my opinion your brother had committed suicide. I say still that he flung his life recklessly away. Had he pleaded or argued with me, my blind passion might have been subjugated. He put the weapon which killed him into my hand.

God rest his soul, and pardon my sin!

I am going forth to a life as desolate as that of St. John in the desert. May God so appoint my punishment here that I may not lose my portion in glory hereafter!

JOSHUA HAGGARD.

Naomi stood before Captain Pentreath with ashen lips, watching him as he read the letter, praying dumbly all the while, and with that sense of efficacy in her prayers, even in this moment of suspense, as only an implicit faith can experience.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Arnold, giving her the letter; "thank God it is not so bad

as I believed! This confession has the stamp of truth; and—he is your father!"

No words can tell the depth of tenderness in that little speech and the look that went with it.

Both look and tone were lost on Naomi. Her eyes were rooted to the letter; triumph, gratitude, joy, illumined her face.

"It was not murder," she cried; "there was no treachery, no secrecy; they stood face to face—sinners both—blinded, maddened by passion. It was no murder. Father, how could I have wronged you by such base thoughts—I, who have known and loved you all these years? Guilty! yes, I will acknowledge your guilt; but not a treacherous assassin. My God, I thank Thee!"

In days when the first gentlemen of the land asserted their sense of honour and superiority to the common herd by slaying one another in a formal manner, the idea of a duel was not so revolting as it is now. Even to Naomi, educated as she had been in a far different creed from the code of honour, the knowledge that her father had stood face to face with his foe, risking his own life against the life he took, was an infinite relief. In horrible night-mare dreams she had seen him, with the assassin's face, creeping stealthily towards his victim. The horrid image had haunted her sleeping and waking; and now that horror was laid at rest for ever. Her belief in this confession of her father's was as implicit as her faith in God.

"Arnold," she pleaded, with deep humility, as one who asked an almost impossible boon, "can you ever bring yourself to forgive my erring father?"

"No!" he answered, stoutly; "but I no longer look upon him with loathing. There is one atonement left to him—he can stand face to face with me, as he stood with my brother, and let God judge between us."

Naomi flung herself at his feet, clasping his hands, as if he held the keys of life and death.

"No, no, no!" she cried; "you would not be so cruel, so wicked—you, who condemn the shedder of blood!"

"I want the life of the man who slew my brother. So much the better if I can have it in an honourable manner. Yes, Naomi, we will meet as men of honour should, and let the righteous cause win."

"Arnold," she cried, "I thought you loved me."

The pathos of that cry moved him. He bent over her as she knelt at his feet, resisting his effort to raise her, clinging to his knees in her agony, pleading as only women can plead for the love of their dearest.

"If I thought you loved me, and would give me love for love," he said, with a sudden change to passionate tenderness, "I would spare his life; yes, let him go unpunished to

the grave; yes, forget that I ever had an only and beloved brother. It is a mean offer, a miserable bargain, proving me selfish, dastardly; but I am human, and I love you. My love, my only love, answer me."

"Can you forgive me for being my father's daughter?"

"When I believed the worst of him I loved you, and held you unsullied by his guilt."

"You must forgive him, Arnold. You would forgive him if you knew as much as I do. He was not in his right senses that awful day. I saw him go through the wood. Yes, I was there watching for him, fearing evil. His face has haunted me ever since. It was the face of a madman. It was my sin that caused all. Yes, Arnold, mine. You do not know how vile I am. I gave my father the letter your brother wrote to my stepmother! A lover's letter, full of despairing love. That maddened him, as it had maddened me. He was not in his right mind that day. He has never been the same man since—gloomy, austere, set against those he had loved before. You cannot conceive how great a change there has been in him. We who have lived with him know and feel it. On my knees here, before God, I do not believe that my father was responsible for his acts that day."

Arnold raised her from her knees, and put her in the arm-chair by the open window. She was almost fainting, but the brave spirit struggled with bodily weakness.

Arnold paced the room for a little while, deep in thought.

"What am I to do, Naomi?" he asked, at last. "I love you—would lay down my life for you; but I owe a duty to my brother. That is a solemn charge. He loved me—was so good to me. I have his letter summoning me home, full of affection, overflowing with generosity. What am I to do, Naomi? Counsel me, if you can. You loved him?"

"Loved him? Yes; it was my love that made me mad with jealousy; it was my love that rose up against him and destroyed him. If you must have a life for his life, take mine. Yes, Arnold, take mine. I am most guilty. It was my jealousy that killed him."

"Naomi, we are all most miserable. I can do nothing; I feel myself tied and bound. Either way there is wrong and misery. I love you, and am miserable in loving you. I have my brother's death to avenge, yet cannot bring myself to injure your father. O my love, my love! your sad accusing face has haunted me ever since that night when you turned and looked at me at the chapel-door. What can I do?"

"Forgive," said Naomi, solemnly; "that is what the Gospel teaches us—to forgive our enemies, even the enemies who have injured those we love. We can never err in being

merciful. 'How often shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? Till seventy times seven.' That must mean pardon for wrongs man thinks unpardonable."

"You can teach me to believe anything, Naomi. I am like a child in your hands."

"May God teach you to judge and act wisely! He will not inspire you with thoughts of vengeance. He has said, 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay.' My unhappy father has suffered for his sin, and will continue to suffer till death brings him peace; but I know in my heart that God will forgive him."

"And if God can forgive, erring man should not be obstinately unforgiving. That is what you would say, Naomi. We have an illimitable faith in God's capacity to pardon, yet find it so hard, sinners as we are, to forgive a fellow-sinner. It is a dark problem."

"Pray that you may understand God's will, Arnold. He will lead and uphold you."

"No; earthly passion will sway me. It is my love for you urges me to forgive your father."

"I would have you act from a higher light. I will leave you to seek a better guidance," Naomi answered, with gentle reproachfulness.

She felt that her father was secure from any violence of Arnold's after this interview. She left him full of faith that the right guidance would come, that the vengeful spirit which had threatened Joshua with ruin and death would be calmed and appeased. She knew that Arnold loved her; and, though all thoughts of herself were vague and secondary at such a crisis of her father's fate, she was glad of Arnold's love, for her father's sake.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### CARRYING PEACE AND PARDON.

JOSHUA was far upon his road before Naomi had left the Grange. He had walked many miles in the dull gray of early morning, before the shadowy clouds had parted or the stars begun to pale in the saffron lights of sunrise. The energy that sustained him, the eager purpose that bore him on in that beginning of his journey, made him unconscious of time or distance. He had heard Cynthia calling; yes, his wife's cry, piteous and weak, as of one in distress, was still sounding in his ear as he hurried along the well-known road, which seemed just a little strange and dream-like in the dim gray dawn. He heard her calling him, and he was going to answer her cry.

"Dearest, I am coming to you," he repeated, inwardly. "I, who drove you away with undeserved reproaches, am coming to pray for pardon; I, who was cruel, unjust, savage, and inhuman, only because I loved too blindly,—



I am coming to ask for pity from the tender heart I wounded. Love, I was mad, and I have suffered for my madness—a long night of suffering. The morning has come, and peace and pardon. My eyes are opened; I see and understand."

It was only when a sudden faintness made him stagger dizzily and stretch out his hands to save himself from falling, that he became aware of the hot sun beating down upon his head, and the fact that he had walked many miles.

He was nearly twenty miles from Combhollow. He had crossed the wild craggy hills, and come back mechanically to the coach-road. He was at the top of a long hill, and saw the coach toiling slowly up the white dusty road. He felt all at once that his strength was gone—gone utterly, as if it had left him for ever—and thanked God for the coming of the coach. It seemed by a special providence that he had been brought across those wild hills back to the turnpike-road in time for the passing of the coach.

"If I had missed it I should not have got to Penmoyle to-night; and my darling is waiting for me," he said to himself.

There was a vacant place on the seat behind the driver. Joshua hailed the coach, and scrambled into this place before the coachman had time to pull up his horses.

"You shouldn't ha' done that, Mr. Haggard," remonstrated the man; "it's dangerous."

Joshua took no notice. The man's voice sounded far off, as in a dream. The horses went downhill and uphill over the wild yet fertile country, by hills and woods that Joshua knew as well as he knew his Bible. They stopped to change horses in straggling little villages, where he had preached in his young days; and people who remembered those days came out of their houses, and stood looking up at the coach and talked to him. He answered their inquiries and acknowledged their civil speeches mechanically, dimly conscious of their identity. He had a curious feeling of superiority to all these people, as if the universe had been planned for him, and they were only accidents in it, like the great black flies buzzing round the heads of the patient blinkered coach-horses, to whom Providence had given no special mercy except mane and tail.

The time had been—and but a year or so ago—when he would have got down from the coach and peeped into those whitewashed cottages, and had his well-chosen word of greeting or counsel for each old acquaintance. To-day their faces looking up at him were blank and meaningless. The faces of the rabble round Stephen may have looked so to the saint and martyr in his death agony.

Joshua's mind was going on before him. He fancied himself arriving at Penmoyle in

the sunset. She would be standing at the gate perhaps, watching for him, as he had found her on that forgotten afternoon two years ago. He would see the sweet face, with the western light shining on it, the soft eyes kindling with love and happiness at sight of him. He had almost forgotten that bitter day of parting, the day when he had driven her into banishment, with more cruelty than Abraham had shown to ill-used Hagar; and it can hardly be said that the patriarch was a pattern to all future husbands in that transaction.

Oh, how sweet it was to dwell upon that picture of meeting and reconciliation! The burden on his conscience had been cast off since the agony of yesterday. It was verily as if he had laid down his load on the sinners' altar. He forgot all the silent pangs and tortures of the last year, and felt as if a new life of happiness were opening before him. He would carry the lamp of the Gospel into dark places, he would preach by the wayside, as in his youth; he would carry neither purse nor scrip, but wander from village to village and from town to town, in that benighted north country he had read about in the lives of Wesley and Whitfield; or, if it were possible, still farther away, among the absolute heathen of the South Seas.

This was his vision of a glorious future. And she would be with him—his companion, helpmeet, and comforter. It was such a career as this to which she had aspired. Her spiritual nature had been revolted by the trader's petty life—she had sighed to see her husband doing the work of an apostle.

Such thoughts as these were in his mind all through the day. They rose and fell in his brain, wave upon wave, as regularly as the waves of the Atlantic were rising and falling upon the long sandy shore beyond those brown Cornish hills. The day seemed very long to him, for his exaggerated activity of brain made minutes like unto hours. And yet he was ineffably happy. No fear of disappointment at the end of his journey clouded the radiance of his visions. He apprehended no further stroke from an angry fate. God had punished him with the undying worm called conscience, and had heard his prayers and forgiven him. He feared nothing.

It was afternoon when the coach rumbled into the stony street of Truro. Joshua had to be reminded of his fare respectfully by the coachman. He was on the point of hurrying off without paying it.

"Your mind's full of better things, I know, Mr. Haggard," said the man; "but I thought you'd like me to remind you."

"Thank you, Norman," said Joshua, dreamily. "Yes, my mind was much occupied; pleasantly, though, pleasantly, as one sure of God's bounteous mercy."

He gave the man a crown for himself. It was half as much as the fare—an astounding donation.

"You may not be driving me again for some time to come," said the minister, kindly.

"Thank'ee sir. It isn't many behaves as handsomely, and it's always a pride to drive such as you. But don't take it as a liberty if I give'ee one bit of advice. Don't try to get up to the outside of a coach before the 'osses 'ave stopped. You're in the prime of life, sir, maybe; but you're a good many years too old to do that with safety."

"Yes, yes, Norman; I shall bear it in mind," said Joshua, walking away, without stopping at the comfortable inn for "bite or sup," as Norman remarked afterwards.

"The fact is the minister is wearing of himself out," the coachman remarked to his cronies that night. "He's got oddish ways with him, and a look as if he didn't half know what's going on round about him."

### CHAPTER XXXIX.

#### THE ODOUR OF ROSEMARY.

It happened as Joshua had calculated. The sun was setting as he entered quiet Penmoyle. The walk from Truro had tired him more than he had supposed possible. He could hardly drag himself along the last mile or so of the dusty road, between hedges where the dog-roses and honeysuckle climbed high above his head, and where the foxgloves were opening their purple bells. The salt sea-wind, sweeping over yonder swelling hills, seemed to have lost its refreshing power. He turned his eyes wearily towards the western point—the wild Land's End, with its rocks of many-hued granite, on which the sea-gulls and cormorants were perching in the rosy evening light. The scene was so familiar to him that he could see it all, in that clear vision of the mind, as he turned his gaze westward. Was there anything on this vast earth more beautiful, he wondered, than that wild point of English soil, with the great Atlantic waves for ever beating up against it—an impregnable natural fortress, the rocky seat of dead and gone giants, for ever defying the assaults of ocean?

His thoughts wandered a good deal during these last miles, when his body was racked with the pains of exceeding fatigue. He thought of Nicholas Wild, his old pupil, and the little chapel among yonder hills. The young man had written him long letters, telling him of the rich reward that had crowned his labours, and how he had built a school for the children of his flock. Joshua had been too pre-occupied to take any notice of the letters, and the memory of that neglect smote him now as he came nearer his pupil's home.

"Poor Nicholas! he was always faithful and affectionate. We will go and see him, my wife and I," Joshua said to himself.

At last the old square tower of Penmoyle church rose in its gray severity above the avenue of limes that led to it. Then came the well-known street; the chestnut-grove where the children played at even-tide; the inn; the village pump; the cocks and the hens, and a vagabond pig picking up unconsidered trifles in the middle of the road; the old yellow waggon turned up on end after a day's usefulness. The sun was still visible—a shining crimson disk on the edge of the western hill.

It was a mere foolishness, no doubt, and Joshua chid himself for so weak a regret, but he felt strangely disappointed when he came in sight of the little green gate before Miss Webling's cottage, and did not see the graceful figure of his wife standing there, just as he had seen her that happy afternoon two years ago, when he had come to Penmoyle full of benevolent intentions, and ignorant of his heart's mystery. He had counted on seeing her there. It would have been the natural fulfilment of his dream, it seemed to him, that she should be on the watch for his coming. She had called him; and, by some mystic power beyond the limits of flesh and blood, he had heard her summons. Why was she not watching for him, full of faith in his obedience? Was his sympathy with her stronger than hers with him?

He passed the chestnut-grove. It seemed to him that the children were less noisy than of old. They were under the spreading branches, the same boys and girls—the fustian jackets and lavender pinafores, the petticoated little ones, with chubby cheeks and great staring brown eyes. But there was a hush upon the scene. The elder children were congregated in little knots talking. Some of them suddenly perceived him, and there was a curious excitement among them immediately, and much whispering, and some pointing at him with eager fingers; and he could see that they all stopped their talk to watch him.

Joshua walked slowly towards the green gate, strangely disappointed and depressed. The windows of the Webling cottage faced south-west, and it was only natural that the spotless blinds should be drawn to exclude such a blaze of sunset; but it gave the house a blank look not the less. The casements offered him no smile of welcome.

Here was a friendly welcome, however, from an unexpected direction. Before Joshua had opened the gate, Mr. Martin, the kind old minister, came hurrying across from his dwelling on the other side of the road, and clasped him by both hands, and looked at him with eyes brimming over with tears.

"God bless you! God sustain and comfort

you, my beloved friend!" he cried. "I was watching for you. Oh, be composed, my friend, be composed! Such a blessed euthanasia! The precious soul of my Elizabeth was not more spotless or fitter for heaven. Dear friend, let us go in together."

Joshua turned and looked at him with wild wondering eyes; then wrenched himself suddenly from the old man's friendly grasp, and moved towards the door.

"No, no," he muttered; "I don't want you. I am going alone—to see my wife. Cynthia!" he called, as he opened the door. "Cynthia!" in a louder and more urgent tone—"Cynthia, where are you?"

A fiery impatience had taken hold of him. He could not wait for formalities of any kind. The Miss Weblings would come, and there would be stately greetings, and cake and wine brought out of the wainscot cupboard, and all manner of ceremonies before he could open his arms and clasp his ill-used wife to his heart, and weep over her and be forgiven.

Deborah came out of the kitchen, and took his hands, just as old Mr. Martin had done, and looked at him in the same tearful way.

Were the people all mad here, or was he? Even the children had seemed to look at him strangely.

"Dearest friend," said Deborah, "this is a sore trial for all of us. Priscilla has been in hysterics all day; out of one fit into another. Quite dreadful! The feathers we've burnt, and the vinegar, and all to no purpose. She has such a feeling heart."

It was Priscilla who was ill, then. That's what all the fuss meant.

"I want to see my wife," Joshua said, shortly.

"At once?" faltered Deborah, looking at him timorously.

"Yes, at once; this instant. Have I not come all these weary miles to see her? This instant."

"O dear sir, what need of impatience? Be calm, I beg you."

The doors of both parlours were open. Joshua had glanced in and seen that both rooms were empty.

"Where is she?" he asked. "Upstairs?"

"Yes, in our spare room," Deborah answered, huskily. "Let me show you the way."

"I know it," he said; and went upstairs before her.

The narrow corkscrew staircase was close and dark, like the winding stair in a church-tower. Midway Joshua started as if he had been shot, and came to a standstill.

There was a pungent odour of freshly-gathered herbs, a perfume he had not smelt thus, on the threshold of a bed-chamber, since his mother's death.

"My God!" he cried. "Is it rosemary?"

"Yes," sobbed Deborah; "we always use it here. We've a bush in the garden on purpose. The neighbours come and beg a bunch of it when they've a death in the house."

Joshua staggered up the few steep stairs, lifted the jingling latch of the low wainscot door, and went into the room in which he had slept two years ago, when the new joys and pains of love began to grow in his heart.

That odour of rosemary had forewarned him what he was to see. No living wife, standing on the threshold to greet him, with warm arms ready to be wound about his neck—no sweet eyes lifted shyly to meet his own—no faltering words, or half-broken sobs: only a fair marble statue lying on a white flower-strewn bed, hands meekly folded, violet-veined eyelids closed over wearied eyes—a broken heart for ever at rest.

He stood looking at her for a long time, as it seemed to the heart-stricken Deborah—looking at her with eyes that hung upon that silent beauty in a rapture of despair; then flung up his arms with a sudden gurgling cry, and fell upon the floor beside her bed like a stone.

He remained unconscious for many hours, breathing stertorously, and lying like a log upon the bed where his faithful attendants had laid him. The village doctor had bled him, and administered various orthodox remedies of a severe character, with but little result. Mr. Martin, the good old Dissenting minister, stayed with him all through the weary night, which might know no dawn in this world. The spinster sisters were indefatigable, Priscilla waiving her peculiar prerogative of hysterics in her desire to be useful.

The sun had risen, and the birds were singing outside the open casements, when Joshua slowly lifted his heavy lids and looked about him with dim bloodshot eyes.

For some minutes after he had struggled back to consciousness there was a dimness in his brain as well as in his eyes, and he looked at the anxious watchful faces vaguely. Then memory came back with cruel distinctness.

"Tell me—everything," he said.

"Dear friend," pleaded Mr. Martin, "let your mind be at rest for a little while. Repose, dear sir; you have been heavily afflicted, and you have had a stroke of illness which might have been fatal, had God refused to hear our earnest prayers."

"Tell me about my wife," urged Joshua, vehemently.

"She is at rest. She has gone to her heavenly home. I, who was with her at the last, have no doubt of her calling and election. She was one of God's chosen vessels, with a mind naturally attuned to heavenly things, like that pure spirit, my heavenly-

minded Elizabeth, whose deathbed conversations it was my precious privilege to preserve for the edification of many. Yes, she came very near that sainted young woman in the holy simplicity of her nature."

"What was it that killed her?" asked Joshua, putting aside all these words with a motion of his strong hand. "Did she die of a broken heart? Was it my ill-usage that caused her death?"

"Your ill-usage, dear friend! Your senses must be wandering. She always talked of you as the best and most honoured of husbands. Ill-usage, and from you! She loved you above all earthly things. Your name was on her lips with her last breath."

"Yes," cried Joshua, "she called me, and I heard her. Give me my watch," pointing to the chest of drawers where it lay; "see, I stopped the hands at the moment in which I heard her voice calling to me in a kind of dream—not a common dream, mark you—twice as vivid and lifelike. It was after midnight on Sunday; see, twenty minutes past one."

"This is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes!" exclaimed Mr. Martin, piously. "It was at that very hour her spirit took flight."

"Why was I not told that she was ill—dying?" asked Joshua.

"It was her wish that you should not be troubled. 'He will send for me or come for me when he wants me to go home again,' she said. 'He has higher things than me to think about.' She was so earnest in this wish that we did not like to overrule her."

"And nobody thought that she was dangerously ill," explained Deborah. "The doctor couldn't make her out. That was what he always said. It was one of the strangest cases he'd ever had to deal with. Some days she seemed so well and bright; and she was always industrious, anxious to be doing something for us; household work or needlework, it was all the same—we couldn't give her enough to do."

"The journey here hurt her a great deal, I think," said Priscilla, "though she would never own to it. She walked a good bit of the way, I believe, and she was footsore and very weak when she came. I opened the door to her at dusk one evening, and I almost thought she was a ghost. 'I want to be your servant, dear Miss Priscilla,' she said, 'as I was in the old happy days.' 'Why, Mrs. Haggard,' said I, 'what would your honoured husband think of such a notion?' But I'd hardly got out the words before she fell down in a faint at my feet; and for a week after that we had her laid up, and as low as could be."

"And you never wrote to me about her!" cried Joshua, with agonised reproach.

"Well, the truth was, we didn't like. We thought there was something wrong—a family quarrel perhaps, second marriages often turn out so—and the poor thing seemed to have come to us for refuge, and clung to us so; and if ever we talked of writing to you she seemed so distressed. And we had always been fond of her, and had missed her dreadfully after her marriage. She was like a daughter to us now she had come back; and I'm sure we nursed her and took care of her in her illness as if she'd really been a daughter, as I know Mr. Martin will bear witness."

"You did," said the minister; "she could not have had better nursing or kinder treatment."

"It was only just at the last that there was any mention of danger," continued Deborah. "On Saturday morning the doctor found her very low, poor dear, and her mind was wandering a little. He seemed quite distressed as he came downstairs with me, as if it were a shock to him to find her so. 'I don't at all like her looks this morning, Miss Webling,' he said, 'I begin to be afraid we shall lose her.' I never had such a turn in my life. Poor Priscilla and I were almost beside ourselves with grief, and it was as much as I could do to write you a letter, begging you to come at once. You don't seem to have received that letter."

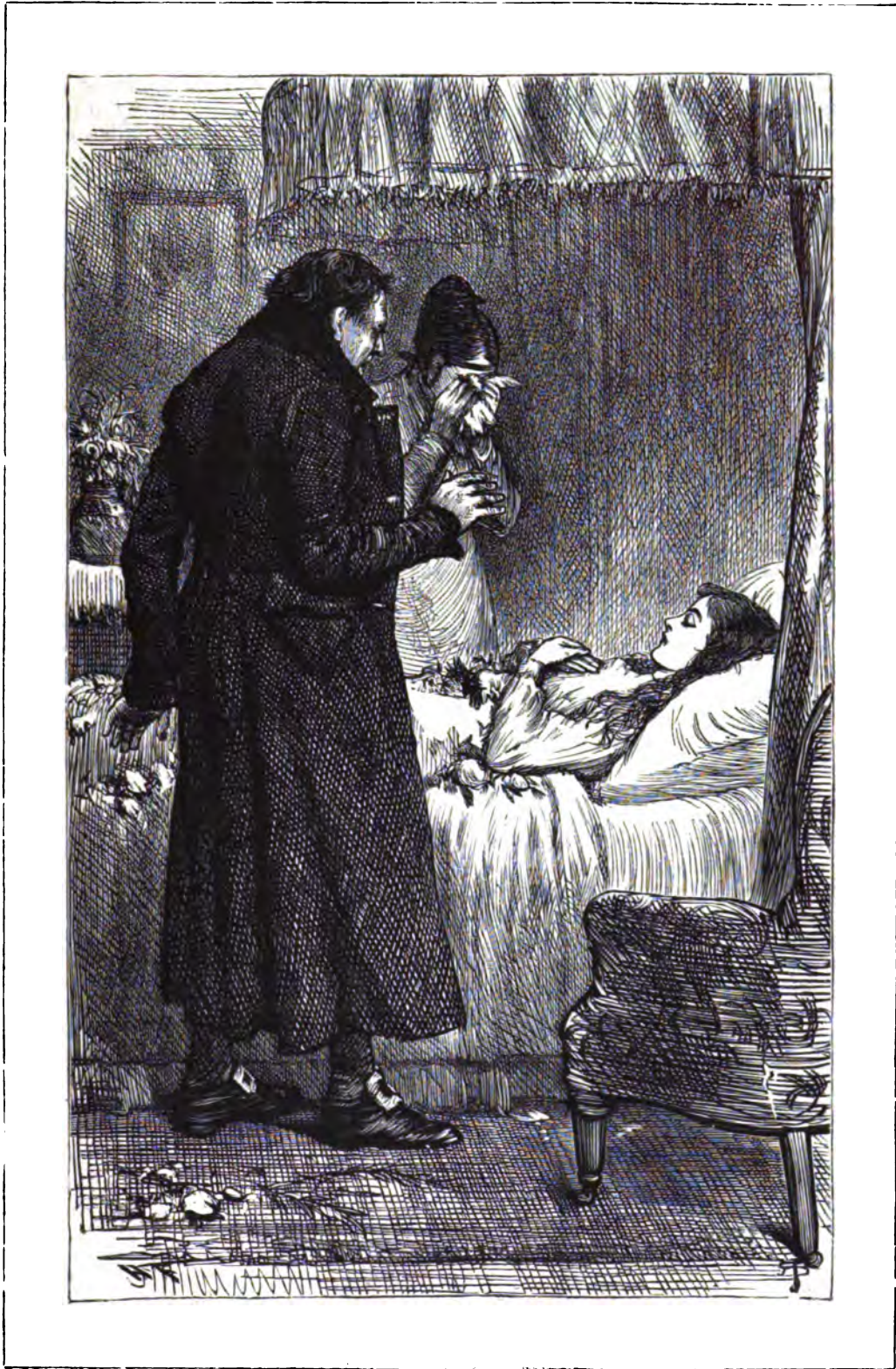
"No, it must have been delivered after I left home. The post is so slow; you should have sent a messenger. Tell me, for God's sake—did she die happy, and did she love me at the last?"

"At the last, and always," answered Mr. Martin, earnestly. "She bared her heart to me. I knew all its secrets, its waverings from the right, its weakness. She had always loved and revered you. She had been tempted, poor child, and her fancy had strayed to another for a little while—only a little while. Heart and mind were true to her duty. She was worthy of your fondest love; she was worthy of your deepest regret."

"And I cast her from me, I repudiated her. I spurned her as the vilest of sinners! O friend, can her injured spirit look down upon me from heaven, and pity? Can God ever pardon my sin? He gave me this sweet flower to wear in my bosom, and I cast it from me, and trampled it under my foot. I have steeped my soul in sin, I have dyed my hands with blood!"

The two spinsters and the minister looked at each other with an awful significance. These remorseful utterances seemed to them the tokens of a wandering mind. That this man, their model and pattern of uprightness, could deeply err came hardly within the limits of belief.





JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.—'A BROKEN HEART, FOR EVER AT REST.'

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## CHAPTER XL.

## "BETWEEN TWO WORLDS."

THE days wore on very slowly for Naomi in her father's absence. Her heart was weighed down with anxiety on his account; but he had told her not to follow him, and, anxious though she was, she obeyed implicitly. A great burden had been taken from her mind by Joshua's confession. Bitter as it was to know that her lover had fallen by her father's hand, that the bright young life had been snapped short off, like a blossom from its stalk, in a burst of sinful passion, yet there was all the difference in the world between a fair fight and a dastardly assassination; and she was able now to think of her father as of other duellists she had heard and read about, red-handed sinners all, but not beyond the reach of human pity.

She was reconciled even to the idea of her father's prolonged absence, of a separation which might extend over years. It would be better, happier for him to go out into untrodden fields, and do difficult work, for his Master's sake. This pious labour would be his penance: in heathen lands he would find cities of atonement, from whose gates he might come forth loosened from the burden and stigma of his crime. She had longed herself to go into strange lands and teach heathen people the Gospel. What more natural than that her father, with his consciousness of a terrible sin to be expiated, should desire to brave dangers and endure hardships and trials in the great cause?

"Let him come back to me ten years hence, old and bent and gray," said Naomi, "and I will praise God for his bounteous mercies. I will say that our lives have been full of blessings even after all our sorrows."

This was her prayer—that he might go forth as a messenger of the Gospel, and do his work of expiation, and come back to her purified and happy. It was the old heroic Greek idea of atonement, only in a Christian and better form.

A letter had come from Penmoyle for Joshua, and was laid aside, unopened, awaiting tidings from him. No one supposed that the letter was of any particular importance. What they all waited for anxiously was a letter from Joshua himself.

It was Thursday, and Oswald Pentreath had been lying in the family vault for many days and nights. It seemed a natural thing already to think of him resting there with his ancestors, and it was almost possible to forget that he had lain for nearly a year in the darkness of the deserted mine, none knowing his fate. Strange how soon poor human nat-

ure resigns itself to the inevitable! Arnold bore the annihilation of all his hopes about his brother better than he could have supposed it possible to bear so heavy a blow. That agonising grief which he had felt when he supposed Oswald the victim of a treacherous assassin was lessened by Joshua's confession. At least he had fallen face to face with death. The murderer had not crept behind him with uplifted knife, coming upon his victim in a ghostly silence. It had been a hard fate and a cruel one, but not so bad as this. And poor Naomi, the innocent sufferer from her lover's inconstancy and her father's sin—could he ever be sorry enough for her? could he ever be sufficiently kind, or gentle, or thoughtful for her dear sake? Consideration for her pleaded eloquently against his desire for revenge. Joshua must go unscathed, so far as human vengeance went, and take his punishment from God. This was the result of many a weary hour of thought that followed upon Arnold's interview with Naomi.

Thursday morning brought another letter from Penmoyle, in the same handwriting as the last, but directed to Judith instead of to Joshua.

Miss Haggard broke the seal with a slight tremor, while Naomi waited full of anxiety. Why had her father not written?

Chestnut Cottage, Penmoyle,

Cornwall, June 26th.

Dear Miss Haggard,—I hope you will pardon the above familiarity, but, although we have not had the pleasure of meeting, you can be no stranger to one who loves and reveres your brother as I do.

I deeply regret to inform you that Mr. Haggard now lies in a sadly precarious state. Indeed our doctor and another gentleman, summoned at his advice from Penzance, entertain little hope of his recovery. The shock caused by his wife's death, which took place prior to his arrival, caused an apoplectic stroke. He recovered consciousness after several hours, but has never been quite right in his mind since the seizure.

Feeling assured that you and the rest of his family would desire to be with him at such a time, I hasten to communicate the sad state of affairs, and beg you to make whatever use you please of our small abode. It is entirely at your disposal, and my eldest sister and self will consider it a privilege to do all in our power to ameliorate your sorrow by such attentions as sympathetic hearts can offer. Our poor Cynthia's funeral takes place to-day. It is, perhaps, a blessing that in your suffering brother's state of mind he is scarcely conscious of passing events.

Awaiting your speedy arrival, I remain, dear Miss Haggard, your obedient servant,  
FRISCILLA WEBLING.

Before she had read half this letter, Judith Haggard gave a shriek of horrified surprise, and her niece looked over her shoulder and read it with her. The two women stood side by side, devouring the lines with white agonised faces, each in her own way feeling that this sorrow was the deathblow to all hope. James was in the shop, busy, happy, ignorant of this evil. He was whistling the last popular melody, as he went about his work. How awful it seemed to hear him!

Naomi's grief found no outlet in tears or sobs or passionate speech. She stood with the letter in her hand, her lips trembling.

"The coach, aunt, the coach!" she gasped. "Is it too late?"

"Gone half an hour, child; we must have a post-shay. Jim!"

The shrill voice rang through house and shop, and Jim appeared with a scared face at the parlour-door.

"What's the matter, aunt?"

"Your father's dying, and we're going to him. Get us a post-shay."

Jim looked from one to the other in awful wonder. Naomi tried to speak, but, failing, gave him Priscilla's letter.

"What!" he cried, hurriedly reading, "the poor little stepmother dead and buried! Has the world come to an end?"

"You unfeeling boy!" exclaimed Judith. "To think of anybody else when your father's in such a state!"

"Father will come round again, please God; but poor little Cynthia—buried yesterday—so young and pretty! Isn't it dreadful?"

"Go for a chaise, Jim, for pity's sake," cried Naomi. "Father may die while you stand wondering there. Oh, let me go to him, let me go! let me keep him back from death!"

James ran across to the "First and Last," the only place in Combhollow where post-horses were to be had. There was a burst of sympathy from the stout landlord when he heard Jim's news. The chaise should be ready in ten minutes—the best horses in his stable.

It was half an hour before the chaise was at the door, despite the landlord's promises. Naomi and her aunt had put on their bonnets and packed a few necessities in a carpet-bag, and had been waiting in the parlour ever so long, as it seemed to them, before an ancient yellow-bodied chariot, like that which had brought Joshua's young bride to Combhollow, pulled up before the garden-gate.

"You'll stay at home and mind the business till I can come back, Jim," said Judith.

"I'd rather go to poor father; but perhaps it's best so," answered Jim. "But if he should be very bad, if there's no chance of his getting over it, you'll send for me, aunt. I should like to see him before——"

A sob strangled the young man's speech, and he went back to the house, leaving them to get into the carriage unassisted. Some one was at Naomi's side before she could mount the steps. It was Captain Pentreath, breathless with running.

"Naomi, I have just heard of your sorrow," he said, gently. "One of our men told me as I came across the meadow. Dear sister, let me go with you. Let me go with you, Miss Haggard," he added pleadingly to Judith. "I should like to go—to be of service to you, if I can—to ask your brother's pardon for my violence the other night."

"You'd need be sorry for that, I think,"

answered Judith. "What's the good of your coming? He'll want to see his blood-relations, poor dear—that's natural; but it can't give him much pleasure to see you."

"I may be of use to you on the journey. Let me come, Miss Haggard. Two unprotected women, anxious, agitated as you are, ought not to undertake such a journey. These post-boys are such ruffians. I shall be able to prevent loss of time, to ensure you civil treatment."

Judith relented a little. Post-boys were an exacting and difficult race—greedy of gain, capable of abandoning their helpless fare upon a lonesome highway, or of collaguening with highwaymen for a defenceless traveller's spoliation. Perhaps Judith, though strong-minded enough at home, where every one trembled at her voice, felt that she should be a weak vessel abroad. She had never travelled farther than Barnstaple in her life; and to go up alone into the wilds of bleak and barren Cornwall—the very stronghold of witchcraft—a place where half the people were savage miners, and the other half wreckers and smugglers; and to be benighted, perhaps, on a moor where the Druids sacrificed human beings before the days of King Arthur!

These terrors were too much for Judith. The proffered escort of a courageous young man, open-handed and ready to make use of his purse for the gratification of post-boys, was not to be despised. He had brought a false charge against Joshua in an hour of temporary madness; but he had repented, and this act of to-day was a confession of his past folly. All Combhollow would know of it, and see how baseless he now felt his idea of Joshua's guilt to have been. Judith gave way, but maintained her dignity even in the moment of confession.

"It matters very little to me whether you come or stay," she said. "My mind's too full of my poor brother to care about anything else. But Naomi may be glad of your company on the dark road,—girls are so timid."

"Indeed, aunt, I am not frightened!" exclaimed Naomi.

"I am coming with you," said Arnold, decisively.

There was a seat at the back of the vehicle, a kind of rumble, and into this he mounted, after despatching a small boy to the Grange with a message for Nicholas the butler, who was to send his master's valise on to Truro by the evening coach. Arnold would not ask so much as five minutes' delay, lest Judith should change her mind and decline his company. So the post-boy smacked his whip, and the chaise went rattling through the long village street, to the delight of the inhabitants, who flocked out of their dwellings to witness the unwonted spectacle.



A long journey at any time; a weary one for aching hearts. Naomi looked out of the carriage-window with dull eyes that roamed over hill and valley, wood and winding stream, and saw no comfort anywhere. Was the journey never to be over? she wondered, as the slow hours rolled on; was there never to be an end of those green hedgerows, and tangled honeysuckles, and clambering dog-roses, and dusty, wayside ferns, and sudden hollows, and jutting walls of hill?—these perpetual hills, at the foot of which the travellers descended, to walk in mournful silence to the top, where all the glory of the valley below could not move Naomi's cold lips to a smile of gladness.

Arnold made no attempt at consolation. He entreated his companions to hope for the best, and after that made no further allusion to their grief. He talked to them very little, only showing himself anxious for their comfort and repose. He saved them all trouble about post-boys, or any of the details of their journey. They had nothing to do but be patient, and wait till darkness came, and the end. Even to eyes accustomed to the rustic seclusion of Combhollow, Penmoyle looked a curious out-of-the-world place as the post-chaise drove into the wide village street after sunset on that June evening. Lights twinkled feebly in two or three casements, wide apart and rare, as if the majority had gone to roost at curfew. There was one light much brighter than the rest, which seemed to Naomi to shine like a star. Some instinct of her heart told her that it was the candle in her father's sick-room.

"There," she cried, putting her head out of the window, and calling to the post-boy; "stop there."

But Arnold had made his inquiries at the beginning of the village, and the boy was already pulling up his horses. That lighted casement belonged to Chestnut Cottage. The approach of the carriage had been heard within, and Deborah's stiff curls were waving at the door, as she came out to receive her guests.

"O dear Miss Haggard; O dear Miss Naomi," she gasped; "thank God you are come!"

"Not too late!" cried Naomi, going into the house; "not too late!"

"No, dear young lady, praised be Heaven! He has asked for you so often."

"Take me to him, please—at once."

"But you ought to be prepared for the change—"

"God will give me strength when his dear head is on my breast. Father, I am coming," she cried, as if her voice would carry strength and new life to the sick man.

She went upstairs as quickly as if she had known the corkscrew staircase all her life.

The door of her father's room was open; the window opened wide to the summer night. The old-fashioned tent beadstead, with its dimity festooning and netted fringe, faced the door.

Who was it lying there, still as a stone figure, with a white strange face, and dark cavernous eyes—a face Naomi had never seen before? For a moment her heart failed, and she shrank away a step or two, as from something more awful than death. Was this her father?

Yes; the hollow eyes lighted up at sight of her, the livid lips moved tremulously, and then murmured, "Naomi!"

In the next instant she was on her knees beside his bed, clasping the heavy hands, crying over him, kissing him with those passionate despairing kisses life gives to death.

"Dearest, I have come to nurse you, to bring you back to life. God will help me. I have been praying for you all through our long journey. Father, you will get well for my sake."

"I am dying, Naomi. The doctor and my old friend Martin have both told me so. Do not cry, dear; I am suffering so little. The passage is made very easy for me. And I have an infinite, inextinguishable faith in my Redeemer's love. I go to Him without fear. He has loosed me from the burden of my sin. Yes, Naomi, it is no idle boast. I feel and know that I am forgiven. My punishment has been awarded here. My broken heart has reconciled me with my God."

"You shall not die!" said Naomi. "God cannot be so cruel as to part us now, when there is no cloud between us any more, when I can love you and honour you as I did in my childhood. Father, you will live for my sake."

"No, dear, I have done with earthly life. God sent His stroke in mercy when I came into his house and found my darling dead. O Naomi, my latter days have been full of sin. I have been the slave of passion. And yet I might have been so happy. I can see her still—sitting in the sunshine—hair like spun gold—so helpless and lovely, so ignorant of good and evil—like Eve when God gave her to Adam."

His mind wandered a little after this. All through the night he lay in the same attitude, a corpse-like figure, a soul hovering between life and death. Naomi never stirred from her seat beside his pillow, save to kneel and pray. Judith and Priscilla sat a little way aloof, watching the two, only coming nearer at intervals to moisten the sick man's lips with a feather dipped in brandy.

About an hour after daybreak Arnold, who had spent the night in the parlour below, came slowly up the stair, and stood on the



threshold. Joshua had been lying for a long time with his eyes closed, breathing heavily, and his watchers had supposed him sleeping; but at the sound of Arnold's cautious footfall he opened his eyes, and those restless hands of his fastened with a nervous grasp upon the coverlet.

"Is that Captain Pentreath?" he asked his daughter.

"Yes, dear father."

"Let the others go away," looking dimly round at the two women; "I want to be alone with you and him."

Priscilla and Judith left the room, full of wonder.

"You got my letter?" he said.

"Yes, Mr. Haggard; and I am here to ask your forgiveness for the accusation I brought against you. When I found my poor brother in his secret grave I believed him the victim of a murderer. I am willing now to believe that he was the victim of his own folly, and that he willingly staked his life against yours."

Joshua was silent. Some kind of struggle—whether bodily or mental those who watched him could not tell—was racking him. His nether lip worked convulsively; the veins stood up darkly purple from the broad strong brow.

"My letter told the truth," he said after that painful pause, "but not all the truth. I am going to face an offended God—going to Him confident in His illimitable mercy. Naomi, do not hate me when I am dead"—his hands wandered helplessly for a little, and then he clasped them round her neck, and let his head fall on her shoulder—"do not hate me, dear. Your lover was murdered. He was generous, and I was a dastard. We stood up, face to face, each with a pistol in his hand. I was to count three, he told me, and then take aim. But as I lifted my hand to aim at his heart I saw his arm flung up, his pistol pointed to the sky. It was but an instant, fleetier than a breath, before I fired straight at his breast. It was thirty years since I had pulled a trigger—not since I was an idle lad, and went rabbit-shooting with my father's old blunderbuss. Yet my aim was deadly. The bullet pierced his heart. He had fired in the air. I had just time enough to see and understand what he was doing before I killed him. This was the crime that weighed upon my soul and dragged me down to the pit. O God, I can see him now, with his face lifted up, the sun shining on it, his arm raised to fire in the air. It was but a flash, scarce time for thought, but when it was over I knew myself a murderer. O God, only an instant between everlasting glory and eternal condemnation, unless Thine infinite sacrifice can blot out mine iniquity."

There was silence. Naomi's face was buried in the coverlet. Arnold walked across to the

open window, and stood there looking out at the gray morning sky, deeply thoughtful.

"My God, my sin is heavy," ejaculated Joshua, after an interval; "Thou only knowest my temptation. I, who had preached against duelling, became a duellist; I, who had taught men brotherly love, stained my hands with my brother's blood. Only in illimitable mercy can I find hope; and who shall tell the sinner his case is hopeless when God has given the promise of forgiveness?"

He lay for a long time after this in a state that was almost unconsciousness. The doctor came and felt his pulse, and told them that he was slowly sinking. It was only the vigour of his constitution which had held out so long against death. The nobly-built frame had wrestled involuntarily with man's last enemy, while the spirit yearned to pass the mystic river, and rest in the fair land beyond.

That day wore on, and the night which followed it, and another long summer day, which seemed to Naomi different even in the colour of its sky from every other day in her life. The sunshine climbed the whitewashed wall, and touched with brighter gold the tarnished gilding of the old oval picture-frames, and glorified the old cups and saucers and quaint little pottery jars on the narrow chimney-piece; and still Joshua lay, awfully motionless, with his dull eyes turned to the light.

It was sunset when the dreaded change came. They were all on their knees praying silently when Joshua lifted himself up in the bed, and stretched out his arms towards that fading glory in the western sky.

"Cynthia—chosen—beloved," he cried; "innocent as a little child—ignorant of evil! Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

And so, with a long-drawn shivering sigh, he fell back upon the pillow; and, as the sun went down behind a dark range of moorland, this little lamp of light went out with it, no less secure of resurrection.

#### EPILOGUE.

JOSHUA HAGGARD has been lying in his quiet grave among the Cornish hills just three years. It is midsummer time again, and the long straggling village of Combhollow is looking its gayest, beautified by Nature, and not by Art. There is an unaccustomed life and stir in the place—people dressed in their best clothes, new bonnet-ribbons as rife as butterflies, every one upon the tiptoe of expectancy—and Naomi Haggard standing by the open parlour-window, very pale, in a gray Quaker-like silk—almost as pretty a gown as that wedding-dress she gave away four years ago; but it was not her father's hand this time which tested the quality of the silk, or her father's blessing which made the gift sweet.

Naomi has been an independent young woman for the last three years; for Joshua Haggard's will, made immediately after Oswald's dismissal, left his only daughter the five thousand pounds which had been intended as her marriage portion. She has suffered her aunt's domestic tyranny none the less meekly because of this independence. She has lived her quiet life in the old familiar home, so desolate without her father, and has taught her classes in the Sunday-school, and helped the new minister by many a quiet service, and held her place in the hearts of the Dissenters of Combhollow, who still honour Joshua's memory as that of a great and good man. This is Naomi's consolation. No shame or dishonour has ever been attached to her father's name in the public mind. The secret of Oswald's fate is known to none living save Arnold and herself.

To-day is a great day for Naomi—the happiest she has known since her father's death; for the memorial chapel—the new Bethel which she has built with a portion of her inheritance—is to be opened to-day. A fair lofty building of gray stone—a little too much like a corn-exchange on a small scale for the improved taste of this latter part of the century,

but in those days a temple of exceeding beauty. There are four long straight windows on each side, an oak pulpit and reading-desk, a commodious gallery, and a Doric portico; and in the eyes of Combhollow the edifice is second only to Exeter Cathedral and Barnstaple Market.

To Naomi's mind the fairest thing in the brand-new chapel is a brazen tablet in front of the gallery bearing this brief inscription:

"This Chapel was erected in affectionate remembrance of Joshua Haggard, Minister."

Naomi leaves the chapel, after the opening service, leaning on Arnold Pentreath's arm, tearful, but not altogether unhappy. Friends gather round her, and congratulate her, and are warm in their praises of the new Bethel; but it is to be noticed that there is an unwonted reverence in the tone of these old acquaintances, and that Mrs. Spradgers, notorious for extravagance in millinery, drops a low curtsy to Miss Haggard, instead of extending her pudgy hand in its black-lace glove.

Standing on the threshold of the new chapel, Naomi stands also on the threshold of a new life. Her lover—faithful and unchanging through his three years' apprenticeship—is by her side, and to-morrow is to be their wedding-day.

THE END.

## "HEINI OF STEIER."

FROM "FRAU AVENTIURE," BY J. V. VON SCHEFFEL.

TRANSLATED BY

KATE FREILIGRATH-KROEGER.\*



THE nightingale calls to the finches' gay brood:

"A fiddle is ringing sweet-toned through the wood;  
Ye twitterers and chatters, oh, hush now your strain,  
For Heini of Steier has come back again!"

The old village cobbler his cap waves with glee:  
"Now Heaven in its mercy remembereth me;  
Sole-leather will rise, dance shoone burst in twain,  
Now Heini of Steier has come back again!"

To the dance are fast flocking, with frolic and jest,  
The maids, crowned with chaplets, arrayed in their best:  
"Where tarry the suitors, our hearts they are fain . . .  
Has Heini of Steier not come back again?"

And who dons her kirtle for frisking it gay?

'Tis old wrinkled granny, waxing young, too, to-day!  
She stalks like a heron leanlegged down the lane . . .  
Faith, Heini of Steier has come back again!

His flock leaves the shepherd all heedless behind,  
Leaves the peasant his plough, and his horses the hind,  
The farmer and bailiff chide loudly, in vain:  
"That Heini of Steier has come back again!"

But he takes, all silent, his fiddle to hand . . .  
Half brooding, half playing—unconscious doth stand.  
Chords gush forth electric like soft fiery rain . . .  
Lo! Heini of Steier has come back again!

In the nuns' cloister-garden, on flowery steep,  
Bends one o'er the fountain, and listening, doth weep:  
"Oh veil, oh black raiment, oh bitterest pain . . .  
My Heini of Steier has come back again!"

\* Our readers will at once recognise the translator of this poem as the gifted daughter of the late conductor of this MAGAZINE, whose beautiful renderings of German verse have before graced our pages.—Ed.

## LOSSES OF JEWELS.

**S**OME strange stories could be told of the losses of jewels and other valuable articles that have been recovered in a remarkable manner, or have altogether disappeared. We may relate a few incidents of this kind, for the entertainment of our readers.

During the Indian Mutiny, and after the destruction of some of the rich palaces and temples, the soldiers picked up many valuable articles, useless to themselves, and which they frequently threw away again, as troublesome to carry; or gladly sold to anyone who would give them a few rupees in exchange. Among these acquisitions was a large, very roughly cut diamond, which had been one of the eyes of a gorgeously painted idol, enshrined in one of the temples that had been destroyed. A soldier picked it out of its socket, and as it was a rough, dull-looking stone, he thought very little of it, and was just going to throw it away, when an officer who stood by offered him two or three rupees for it. He also put but small store by his purchase of the lustreless stone; and it was only from its position as the eye of an idol that he judged it might possibly be of greater value than seemed likely from its outward appearance. Some time afterwards he shewed it to a native jeweller, who offered to buy it from him at a considerable increase on the price he had given for it; but he was going to England, and thought it wiser to take the stone with him, and have it properly cut by a first-class lapidary. This was done, and a very fine stone resulted; which the jeweller, at the most moderate calculation, valued at five hundred pounds. The officer had it set in a ring, and wore it for several years quite safely; but one day, chancing to be in London, he went into a shop to buy a pair of gloves, and looking at the ring on his little finger, he observed that the setting was empty, the diamond gone. He examined his glove, his pockets, the floor of the shop; no trace of the stone was to be seen, and so he gave it up as lost. However, he mentioned the matter at his club; and told the club-master to post up a notice offering ten pounds reward to anyone who should find the diamond. A day or two afterwards the stone was brought to him. It had been found by one of the housemaids in a darkish passage that led to the billiard-room. The reward was gladly paid, and the diamond taken to the jeweller's, to be once more firmly replaced in the ring.

Again some years passed. The officer had been back to India, and was on furlough in this country, and had gone to Scotland to

shoot with friends who had taken a moor in the Highlands. One hot August day he had been out for several hours tramping over miles and miles of close heather, grouse-shooting. He was still walking, when a covey of birds rose a little way off. He raised his gun to take aim, when his eye chanced to fall on his ring, and he saw that the setting was once more empty. Stopping to look at it, the birds got away; and he laid down the gun on the heather beside him, and carefully examined the place where he stood with a very feeble hope of finding the glittering stone. Nothing was to be seen of it; and when he recollected the many miles he had traversed that day, and the nature of the ground he had been on, he abandoned all idea of ever again recovering his diamond. He stooped for his gun, and the thought flashed into his mind: "I'll turn out the charge—the thing is just possible!" He did so; drew the wad, and then shook out the contents of the barrel, shot, powder, and—the diamond! It had slipped unnoticed into the muzzle when he was loading; and but for the lucky chance that had caused him to remark its absence from the ring, it would have been fired away the next moment. Possibly it might have hit a bird, gone back in the same bag, and caused as much amazement to the cook, or to the individual who found it between his teeth, as did the diamond in the eastern tale to the fisherman and his family who discovered it in the entrails of the fish. Another visit to the jeweller, and the ring resumed its place on the finger of its owner, and three or four years passed away. The officer had again returned to India, and was with his regiment, which was encamped near a large station, portions of some other regiments being close to them. He was acting as adjutant to the general in command, and was writing at a small table placed close to the door of his tent. As his hand passed rapidly over the paper, the troublesome diamond once more dropped from its setting, and fell on the table beside him. Being in a hurry, he merely uttered an angry exclamation, pushed the stone close to the inkstand, and went on with his writing. Presently a messenger came to say that the general wished to see him immediately. He forgot all about the stone, threw on his uniform, buckled on his sword, and started at once for the quarters of the commanding officer. He was detained some little time; and when he returned to his own tent, he looked directly for the diamond, which he had meanwhile recollected; but it was gone!

A thief had been there during his absence, had seen and appropriated the stone; and he never saw or heard of it again, though he offered a liberal reward for its restoration.

Our next story relates to a young married lady who came with her husband to pay a visit to friends who lived in the country, very close to a small rural village. There were little children at home; and on the day preceding her return, the lady went to the village shop to purchase some trifling gifts for the juveniles. She took off her glove to get the silver from her purse; and as the day was warm, and the distance she had to return very short, she did not put the glove on again, but carried it back in her hand. When she reached the house she sat down and exhibited her purchases to her husband and friends. Suddenly she started and exclaimed: "O my ring! I've lost my diamond ring!" On the third finger of her right hand she had worn a valuable diamond ring. It was too wide for her, and she had frequently intended to have its size reduced; but this precaution had hitherto been neglected, and she did not ordinarily wear it, from a dread of the misfortune that had now occurred.

Everyone was immediately on the alert. The village was small; perfect honesty prevalent among its inhabitants, and there had been no one in the shop when the lady was there, and only one or two of the villagers since, who had not been observed to pick up anything. The floor of the shop was thoroughly searched in every corner; the room where the lady had been sitting and also her bedroom were closely examined; but nothing could be seen of the ring. As she was positive that it had been on her hand just before she went out, for she distinctly remembered twirling it round and round with her fingers, a band of the village children was collected, arranged in a row, and desired to search the ground of the short avenue and the road to the shop as minutely as possible; proper remuneration being promised, and a tempting reward held out to the finder of the ring. They did their work very diligently; but it was all in vain. No trace of the ring was to be seen; and the lady reluctantly admitted that she had brought the mischance entirely on herself, by neglecting the trifling alteration that would have prevented it.

Many months passed away. The friends whom the lady had been visiting had gone from home for a time; and in their absence the servants gave the house a thorough cleaning from top to bottom. They came to the library, the room usually occupied in the morning, and which was almost entirely surrounded by bookshelves, filled with the works of ancient and

modern authors. Shelf after shelf was cleared of its contents; and in the course of operations they came to one containing a collection of antique volumes, rare from their choice binding and from the nature of their contents, subjects eschewed by the ordinary class of novel-readers or students of light literature. As one of those heavy volumes was gently removed from its resting-place, something fell from it and rolled to the back of the shelf. One of the servants stooped down to see what it was, and the next moment triumphantly displayed in her hand the long-lost diamond ring!

It transpired afterwards that just before she went to the village shop the lady had been examining some of the shelves in the library, and had taken out several of the massive volumes we have mentioned, to make a nearer inspection of them. When finished, she replaced them in the shelves; and at that time the too wide ring must have fallen unperceived from her finger, and rested on the top of the book, which had not been touched from that day till the one on which it was so unexpectedly discovered.

Another curious loss and recovery of a ring was as follows. A young lady, engaged to be married, had received many beautiful gifts from her betrothed, one of them being a valuable sapphire ring. She had been out walking with him one afternoon, and on her return home she observed a parcel of new music that had just arrived for her. Sitting down to the piano, she played over several of the pieces, chatting occasionally as she did so with her mother and sisters, who were at work in the drawing-room. Soon afterwards they all went up-stairs to dress for dinner, and owing to the time that had been spent over the new music, were rather hurried in their movements, as it was close on the dinner-hour. The bell sounded almost before the young lady was ready, and hastily finishing her toilet, she ran down to join the circle in the drawing-room. Proceeding to the dining-room, she found that she had neglected to put on her rings, and calling one of the servants, she desired him to tell her maid that she would find them lying on the wash-hand stand, as she had laid them there before washing her hands. The man quitted the room, and returned in a few minutes, carrying the rings on a small salver. The young lady took them up, glanced at them, and said: "There ought to be one more—my sapphire ring. Please to go back to Smith, and ask her to look for it."

He went, was absent rather longer this time, and on his return informed his young mistress that no other ring was to be seen.



"Oh, it must be there," said the young lady. "I laid them all down together. However, I'll go and look myself after dinner."

She did so, and her sisters with her; but no sapphire ring rewarded their search; and the young lady became very much distressed, not only on account of the value of the ring, but because it was a present from her lover, and a family jewel very much prized by him. "The ring *was* there, and *must* be found,"

she said very decidedly; and once more they all prosecuted a totally unavailing search.

Matters began to look serious. The young lady's mother appeared on the scene, and looked and spoke very gravely upon the subject. The lady's-maid's character was unimpeachable; she had been more than ten years in the family, and was a thoroughly trusted servant. She declared solemnly that on receiving the message she went at once to the



AN EGYPTIAN WOMAN.—See MISCELLANEA.

wash-hand stand and found four rings lying on it: the sapphire ring was not there, for she knew its appearance perfectly. She did not think of looking more particularly for it, as the rings were all close together; and she handed the four she saw to the man-servant.

Then came a very unpleasant surmise: had anyone else been in the room? Inquiry elicited the fact that a young girl who had recently come as under-housemaid had entered the room very soon after the young lady had gone down to dinner. Suspicion pointed disagreeably towards her as the only person

who could possibly have taken the ring; and yet the whole family felt very much averse to charge her with the theft. She was a pretty and very respectable-looking girl; but she had only been a week or two in the house, and nothing was known as to her antecedents beyond the circumstance of her having been well recommended by her previous mistress. The mother of the family took the girl aside privately, and told her that they feared she had been tempted to steal the jewel; urging her, if she had done so, to confess her fault and restore the ring imme-

diately, and her fault would be overlooked. In an agony of grief and indignation the girl warmly protested her innocence; begging that a detective might be sent for directly to examine her boxes, a request in which all the other domestics concurred.

An officer was fetched, and a narrow inspection made; but nothing could be seen of the missing ring. Suspicion still remained attached to the unfortunate young housemaid, who, it was concluded, might have found means skilfully to conceal the ring; there was no proof against her, but the cold looks of the other servants were more than she could endure; so she threw up her situation and went home with a tarnished name and a breaking heart.

Several days passed away, and the young lady was sadly distressed for the loss of her ring, and vowed over and over again that she would never again leave her jewels exposed in such a careless manner; she was now also much vexed about the poor young housemaid, and blamed herself for having thrown temptation in her way. It so happened that she had not been out of doors since the day of the unfortunate occurrence, the weather having been cold and wet, and her occupations detaining her a good deal at home; but a bright pleasant morning appeared, and she arranged to go out after breakfast with one of her sisters. The maid looked out her walking-things; and the fair *fiancée* donned her bonnet and sealskin jacket, and then took up her muff, which had been laid on the toilet-table beside her. She drew out her hand again directly, and with it a pair of kid gloves, and as she put them down one of them fell rather heavily on the table.

"What is that?" she exclaimed. Taking up the glove, she felt a small, hard object inside one of the fingers. A deep burning flush dyed cheek and brow, to be instantly succeeded by a deathly paleness. Sinking down on a chair, she covered her face with her hands, and gasped faintly: "Oh, Smith, Smith! I shall never forgive myself! That poor innocent girl—she never took my ring. It is there!" And so it was; caught in the finger of the kid glove, which the young lady had carelessly drawn off on her return from her walk, and placed in her muff when she went to the piano, where it had remained untouched ever since.

Pleased as she was at the recovery of her valuable trinket, her satisfaction was much alloyed by remembering all the painful circumstances connected with it, especially the mental suffering of the poor young maid-servant who had been so unjustly suspected of having stolen the ring. She and her mother started directly for the home of the girl's widowed mother, and were grieved beyond

measure to learn from her that the poor creature had been so overcome by distress of mind that very serious illness had resulted, and the doctor considered her symptoms very unfavourable. The good news brought by her late mistress had fortunately a beneficial effect, in combination with the greatest kindness and attention that could possibly be bestowed on her; and ere many weeks had passed she was perfectly restored to health. The young lady's marriage took place, and in her new home a comfortable situation was found for the girl, whose happiness was still further increased by the appointment of her mother as gate-keeper at the pretty lodge belonging to Hartfield Hall. And so the matter ended to the satisfaction of everyone concerned; but it might have been far otherwise, and people should be exceedingly cautious how they make an accusation which they have no means of proving, lest they bring life-long misery upon the accused, and perhaps repentance when too late, upon themselves.

A gentleman was one day working in his garden. A ring was on his finger, set with a single diamond of great price. Suddenly he missed the stone from its place, and began to examine the ground very carefully, in hopes of seeing it sparkling at his feet. He had been pruning and grafting fruit-trees, and had never left the spot where he was working, so he knew that somewhere within a radius of a few yards the stone must be lying; but though a minute search was made and continued for several days, and the earth carefully sifted, no diamond could be found.

The gentleman had almost forgotten the circumstance of his loss, when one morning, a long time afterwards, he was strolling, cigar in mouth, through the walks of his garden. As he passed a particular spot, he observed that something glittered brightly among the leaves of a pear-tree on the wall. As this occurred each time that he passed, his curiosity was aroused, and he stepped across the border to examine into the cause of the glitter. It was on the clay that had encircled a graft; and picking at the spot with his finger, he extricated a small shining object. It was his lost diamond! In a moment the whole circumstances flashed into his mind, and he remembered that he had grafted several cuttings that day; into one of which the stone had fallen, and had been held there by the tenacious clay, until this morning, when heavy rain having dislodged some particles of its covering, the sun's rays had glanced upon the diamond, and betrayed its hiding-place very luckily to its rightful owner.

At the time of the robbery of the Countess of Dudley's jewel-box at a railway station, a

good deal of disapproval was expressed, and we think not without cause, at a reward being offered for their restoration with the promise "No questions asked" appended to it. It is undoubtedly wrong to come to any compromise of that kind with thieves, as it is only offering an additional inducement to dishonesty, by rendering its commission comparatively safe. We remember, however, an occurrence that took place many years ago, when a similar inducement was held out to the thieves, unsuccessfully as it fell out, but without producing any disapproving comments.

The circumstance to which we allude happened in Edinburgh, to the wife of a physician of eminence at that time. She and her husband went out to dinner at a house situated in one of the "Terraces," a rather remote part of the city, where at all hours the traffic was small, and at the hour of a fashionable dinner-party very few persons indeed were likely to be passing. Moreover, it was broad daylight, or very nearly so; and they were driven to the house in their own carriage by a coachman who had been in the doctor's service for twenty years. The lady wore a handsome white lace-shawl; it had been her wedding veil, and she prized it for that circumstance as well as for its intrinsic value. To preserve it from being crushed, it was her habit to put it on the top of her warmer wraps; and on reaching the house where she was going to dine, it was properly adjusted by the waiting-maid. On this particular occasion she quitted the carriage, and walked along the passage to a bedroom on the same floor, where a maid was in waiting to assist her in removing her outer covering.

"Please take the lace-shawl off very carefully," said the lady.

"Lace-shawl, ma'am?" replied the maid doubtfully. "I don't see it, ma'am."

"Yes, the white lace-shawl," said the lady; then as she stood in front of the mirror she

saw no shawl was there. "Oh, how stupid! I must have dropped it in the lobby. Look there, if you please."

The maid did so instantly. No shawl was to be seen. She ran to the front door and looked out. No shawl on the pavement, no person in sight; only the carriage at a considerable distance, too far off for the coachman to hear had they even called after him.

"Oh, never mind," said the lady; "it can't be helped now. It must have slipped down on the floor of the carriage, and the coachman will find it when he gets home." And she and her husband joined the party in the drawing-room, and gave themselves no further concern for the time about the shawl.

Now comes the strange part of the story. The coachman never found the shawl; it had not been left in the carriage, so far as he was aware; but not knowing of any special necessity for examining the interior of the vehicle, he had not done so before again bringing it at night to take home his master and mistress. Nothing, therefore, was heard of the shawl; and a notice of the loss was inserted in the newspapers, with a reward of ten pounds to whomsoever should restore it.

Some weeks passed, but no finder appeared. It seemed certain that the shawl had been stolen, and as the lady was very anxious to regain possession of it, a fresh notice was put into the papers: "Fifteen pounds reward, and no questions asked." A tolerably strong inducement to the thief, if such there were, to give back what must have been a very useless acquisition to him; and yet this advertisement met with no greater success than the other.

Weeks rolled on, and changed into months, and eventually years; the lady never more set eyes on her wedding veil, and finally abandoned all expectation of ever again recovering it; and she never has. Now, what became of that shawl?

—*Chambers's Journal.*

## SOME TRAITS OF COMPOSERS.

BY JULIAN MARSHALL.

**A**T a time when art and literature are daily taking a stronger hold on all classes of society, and are obtaining by degrees their proper recognition and position, it follows naturally that a steadily increasing interest is felt in the personal history of great artists and authors, and that people who delight in their works should wish also to know something of their lives, their habits, and

modes of working. In this there is nothing but what is most just and reasonable. Few men can see a work of art without caring to know who or what like was the man that made it: few can resist the spell of sympathy that is exercised by the artist; and the first consequence of yielding to the charm is a very natural curiosity about the artist himself. No details of his life or tastes seem too trivial to

his devoted admirers: his words, on small as well as on important occasions, are remembered; his looks, his actions, are observed and carefully set down; and anecdotes, more or less authentic, are recorded to gratify the appetite of the curious. Locks of his hair, his shoe-buckles, or lace-ruffles, are treasured as though they retained some portion of the personal charm of their former wearer. That his portrait, or his letters and manuscripts, should be scrupulously preserved is yet more natural; and from the latter, of course, a new light is very frequently thrown upon his works, as we before possessed and knew them. To understand an artist's character cannot but help us to understand his works more thoroughly than they could be understood without some such knowledge of himself: for, as no human action can be properly valued for good or bad, unless we clearly see the motives which dictated it, so no work of art can ever be truly appreciated except with a clear comprehension of its author's purpose. It is, perhaps, not too much to say, that the habits of life, the health, the circumstances, and the *consequent* temperament of an author, must surely influence the tone and spirit of his compositions, and stamp upon them the result of the multitudinous causes which have affected his own disposition. From a man like Beethoven, leading a life of retirement, a prey to ill-health and the constant worry of domestic troubles, and struck down in middle life by the catastrophe of deafness; having but few, and perhaps not desiring to have many, friends,—from an artist so situated, who would expect the production of music of a generally gay and cheerful character? And, indeed, though relieved occasionally by strains of heavenly joy and brightness, the clouds of melancholy and gloomy grandeur are never broken for very long by such gleams of sunshine. The strongest characteristic, on the other hand, of Mendelssohn's music is the exact opposite of this: and we constantly perceive in it the counterpart of his bright, loving, and lovable nature, his buoyant spirits, seldom-failing gaiety, and even his occasional petulance, tempered as were those qualities by profound study and the methodical application of its results.

To such, therefore—and we believe they are the majority among lovers of art—as feel this desire to become acquainted with the peculiarities of character that mark the masters whose works they never read or hear without a new delight and enjoyment, a few facts relating to their habits and mode of composition will not be unwelcome.

The first masters, writing as they did for the service of the Church, drew their inspiration in the seclusion of the cloister, and gave appropriate music to the hymns in daily use, composed in seasons of fasting, prayer, and

meditation. Beyond this, little is known of their habits.

Allegri, Anerio, Palestrina, Leo, Bai, and Durante, who founded Church music and enriched its next succeeding era, are known to us by their works chiefly, and of their lives we have but few particulars. It is impossible to separate our sense of the beauty and earnestness of Stradella's music from the memory of his romantic history, his devoted attachment, and tragic end. Being engaged in the service of the Republic of Venice to compose operas for the carnival, he achieved a great success, both with his compositions and his splendid voice. A Venetian noble, whose mistress was a passable singer, invited Stradella to give her some lessons; and between the master and his lovely scholar there soon sprang up an affection which led eventually to their escaping together one night, and setting out for Rome. The noble, enraged beyond measure, immediately hired assassins to follow the fugitives and put them to death. The ruffians soon found Stradella at Rome, where he was on the point of giving an oratorio in the Church of St. Giovanni Laterano; and, as the story goes, waited through the performance for a fitting opportunity for putting their purpose into execution, but were so melted by the wondrous beauty of Stradella's voice and music, that they relented; and, with many tears, confessed to him what had been their mission, and protested that they were incapable of the crime of robbing Italy and music of so great a genius. Warned by this adventure, the lovers fled to Turin, whither they were pursued by the implacable vengeance of the Venetian; and Stradella was attacked and wounded by three assassins. From these injuries he ultimately recovered, and perhaps thought himself safe from further danger; but the anger of his persecutor was not to be so easily appeased, and, shortly after, Stradella having taken his Ortensia to Genoa on an excursion, the pair were barbarously murdered in their apartments, about the year 1681. "So perished," says his biographer, "the most excellent musician of that day in all Italy."

In Germany, only three of four years later, was born the greatest of the next century of musicians, John Sebastian Bach, who wrote more, perhaps, than any other man of that or any age. The number of his works is prodigious; and yet he never wrote anything that he did not correct as often as he had to re-copy it. Hence it is by no means uncommon to find copies of his compositions which differ very essentially from all the other known versions of the same. He seems to have spared no pains to render as absolutely perfect as he could all that flowed from his pen, voluminous and elaborate as it was. His great contemporary, Händel, though he frequently



recurred to what he had written on previous occasions and for other purposes, and used over again subjects, and often whole movements of his own—or of others'—compositions for the work before him, was an exceedingly rapid writer. Pages of his original MSS. still show from top to foot the sand with which he dried them, proving that they were wet all over at the same time. His handwriting was sometimes very fine and delicate, the heads of the notes being no bigger than pin-points; while, at other times, it was massive and large, with heads like bullets to the crotchets. He too, like Bach, frequently reviewed and amended his work; he rewrote four times, for instance, the air "How beautiful" in the "Messiah." At his death, few of his works were found as he had originally written them; scenes, and even bits of recitative were altered, scored through, or covered with pieces of paper, gummed on, and bearing a new version of the passages so concealed. In composing, he wrote with the greatest facility, beginning to set the words of an oratorio before he had received more than the first act of it. When engaged on the "Rinaldo" of Aaron Hill, Rossi, the translator of the libretto, was unable to do his part quickly enough to keep pace with Händel, who set his translation to music faster than he could write it down. "The Signor Händel," he says, "the Orpheus of our age, in setting to music this lay from Parnassus, has scarcely given me time enough to write it; and I have beheld, to my great astonishment, an entire opera harmonized to the last degree of perfection, in the short space of a fortnight, by this sublime genius. I pray you then, discreet reader, to receive my rapid work, and if it does not merit all your praises, at least do not refuse it your compassion,—I would rather say your justice,—remembering how short a time I have had to write it in."

Händel's celebrated countryman, Gluck, on the other hand, is said never to have put pen to paper until the whole work which he was about to write was completely finished and elaborated in his own mind. This is also the case with Monsieur Gounod, whose prodigious memory enables him to retain a whole opera in his head without making sketch or memorandum until every detail is in its place and ready for committing to paper. But to return to Gluck. "He has often told me," says M. Corenses, "that he began by going mentally over each of his acts; afterwards he went over the entire piece; that he always composed, imagining himself in the centre of the pit; and that, his piece thus combined and his airs characterized, he regarded the work as finished, although he had written nothing; but that this preparation usually cost him an entire year, and most frequently a serious ill-

ness. "This," said he, "is what a great number of people call *making canzonets*." Miss Hawkins, in her "Anecdotes," relates of Händel that, being asked about his ideas and feelings when composing the Hallelujah Chorus, he replied, "I did think I did see all heaven before me, and the great God Himself." He would frequently burst into tears while writing, and is said to have been found by a visitor sobbing uncontrollably when in the act of setting the words "He was despised." Shield tells us "that his servant, who brought his coffee in the morning, often stood in silent astonishment to see his master's tears mixing in the ink, as he penned his divine notes." The story of Händel repeatedly leaving his guests at the dinner-table with the exclamation, "I have one *tough*," and repairing to another room to regale himself privately, ever and anon, with draughts of champagne from a dozen which he had received as a present, may probably be dismissed as unworthy of serious belief, opposed as it is to the genial and hearty disposition of the master, who would not be likely to keep to himself the enjoyment of any delicacy, especially when friends were dining at his table. That he was a large eater is highly probable, if we consider the heavy amount of both mental and bodily fatigue that he constantly endured, and which must have made a proportionate supply of food necessary, to keep up his health and energy to the normal pitch. When he became blind, he grew depressed and low-spirited, his appetite failed, and he not long after died.

Gluck, again,—of whom Händel said that he knew no more counterpoint "as mein cook,"—"in order to warm his imagination," says Carpani, "and to transport himself to Aulis or Sparta, was accustomed to place himself in the middle of a beautiful meadow. In this situation, with his piano before him, and a bottle of champagne on each side, he wrote in the open air his two 'Iphigenias,' his 'Orpheus,' and his other works." This reminds us of the famous *bon-mot* of the witty Sophie Arnould, who one evening, when Mlle. Laguerre, more than half drunk, was playing in "Iphigénie en Aulide" at the opera, said, "*Tiens,—c'est Iphigénie en champagne!*"

Sarti, on the contrary,—a composer, born in 1729 at Faenza, in the States of the Church, as cultivated as he was charming in the suavity of his airs and his sentiment of scenic effect,—required a spacious, dark, dimly lighted room; and it was only in the most silent hours of the night that he could summon musical ideas. In this way he wrote "Medonte," the rondo "Mia speranza," and his finest air, "La dolce compagna." Cimarosa was fond of noise; he liked to have his friends about him when he worked. It was thus that he composed "Orazii" and his "Matrimonio Se-

greto," for long the finest serious, and the first comic, opera of the Italian school. He would write in a single night the subjects of eight or ten charming pieces, which he afterwards finished in the midst of a circle of friends. It was after doing nothing for a fortnight, but walk about the environs of Prague, that the air "Pria che spunti" ("Matrimonio Segreto"), one of the loveliest ever penned by any composer, suddenly entered his mind, when he was not thinking of his opera.

Sacchini, the author of "Lucio Vero," "Il Cid," and a host of other works for the Church and for the stage, delighted, when composing, to have his mistress at his side, and his cats, of whom he was very fond, playing about him. Paisiello composed in bed. It was between the sheets that he planned his "Barbiere," the "Molinara," and many other *chefs d'œuvre* of ease and gracefulness. The same strange practice is ascribed to Brindley, the great but eccentric engineer. After reading the Bible, or a page of some holy father or classic author, Zingarelli would dictate, in a few hours, a whole act of "Pyrrhus," or "Romeo and Juliet." Anfossi had a brother of great promise who died young. His taste was to write surrounded by roast fowls and smoking sausages! As for Haydn, solitary and sober as Newton, putting on his finger the ring which Frederick the Great had sent him, and which he considered necessary to inspire his imagination, he sat down, says Carpani, to his piano, and in a few moments "soared among the angelic choirs." Nothing disturbed him at Eisenstadt; he lived entirely for his art, exempt from cares. A singular effect of this retired life was that he, who never left the small town belonging to his prince, was for a long time the only musical man in Europe who was ignorant of the celebrity of Joseph Haydn. As if fate, says Carpani, had decreed that everything ridiculous in music should originate in Paris, Haydn received from a celebrated amateur in that city a commission to compose a piece of vocal music: some select passages of Lulli and Rameau were sent with the letter as models. These he returned, replying with simplicity that "He was Haydn, and not Lulli, nor Rameau; and that if music after the manner of those great composers was desired, it should be demanded from them or their pupils: that, as for himself, he unfortunately could only write music after the manner of Haydn." "*Les choses ne se répètent pas*," says the proverb; but a very similar thing is said to have happened to Beethoven when in the latter part of his life he received a commission from an English amateur to compose something "in the style of his second symphony or his septett." Beethoven's answer—if he made one at all—was probably not so civil as Haydn's.

Haydn's life—continues Carpani—was uniform, and fully occupied. He rose early in the morning, dressed himself very neatly, and placed himself at a small table by the side of his piano, where the hour of dinner, then a very early affair, usually found him still seated. In the evening he went to the rehearsals, or to the opera, which was given four times a week in the prince's palace. Sometimes, but rarely, he devoted a morning to sport. The little time which he had to spare, was divided between his friends and Mdlle. Boselli. Such was the course of his life for more than thirty years, and this accounts for the astonishing number of his works. Like Haydn, Mozart most willingly devoted the morning to composition, from six or seven o'clock till ten, when he got up. After this, he did no more for the rest of the day, unless he had to finish a piece that was wanted. He always worked very irregularly. When an idea struck him he was not to be drawn from it. If taken away from the piano, he continued to compose in the midst of his friends, and passed whole nights pen in hand. At other times, he had such a disinclination to work that he could not complete a piece till the moment of its performance. In the well-known case of the famous sonata for piano and violin, which he wrote in hot haste at Vienna in 1784 for Mdlle. Strinasacchi, Mozart had time only to write out the violin part, and performed the work the next day without putting his own part on paper. The autograph manuscript—seventeen pages in length—is now in England and confirms the truth of the story. Mozart had before him the violin part, with the accompaniment staves below it, mostly blank, but with here and there a few bars to indicate a change of figure or modulation, &c. These occasional bits of accompaniment, like the violin part, are in pale ink. The remainder, which he filled in afterwards, is in black ink. Thus the original state of the paper can be clearly made out, and the feat appreciated. A similar story is told of himself by our lately-lost composer, Sterndale Bennett, who played his caprice for pianoforte and orchestra in London and at Leipzig, and sold it to the publishers at the latter place. "When he sent them the score, they found out that he had left out the pianoforte part, which in fact he had never written!" The overture to "Don Giovanni," perhaps the best of Mozart's overtures, was only written the night before the first performance, and after the general rehearsal of the opera had taken place. About eleven o'clock Mozart retired to his room, begging his wife to make him some punch, and to stay with him in order to keep him awake. She accordingly began to tell him fairy tales and funny stories, which made him laugh till the tears came into his eyes. The

punch, however, made him so drowsy, that he could only go on while she continued to talk, and whenever she stopped he fell asleep. The efforts which he made to keep himself awake, together with the work in which he was engaged, so fatigued him, that he allowed himself to be persuaded at length by his wife to take some rest, on condition that she should wake him again in an hour's time. He slept so heavily that she suffered him to repose for two hours; at five o'clock she awoke him. He had arranged that the copyists should come at seven; and, by the time they arrived, the overture was finished. They had, however, scarcely time to write out the orchestral parts before the performance, and the players had to execute it without a rehearsal. Some critics profess to point out in this overture the passages where Mozart fell asleep, and those where he suddenly woke again.

Beethoven used to sit for hours at the piano, improvising the thoughts which he afterwards jotted down on paper, and subsequently elaborated into the music with which he astonished the world. If he discovered that he had been overheard at such times,—as happened once when Cipriani Potter called upon the great composer, and was shown into an adjoining room,—he was incensed to the highest degree. In another mood, and especially after he had become deaf, while working out a subject in his mind, he would leave his house at night or in the early morning, and walk for many hours through the most remote and solitary places, through woods and by lakes and torrents, silent and abstracted. In this way he sometimes made the circuit of Vienna twice in a day, or, if he were at Baden, long excursions across the country. When engaged on his magnificent "Sonata Appassionata" he one day took a long walk with Ferdinand Ries, his pupil. They walked for hours, but during the whole time Beethoven spoke not a word, but kept humming, or rather howling, up and down the scale. It was the process of incubation. On reaching home, he seated himself at the piano without taking off his hat, and dashed into the splendid Finale of that noble work. Once there he remained for some time, totally regardless of the darkness, or the fact that he and Ries had had nothing to eat for hours. His appearance became perfectly well known to people of all classes, who exclaimed, "There is Beethoven," when they saw him; and it is related that once, when a troop of charcoal-burners met him on a country path, they stood on one side, heavily laden as they were, to let him pass, for fear of troubling the great master's meditations. When composing in his own room at home, he would sometimes walk about in a reverie, pouring cold water over his hands alternately, from jug after jug, till the floor of the room was

inundated, and the people came running upstairs to know the cause of the deluge. At his death he left, besides his finished works, a quantity of rough sketches, containing doubtless the germs of many more works, which never passed the stage in which they appear there. The first draughts of his well-known compositions show the successive alterations which their subjects suffered before they pleased him; and these form a most interesting study, as exposing his manner of working. One of his sketch-books has been published *in extenso*, and, besides a host of matters of minor interest, it contains three separate draughts, at length, of the finale of one of his Symphonies—a striking proof of the patience with which this great and fiery genius perfected his masterpieces. Even when completely finished, and perfected to his own satisfaction, his MSS. presented many difficulties to the reader, and his copyists and engravers are said to have had a hard time of it. In one of his letters, in which he gives his publishers the corrections of some proofs of a stringed quartett, he concludes by saying that "It is four o'clock. I must post this: and I am *quite hoarse with stamping and swearing!*"

The handwriting of Mendelssohn was beautifully neat, and his manner of correcting the proofs of his printed works excessively careful and painstaking. The same may be said of his very extensive correspondence. Few men, probably no composers, ever wrote more letters—they must have been a tremendous tax upon his time and patience—and yet the smallest note is as accurately expressed and carefully written as if it were a State paper. In composing he made few sketches, but built up the whole in his mind, and then, when writing down the score thus mentally prepared, rather invited his friends' conversation than otherwise. "Pray come in," said he on one such occasion, "I am merely copying." On the other hand, he was fastidious to a fault in allowing his music finally to leave his hands for the publisher. The beautiful Italian Symphony was kept back by him till his death, the "Walpurgis-night" nearly as long, and some of the finest numbers in "Elijah" and the "Hymn of Praise" were added after the first performance. No musician more thoroughly appreciated the maxim that what is worth doing, is worth doing well, or more consistently carried it into practice.

It was in a dream,—or, more properly speaking, a nightmare,—that Tartini composed his famous sonata for violin, called the "Trillo del Diavolo." Rossini, if report may be believed, could not compose at any time so well as immediately after supper. When he was young, as the story goes, he was once writing an opera for the carnival of an Italian town; and the weather being bitterly cold, and his

purse absolutely empty, he remained in bed, in order to keep himself warm while he wrote. Just as he was finishing a duet, the principal *morceau* in the opera, the paper slipped from his hands, and floated and fluttered under the bed. He reached out as far as he could without quitting the bed, first on one side and then on the other, but without being able to recover the piece. He therefore resigned himself to his fate, and wrote it over again. A friend came in presently, and hearing what had happened, fished up the first duet, which proved to be altogether different from the second version.

Meyerbeer's imagination was powerfully excited during thunderstorms; at such times he would retire to his room and write with freedom and spirit. Halévy, with more domestic tastes, when his inspiration failed him, would put a kettle on the fire; and as it simmered and boiled, his mind gradually recovered its usual activity, and his ideas flowed again in abundance. Auber loved being on horseback, and while the animal was galloping his thoughts came with facility and speed. Mozart confessed a similar thing. "It is when travelling in a carriage or walking after dinner," writes he to Baron V., "that my ideas flow best and most abundantly." Many persons of less eminence than Mozart or Auber have experienced the same effect from the motion of a hansom cab. But while Auber was happy on the gallop, Adolphe Adam, on the other hand, when at a loss for ideas, loved to bury himself, with his cats, under a thick quilt of eider-down.

Readers of Mr. Forster's biography of Charles Dickens will remember his nocturnal expeditions, and how, when putting together the plot of a story, he would pace the deserted streets of London at night for hours. Many a page of his novels, teeming with punch-bowls and joviality, was thus soberly imagined. On the other hand, Ben Jonson, according to an entry in his own manuscript journal, preserved at Dulwich College, wrote best when drunk:—"Memorandum. Upon the 20th of May, the King (Heaven reward him!) sent me 100*l*. At that time I often went to the Devil Tavern, and before I had spent 40*l*. of it, wrote my 'Alchymist.' . . . I laid the plot of my 'Volpone,' and wrote most of it after a present of ten dozen of palm-sack from my very good Lord T—. That, I am positive, will live to posterity, and be acted, when I and envy be friends, with applause. . . . *Memorandum*. The first speech in my 'Catilina,' spoken by Sylla's ghost, was writ after I had parted with my friend at the Devil Tavern: I had drunk well that night, and *had brave notions*. There is one scene in that play which I think is flat. I resolve to drink no more water with my wine."

These few anecdotes might be perhaps multiplied indefinitely; but, as far as they go, they serve to illustrate sufficiently the various ways of working, purposely or accidentally adopted by composers, and show that ideas are not always to be found only by biting the end of the quill pen. —*Macmillan's Magazine*.

## AT BILLIARDS.

BY H. SAVILE CLARKE.



HE hand that she plays with is whiter  
Than ivory sprinkled with snow;  
And I'm but a faint-hearted fighter  
With such a redoubtable foe.  
The balls that for me are unruly  
Roll in as if sped by a charm,  
Præneste's divinity duly  
Has aided that exquisite arm!

With cool disregard of the angles,  
She plays with impossible "breaks;"  
My heart more completely entangles  
By making seductive mistakes.  
The balls fly in every direction,  
My mind mathematical mourns,  
That angle that's call'd "of reflection"  
The "angle of incidence" scorns!

I smile on their motions erratic,  
I'm bland about "fluking" to-night,  
I call up a look quite ecstatic  
When calmly she pockets the white.  
I win when a loser! Ah, sweetest,  
You play with the daintiest art;  
That's game! My defeat's the completest,  
And here is the stake, dear—my heart!

—*Belgravia*.





AT BILLIARDS.

## HERR BÜDINGEN'S LIFE-DREAM.

A STORY OF TWO FIDDLES.

## I.

## THE FIRST FIDDLE.

I HAD finished my dinner, and was sitting by the window, placidly enjoying a cigar. For nearly five years I had been accustomed to dine alone, and was now always glad to get the meal over, and sink into a post-prandial nap, or to muse dreamily over my fortunes under the lulling influence of tobacco. I was six-and-twenty years of age, and since I had attained my majority had passed my time in almost unruffled monotony. I daresay the fault was my own, for I had a good fortune, excellent health, and there were several families in my neighbourhood who had accomplished and marriageable daughters.

Many had been the attempts to break up the tenor of my uneventful life, and to bring me into the light and notice of society; but these efforts I had almost systematically disregarded. I was, of course, considered disagreeable and unsocial in consequence.

In the few instances in which I was seduced from my seclusion I met with little to satisfy me. More than one young lady employed herself assiduously to the task of fascinating me; but in each case, the performers being denied the *ars celare artem*, I detected their motives in a moment, and steeled myself against their wiles.

Eleanor Wilkinson endeavoured to entrap my affections by a brilliant series of fantasias on the piano; but her beautiful abandon to the melody, her languishing glances bestowed on me during the most thrilling portions of the performance, were powerless over her intended victim. Poor girl, I see her sitting down, for the sixth time in the evening, to the instrument, earnestly endeavouring to create the effect which her previous five efforts had failed to do; and I see her rising from this last despairing effort, with a look upon her countenance which spoke unmistakably of her mortification for my unmoved and unsympathetic face. My musical tastes were well known, and Kate Wilkinson had hoped to take advantage of them. Subsequently a cousin made some efforts with a harp. Bootless efforts they were. Brilliant as the performance may have been, my heart was left untouched by it.

After several other attempts my neighbours gave me up. Of course my character was unenviable; and my better judgment of to-day pronounces my conduct as selfish. At last

my five years' tranquil experience began to weary me, and to make me wish for a change.

The weariness of my life seemed to reach its climax one day, in the latter part of April, eighteen hundred and seventy-four. How should I relieve my *ennui*, I thought as, my dinner having been removed, I lay back and smoked. Should I travel? Should I marry? Or should I—well, court my neighbours in Barndon, and redeem my character from its reputation of unsociability? Undecided what to do, I walked out.

I was still thinking what course it would be advisable to pursue, when I heard these words:

"What a nuisance! The idea of an old foreigner coming into an English village, and settling down to fiddle people's ears off!"

Looking up, I saw two or three people standing before a little villa, which for some months past had been uninhabited. It belonged to me.

"Well, Mrs. Darton, what is troubling you?" I asked.

"Why, Mr. Fane, the strange gentleman who has taken this house has been scraping his fiddle nearly all this blessed day. You heard it, Mr. Hodge?"

Mr. Hodge, thus appealed to, replied that he had heard it, to his pain. To increase his resentment against the fiddler was the fact of his wife suffering from an attack of rheumatism—a malady, he informed me, by no means soothed by the violin.

"He brought very good references," I said, "but I have not yet seen him. He is a German."

"I hope you will say something to him about his fiddling," said another of the bystanders appealingly to me. "A tune is all very well, but this—this is awful!"

This was awful. Strains poured from the house, weird, tuneless, excruciating. Without air, without melody, the dreadful work proceeded.

"How long has this sort of thing been going on?" I asked dolorously.

"Oh, for hours and hours," was the general melancholy reply.

"It is annoying," I said; "but perhaps he will give you a tune in time."

"Oh!" cried one of the listeners—for at the moment the noise became intolerable—"what do you think of that?"

I could not reply, but put my hands to my ears and hurried away, that I might lose as soon as possible the unearthly strains of Herr

Büdingen's fiddle. What a tenant had entered my long-unoccupied villa! My reputation with my neighbours was, as I have said, already bad enough. What would it be when it was known that I had permitted the entrance of this troublesome fiddler?

My walk I continued for more than an hour; sometimes thinking of the measures I should take for relieving the monotony of my existence, and sometimes of the German who threatened to distract the inhabitants of the place with his violin.

On my return the evening had fallen; a few stars were shining in the clear sky; the trees on both sides of the road were just showing their green spring hue; and the soft quiet twilight helped, with the aid of the sweet influences around me, to still the frettings which the wearisome tenor of my life had lately caused me to suffer.

Just as I had arrived once more within sight of the little village, and was in front of the house where the unpleasant German had taken up his residence, I was suddenly startled, and stopped.

I stood quite still in the middle of the road as if spell-bound.

Nothing visible and nothing painful had arrested my steps. But proceeding from the villa occupied by Herr Büdingen, in place of the agonising strains I had heard about an hour ago, was one of the most ravishing airs I had ever listened to.

I remained quite still for many minutes. Then as I glanced along the road I noticed that a few villagers had congregated near the house, who were listening like me, and who, like me, were in raptures. So rapt were the listeners that they scarcely noticed my approach, and hardly made a whispered salutation lest they should lose a note of the beautiful air.

"How very different from the music of an hour ago!" I said in a low voice to one of those who had been loudest in complaint before.

I was never so enthralled by any melody as on this particular night. Music heard in heated opera-houses and concert-rooms seems to me often to lose much of its beauty. The surroundings are artificial. Life wears a mask. Fashion, with its false smile and greedy requirements, disturbs the senses. But music heard in the open air on a warm spring evening, with the quiet stars above, and that wonderful silence which comes over Nature on the birth of night, has a magical influence and power. The highest developed art, the most faultless execution, lose something without such associations.

For more than three quarters of an hour I stood listening to Herr Büdingen. And when I returned to my house I was followed by the

sweet strains of the music, which I scarcely lost even when I arrived at my own door. During the night, too, I was haunted by the air.

The next morning I resolved to see my new tenant.

He arose to greet me at once, addressing me in good English.

"My name is Fane," I answered in return to his salutation, "and I have come to give you a welcome to this little village."

"I am much obliged to you, sir. This is almost more than I expected. I thank you sincerely, sir."

Herr Büdingen was a rather elderly man, tall in stature, with a fine intelligent face, his hair, which was becoming gray, being thrown back from the forehead. I was prepossessed in his favour in a moment.

What would my English neighbours have said had they known my eagerness to court this foreigner's friendship, remembering how rudely indifferent I had been to theirs, and how coldly I had treated their many salutations?

The little room in which our interview took place was furnished and ornamented with great taste; with a large window opening to the ground upon a garden, where some improvements were going on which promised to turn the place into a little paradise.

"What an Elysium you are converting this cottage into, Herr Büdingen!" I said in admiration.

"You think so? You must not praise me, Mr. Fane, but my daughter," he said, smiling. "I can do little that is artistic save with my fiddle."

And with this he pointed to a very old violin lying on the table close to his hand.

"I think I have had the pleasure of hearing you," I said.

"Now, with your permission, I will introduce you to my daughter," said Herr Büdingen.

And followed by the Herr I walked through the open window to the garden.

At the end of it ran a river, and under the boughs of a large willow growing very near the stream I saw a young lady.

"Margaret," cried Herr Büdingen.

The young lady started, turned, and emerged from the boughs; and as she came forward, smiling very kindly at her father, the German said, "My daughter Margaret. Mr. Fane, our landlord."

"What a pretty place you are making this! and Herr Büdingen tells me that all is due to your good taste," said I.

She was a true daughter of Germany, with light hair, blue eyes, a figure which was perhaps a little stout. Prettier girls I had seen, but I had never seen one who in my present

humour pleased me more. I thought of Charlotte, and of the heroines of German romances read when I was a boy. Here was the living embodiment of several of them.

"This gentleman, my child, has come to welcome us to Barndon. I am sure we are grateful," said her father.

Margaret gave me a look of thanks, and we walked down the garden together.

"You are surprised," her father observed, turning to me, "that we have made so many alterations in our garden in so short a time. 'Tis all Margaret's work. We stand on the steps of the house and see the garden, so full of weeds, so neglected; what does Margaret say but, 'We will make this an Eden in a week.' True enough, we can't make the flowers grow at our will, but we do much. I mean Margaret. I—poor man—I only fiddle."

"I had the pleasure of listening to your skill last night," I replied, "and I was never so enchanted."

"Ah!" cried the German, "you heard me play that delicious sonata. It was the work of one of the greatest of masters—of one who opens great fountains of thought and emotion. When I played last night I was thinking of my German home—the home I shall never, never see again."

"Papa, papa!" cried Margaret, as the tears started to her eyes.

"My child," said the Herr, taking his daughter's hand with great affection in his own, "I have moved you as I have moved myself. Ah" (to me), "forgive me, sir. Thoughts of my home bring tears into my eyes. But do not weep, Margaret; do not weep. And so," continued Herr Büdingen, "you heard me and my fiddle last night. Poor fiddle! that and my daughter are my only companions. Do you like music, sir?"

"I do indeed, though I cannot claim to have any very critical or extensive knowledge of it."

"I promise myself many pleasures," said the Herr, as we passed under the boughs of the willow, "under this beautiful tree in the warm summer afternoons and evenings which are soon coming. I shall sit with my fiddle and play. Ah, Herr Fane, this is a beautiful place to dream in!"

It was indeed. The widely-spreading tree, with its boughs bending and touching the water, upon whose surface the sunlight sparkled, broken into a pretty evershifting network by the leaves and branches above; the quiet murmur of the river as it faintly beat against the bank, thickly grown with weeds; the mellow sighing of the winds over the meadows opposite,—made the place a fit one for dreaming indeed.

"And now, Herr Fane," said Büdingen, when we had seated ourselves on some rough

chairs there standing, "you tell me you admire music. You may say perhaps that I am vain; but, with your permission, I will play to you; and I like an appreciative listener."

"I am delighted with your offer," I cried enthusiastically.

"Then, Margaret, go to the house and bring my fiddle. I will try to show the English Herr some gratitude for his kindness in welcoming us to this pretty village. An odd way of showing gratitude, you will say, Mr. Fane," he added, turning with a smile to me.

Margaret went, returning almost immediately with the fiddle.

She sat next to me. I saw that she was as enthusiastic as her father; her face glowed and her eyes shone. I scarcely knew which I admired most, the music or Margaret. Time sped along. The day was declining—a most musical and most delightful day—when I thought there were yet hours to come.

"I have never enjoyed a day more," I cried, as I rose to go.

"Come as often as you please, Herr Fane," said Herr Büdingen.

I promised to do so. I invited them too to dine on an early day at my house. They came, and we passed an evening deliciously musical and sentimental. Afterwards I was a constant visitor at his house.

Although I told Herr Büdingen that I was never so delighted with musical skill as with his, and that my visits to his house constituted the greatest enjoyments of my life, I was perfectly conscious of another influence that made me take so complete an advantage of his offer of friendship. I was falling rapidly in love with Margaret Büdingen. Falling? The mischief had been done already.

And now I soon observed a change in Margaret. She had been bright and friendly hitherto. When her father played the tears came frequently into her eyes, and her manner was a little cold with me. Why?

As I called at the cottage one day I found Margaret and her father looking over some manuscript music, and remarked on one of the pieces the words: "A Life-Dream. Max Büdingen."

"What, Herr Büdingen," I cried, "are you a composer of music as well as so skilful a player?"

"I have composed a little," he answered, "but never published."

"Indeed! Not even this 'Life-Dream'?"

"No. That, however, would have appeared had it not been for—for certain painful events. As it is, the only persons who have heard it besides myself are Margaret and—"

He stopped. His daughter gave him a strange painful look, and he drew his hand across his face to hide some emotion.

"Ah," he said, taking up the piece and



looking at it fondly, "how I can recall all the pleasant hours when I was composing this, the many hopes connected with it, the sense of its growing perfection! Ah, me! My child, play it. I fear I could not do so myself to-day; the thoughts of the past would unnerve me. Play it, Margaret." And he again passed his hand over his eyes.

"Papa, papa!" she cried appealingly; and then, after a little hesitation, she took the instrument. Her face became pale, her hands trembled, and the first notes of the music quivered with her weakness.

"Stay," cried the Herr when she had played a few bars; "Mr. Fane must know the theme of the piece. The melody," Herr Büdingen went on, addressing himself to me, "describes the various passions to which the heart is subject, and which constitute the dream of life; the passions—I use the word for the want of a better one—peculiar to each epoch—childhood, youth, manhood, age. Now, Margaret, begin again."

The rather ungraceful act of a lady fiddling was soon forgotten in the delicious strains of music evoked by her. All my prejudices vanished in an instant. Herr Büdingen was evidently a man of great musical ability, and this composition of his would have done credit to a name of world-recognised genius. Margaret's skill did the piece ample justice. It might be deficient in some of the artistic power of her father, but it had a freshness of treatment peculiarly her own.

I am no musical critic, so I should fail to describe with scientific accuracy the characteristics of the "Life-Dream." But its description of childhood was marvellous—light, fanciful, vivacious, with ever and anon a strain of deeper meaning recurring in the air, representative of those strange earnest thoughts to which children give utterance, astounding us by their depth and pertinence, and all so singularly suggestive of underlying sources of feeling and understanding. Then gradually the music lost its lighter character, as it passed on to describe other phases of our awful life-dream. Anon was heard a note which seemed to speak of the dawn of passion. At first it came rarely; then its occurrence was more frequent, every time of its being heard there appearing an increase of emphasis and decision; until at last the fragmentary airs, all so marked with this phase, merged into one splendid climax. The half-consciousness of passion had deepened, until this mighty power absorbed the soul. The heart's power of loving was fully awakened, other hopes being silent or unobserved beside the voice of the greater influence; love in early man or womanhood demanded every thought. Every note of the music had moved me, and a hundred almost-forgotten fancies of boyhood came teem-

ing back to my memory. How unearnest and how purposeless had my life been! How regretful and yet how strangely hopeful I felt as Margaret played!

And she—was she not moved? Yes. Her eyes brightened and melted, and a flush came to her cheek as she was telling me by her instrument better than words could tell of the growth and might of love. The Herr, too, was moved as much as we were.

Suddenly the tenor of the music changed.

The passionate and exultant tone merged into one of sadness. Was the artist describing the parting of two lovers? Then strange notes—eager, pleading, urgent—which appeared to struggle with notes expressive of unutterable anguish, yielding sometimes to them, and then rising above them in an outburst of joy at the conquest—did not this movement speak of some lover struggling with the hard necessity of having to part from the loved one, and of his struggling successfully? And then those passionate notes sinking again until they were quite hushed in a cry of agony—what was this theme but one which described the inexorable need of the lovers parting, and the misery of their broken hearts when they were torn asunder?

My pulses throbbed, tears overflowed my eyes. I felt for a few minutes that I was witnessing some terrible and heartrending drama.

But what unutterable agony appeared on Margaret's face! Suddenly she seemed to lose her power over the instrument. I saw her hands and person trembling.

"O father!" she cried, suddenly laying down the violin, and rushing to Herr Büdingen's arms—"O father, I cannot play—I cannot play again!"

"My dear child," he cried, stroking her hair and kissing it, "I was wrong to ask you. I should have known how your heart would bleed. Forgive me, Margaret—forgive me."

She only sobbed, and clung the closer to him.

"Mr. Fane," said the Herr, turning a tear-stained face to me, "you must excuse us. We cannot hear that music without thinking of our home and of—"

He said no more to me, but whispered a few consoling words in the ear of his daughter.

I hastily bade them adieu, and left the house. I had no right to witness their sorrow.

But I loved Margaret Büdingen more than ever; and a week afterwards I found myself under the willow alone with her, prepared to tell her that I did so.

She had not heard my step, and when I appeared at her side she was startled.

"Mr. Fane!" she cried, with the prettiest accent in the world.

"Mr. Fane, whose Christian name is Alfred. Why not call me by it, seeing that of late I have taken the liberty of calling you Margaret?"

She slightly blushed, and asked whether I had seen her father.

"Yes; he was in the drawing-room as I passed through it, looking over some music with his dearly-loved fiddle at his side."

"Dear papa, he would never be happy without it."

"Margaret," I said, after a long and rather awkward pause, "I have something I wish particularly to say to you."

"To me?"

"Margaret—I love you."

Such a look of pain came into her eyes as I had never seen before.

"I love you," I cried; "and I have loved you ever since I first knew you."

And then I pleaded as lovers plead and will plead to the end of time; but I was shocked by the growing agony in her eyes.

"O Mr. Fane, do not say this to me! I cannot bear it."

"You do not love me?"

She shook her head, took her hands from mine, and covered her face with them.

"O Margaret—"

Suddenly there reached us the strains of the "Life-Dream," executed by Herr Büdingen himself, and its notes struck strangely into the drama of passion, in which the actors were Margaret and myself.

"Speak to me, Margaret; speak to me!" I cried. "I offer you my love—the love of a man who never loved before. I tender you the devotion of a life. You first won my heart, and it will be yours for ever."

Oh, the poor, poor words! I wonder my passion aroused me to no higher eloquence. But it is by broken words—words reiterated again and again till all grace of diction is gone—prayers uttered with the almost hopeless tones of childhood—that we tell so many of our most deeply-cherished hopes.

"Tell me that I have not spoken in vain," I pleaded.

"Oh, I cannot, Herr Fane!"

As I poured out my passion I could distinctly hear Herr Büdingen's "Life-Dream." The joyous lively passages of the earlier part were gone; the player had arrived where his music so eloquently describes the passion which all men have felt. I hoped to be moved by it to a little eloquence wherewith to urge my suit the better with Margaret.

Alas, I urged it vainly. Margaret's agony of face increased more and more. She placed her hand upon her heart, and cried appealingly,

"O father!"

I could not surmise the motive of her cry,

but supposed the music affected her. I know how it touched me—how its tones of anguish seemed to tear my heart—for they were at last the very utterance of my own despairing thoughts.

"Have I been deceived, Margaret?" I cried impetuously. "Have I been loving vainly? Oh, do not say that!"

Trying to disengage herself from my arms, and looking into my eyes with such pity and such sorrow, she answered in a low voice,

"I must—I must!"

"You do not love me?"

"No—no. Forgive me—forgive me; but let me go. I can bear this no longer!"

I dropped her hand. The music still reached our ears, and the passage was coming at which Margaret had broken down before. By the workings of her face I knew that it had a deeper meaning than I had surmised. If the music had spoken to and influenced me, it had spoken to and influenced her; and the tones which had mingled with the drama of passion in my heart had mingled with one in hers.

When I had released her hand a few moments, with a cry of relief occurring simultaneously with the sudden ceasing of the music, Margaret hurried away.

I stood silent, in pain and wonder. At last I saw Herr Büdingen walking slowly across the lawn to me. Lifting the boughs of the willow, he stood with me under its shade.

"Mr. Fane, I thought Margaret was here."

"She left a few minutes ago," I replied, resolving at once to mention what had happened. "I have been grievously disappointed, Herr Büdingen," I continued. "I love your daughter, and I find that she is indifferent to me."

"Poor Margaret!" he said, in a tone of great sadness. "Poor Margaret! I have been blind to this. Did she tell you why she could not accept your offer?"

"She gave me sufficient reason in saying that she did not love me."

"Ah," said her father quietly; "she loves another."

"Who?"

"O Herr Fane, kind, best friend," said Herr Büdingen, as he took my hand and pressed it; "no Englishman; no one you know. He is one of my own countrymen. I have never hitherto told you why I left my home, and as Margaret's lover is associated with the cause I will tell you the two histories shortly. Sit down, my friend; I am sorry to see you looking so sad."

The river flowed placidly on as Herr Büdingen narrated his little story under the willow.

"We lived at Ettlingen—a place four miles from the town of Carlsruhe—very happy in

our home, and held in great respect by those who knew us. In number we were three—Margaret, a son named Max, and myself. In early life I had been in business at Carlsruhe, and had realised a small fortune; and Max was in a large merchant's in the same town. To us Max introduced the son of the gentleman in whose office he was employed. This young man soon declared his love for Margaret. The love was returned, and all things favoured the union of the two. His tastes were like yours; and he is the only one now living besides Margaret and myself who has heard my "Life-Dream." Herr Fane, cannot you understand Margaret's emotion when she played those passages with which her own experience, as I shall have reason to tell you, must have given rise to so much sympathy?"

I understood well what had before puzzled me; and I noted what Herr Büdingen had said relative to the "Life-Dream" being known only to Margaret, her father, and this lover of hers.

"Well," continued Herr Büdingen, "the happiness on which we were all counting never came. My unhappy son embezzled a large sum of money belonging to his employer. He was arrested, but died before the time of his trial. O my friend, troubles came upon us quickly! We were looked upon as disgraced. The family of my daughter's lover, indignant that they had been wronged, forbade him to see Margaret again. They parted for ever. Disgraced, overwhelmed with sorrow, we determined to leave our country. Now you know our sad history, and why Margaret cannot listen to your love. She is still faithful to the memory of one she can never marry. The "Life-Dream," as I told you, was known only to her lover and ourselves; and many a happy day we passed before Max disgraced her name. O sir, mindful of the many kindnesses you have shown us, how sorry I am that we should have caused you any unhappiness!"

"Herr Büdingen, I am not the only man in the world who has loved vainly," I said. "But am I to understand that Margaret—hopeless as is her chance of marrying, or perhaps of seeing her lover again—will always continue to regard his memory as devotedly as now?"

"She will always do so," Herr Büdingen answered quietly and firmly.

"I can but admire her, and you too, Herr Büdingen. But I must cease to visit you—for a time."

"I am sorry—very sorry. You have been so kind to us. But you will return to us again when you have conquered your passion. We have been very happy, Herr Fane." And the tears stood in his eyes.

"I must bid you farewell," I said, "and leave you to say good-bye to Margaret for me."

I looked round on the little scene which had become so dear to me, the arching willow above our heads, the bright shining water running by the side of the garden, and in a few moments I was gone.

I resolved to leave England at once and travel, and on the eve of the day following that on which I had declared my love for Margaret Büdingen I left home.

As I drove away in the quiet summer night—so like the night when I had first heard the strains of Herr Büdingen's fiddle—I heard him playing again. But I could catch no regular air, and thought perhaps that he felt my departure too keenly to be able to give his whole heart to his beloved instrument, and that he was playing brokenly and sadly in consequence.

## II.

### THE SECOND FIDDLE.

My wanderings about the Continent were very aimless. I travelled from place to place, finding each place equally dull. I was hopelessly in love with Margaret Büdingen. Her face haunted me everywhere. I had never loved before. And now to love, and to love hopelessly, was a sore pain indeed. Go where I would the figures of Margaret and her father haunted me; the scene under the willow, where I had passed many a happy day, rose before my fancy. In quiet cathedral, in noisy street, by beautiful mountain-sides, I was haunted by the same thoughts and regrets; the same vision followed me. Now and again I heard some of the music which Herr Büdingen had been accustomed to play, and then my thoughts ran into their old channels; the pretty German girl stood before me once more; the sweet home scenes surrounded me, blotting out all that was present.

For nearly two months I extended my tour over Belgium, Prussia, and various parts of Germany; finding myself at last at Carlsruhe, which had some interest for me when I remembered that Margaret Büdingen's lover had lived there. But not knowing his name, or any further particulars except that he was the son of a merchant there residing, I was unable to learn anything else regarding him. From Carlsruhe I went to Ettlingen, which had even greater interest for me than the other place. Many here knew Herr Büdingen. I was shown the house where he had lived, and an avenue of lime-trees was pointed out to me where, I was told, the Herr's daughter used oftentimes to walk. Near by there was a mill standing on a little stream, where Margaret would often go and see a girl of her own age who was very ill, and who died a few weeks before they left Ettlingen.

What a strange interest all these scenes had for me!

From this place I went to a little village called Hahn, where there was some good fishing. Here I determined to stay for some time. I hired two rooms in the cottage of an old widow, and became almost happy again in following my sport and watching the phases of German country life.

One day, as I was entering my house, I saw a young man looking very ill, talking to my landlady. He awakened my curiosity, and I asked whether he lived in the village.

No, he did not. But my landlady could not say where he lived. He was only staying there, lodging like myself at a small house over the way.

"Poor fellow," I said, "he looks very ill!"

"Ja, he is ill, very."

As she said this I saw him again walking slowly down the street towards the cottage where he lodged.

"He ought to see a doctor," I remarked to my landlady.

"I have told him so," she replied, "but he said he did not care what became of him, he was so miserable."

The next day I saw him again, and he looked much worse. Poor fellow, he seemed so lonely, so miserable, that I was led to try to make myself a friend to him. I succeeded at last.

"You are not well?"

"No," he answered very faintly; "far, far from well indeed."

"Take my advice and consult some doctor, for your looks convince me that you will be shortly very ill."

He sighed and shook his head which then sank upon his breast, whilst his hands fell almost powerless at his side.

"You must go home," I said earnestly. "Lean on me, and I will take you to the cottage where you are residing. Come."

I took the poor fellow to his lodgings, and despatched a messenger for a doctor; but it was long before a doctor arrived, Herr Spitz, the nearest scientific authority, residing at some distance, and having a practice far beyond his power of fair attention. Fortunately I was not without some slight knowledge of physiology and *materia medica*—erudition picked up during the course of five years' desultory reading; and with this supply of profitable wisdom I was enabled to render the young German a little assistance.

When Herr Spitz arrived he pronounced the case one of low fever. In the evening the young German became insensible; and it occurred to me that he might have friends with whom I ought to communicate respecting his illness—a course I was prevented from taking from the poor fellow's inability to inform me where his relatives lived.

After being puzzled a long time I thought I might find his address in his box, which stood in a corner of the room. I opened it. There were his name and address:

*"Karl Grossberger, Carlsruhe."*

With an odd feeling I noticed also that there lay a violin at the bottom of the box.

I wrote immediately to the address; but my letter brought me no response for more than a week, during which I was constant in my attentions. On the seventh day the delirium left him. When Herr Spitz, on the afternoon of this day, was thanking me at the door of the cottage for the good service I had rendered the invalid, a carriage drove up, from which an elderly lady and gentleman got out.

They were Karl's father and mother, and inquired eagerly after him.

"He is better," I replied; "indeed he is now quite out of danger."

"We were not at Carlsruhe," the lady said, "when a letter came, and did not know until this morning that Karl was ill. Are you the gentleman who informed us of our dear son's illness?"

"I am, madame."

"Thank you, thank you. Where is he?"

I pointed out the cottage.

"Your son," said Herr Spitz, now speaking for the first time, "is so weak that I had better prepare him for your arrival. I am the doctor."

"And this gentleman?" inquired Karl's father, pointing to me.

"Was the first to give his attention to your son," said Herr Spitz, "and is one to whom I am infinitely indebted for having contributed greatly to his cure."

"We thank you both," said the old gentleman. "And I hope I may be permitted to repay you."

The appearance of Karl's mother had pleased me much, indeed; but Herr Grossberger looked a self-willed, haughty man, and I did not like him.

"Karl speaks so lovingly of you," said Madame Grossberger, upon her return from her son. "He thanks you so much; and we can never, never thank you enough."

Karl's mother remained with her son, but Herr Grossberger returned to Carlsruhe. As he was leaving in his carriage he again tendered his thanks; but it was in a hard cold way, contrasting strangely with his wife's warm demonstration of gratefulness and regard.

There is nothing like sympathy for others' troubles to make you indifferent to your own. I had come abroad depressed in spirits, and their weight had been heavy on my heart up to the time of my knowing Karl Grossberger. With the prospect of his recovery and the





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cessation of my service I felt almost myself again.

I had not forgotten Margaret Büdingen, but the memory of my love was softened.

My inquiries at the cottage where the invalid lay were answered every morning satisfactorily. Whenever I saw him he was very pleased; but I could not fail to notice that, with the prospect of renewed health, he still seemed depressed. I felt sure that some secret sorrow interfered with his recovery; I fancied, too, that there was a little coldness in his manner with his mother, and that her eager love, her constant solicitude, were met by an indifference which must have pained her, had she not generously imputed this conduct to languor incidental to his illness. When his father came a second time to see him I was present, and Karl's pleasure was certainly not so great as might have been expected.

Three weeks had passed since Karl's recovery from the worst phases of his illness, when, sitting in my little room, I was thinking that I should soon leave Hahn and take my way back to England. I had called at Karl's half an hour ago, and found him much better, and also thinking of leaving. Herr Grossberger was expected on the morrow with his carriage, and the Grossbergers would all disappear together. I liked Karl, and at the prospect of change I felt very sad.

All at once my sense of regret, my reflections upon leaving, gave way to a sense of overwhelming surprise. I started—rose up—looked with wondering eyes about me. As I live, what was I listening to but Herr Büdingen's "Life-Dream!"

Who in the village had heard it? Had I not been assured by Herr Büdingen that it had never been published—that its composition was a secret to all the world but to himself, Margaret, and—Karl?

Was it possible? Suddenly I remembered the discovery I had made in his box of the fiddle. The secret sadness from which he suffered—could that be attributable to his separation from Margaret? His coldness to his friends—especially to his father—was this caused by their having forbidden him to marry the woman he loved? Rapidly I thought in this wise. But, after all, might I not be mistaken in the music? I listened eagerly to satisfy myself. Yes. Stealing sweetly on the quiet air, softened by distance, thrilling through every nerve of my body, was the same music that I had heard far away in a little English village; the same music which had been associated with the drama of my heart and passion.

I left the room, I left the cottage, passed over the little village street, and entered where Karl was sitting. As I opened the door of his chamber he was alone, sitting by the open

window. Not observing my entrance, he still continued to play. Then the words I said made him drop the instrument and rise up, quite pale and startled.

"You love Margaret Büdingen!"

"How do you know that?"

"From hearing you playing an air which I was told had only, till I heard it, been heard by three persons."

"And you have seen Margaret?" he cried eagerly.

"Yes."

"Oh, where?"

"At my English home."

"And when you saw her last was she well?"

"She was."

"And—and happy?"

"Well, perhaps not quite happy."

"Dear, dear Margaret!"

"You love her still, I see."

"Oh, yes! I love her more than ever."

"But," I asked after a little pause, "if you love her, why did you allow the disgrace which fell upon another member of her family to separate you from her?"

"The blame was not all mine," Karl answered. "I would willingly have overlooked the dishonour of Max Büdingen, but I have a father whose commands were stern, and whom I dared not disobey. It was he whom Max had robbed. I was bound to obey him. My mother, although her objections to my marrying Margaret were less pointedly given, was of the opinion of my father. My will was theirs, and I have been miserable ever since."

"If you loved Margaret," I said, with some warmth, "and knew that Margaret loved you, you were not justified in allowing the conduct of her brother and the will of your parents to prevent you from doing your duty to her."

Karl hung his head.

"Has she forgotten me?" he asked soon afterwards.

"No."

"Oh, my friend," he cried, "it would be selfish of me to hope that she loves me still. But I cannot help asking you whether she does?"

"She loves you still."

"Dear Margaret, dear Margaret, dear Margaret!"

I stood watching and pitying him. Would he confess his willingness to break the commands of his father, and say that he would return with me to England, and marry Margaret?

"It is some months since I parted from her," he said, "and I have been depressed in spirits and unwell since. To change the current of my thoughts I travelled. My labour was vain. I was always thinking of Margaret, and wondering where she was gone. Some-



times a foolish fancy seized me that I should meet her in the strange cities I visited. And so you know her, and have heard our story?" He sighed heavily as he said this.

"I know them well."

"You will see her and her father again?" he asked.

"In a few weeks, perhaps."

"You will say that you have met me, and will tell Margaret—that I love her still?"

"Would it be fair of me, by any word or hint, to allude to what would only cause her great pain? If you willingly surrender your chance of making her your wife, would you selfishly wish her to retain any tender memory of you?"

He looked at me curiously.

"You do more than know Margaret Büdingen," he said. "You love her!"

"I do."

His head dropped on his breast.

"But," I added, "do not take this to heart; for Margaret cares nothing for me."

He looked up wistfully. "What a coward you think I must be!"

"Your father comes to-morrow, does he not?" I asked.

"Yes. I am thought well enough to be removed, and I go home with him."

"Well, Karl, I'll bid you good-night now," I said.

He thanked me, with some constraint, for my care of him during his illness; and I went away.

On the following morning, as I walked from my cottage into the little village street, Herr Grossberger's carriage drove up on the other side of the way. Then the old Herr alighted; and I walked over to him.

"You wish to speak to me?" he said in his usual quiet way.

He entered the cottage, followed by me, and passed into a room opposite that used by his son. We found Madame Grossberger there.

"You expressed a desire," I said, by way of opening my task, "to show your gratitude to me in return for the service I rendered your son."

"I did; and I wish to do so now."

"When you made your offer I thought there was nothing I needed at your hands; I find, however, there is a boon you can confer upon me, and I am about to ask you for it."

"Well, sir?"

"I ask you to withdraw your objection to Karl Grossberger's marriage with Margaret Büdingen."

The Herr started, and Madame looked at me in a frightened manner.

"Impossible," he said, giving his head a quiet shake. "But," he added, "I did not know you were acquainted with any of our family matters. Karl, I presume, was your informant."

"No. It is sufficient that I know this story, and why Karl did not marry Fräulein Büdingen. It is not for me to blame you for the course you have taken. But you confessed yourself as lying under an obligation to me; and by rescinding your objection to this marriage you will acquit yourself of this obligation, Herr Grossberger."

"This demand of yours is strange. Did Karl, knowing that I should be unlikely to refuse a request in his present state, despatch you with this mission?" And he frowned heavily.

"No."

A silence followed, during which both Herr and Madame Grossberger looked at me with wondering eyes.

"I will urge more than one reason for the removal of your opposition to the marriage of Karl and Margaret," I said. "It is evident that your son's illness was the result of the depression and sadness he had long been suffering in connection with his disappointments. He seemed without life, without hope, without interest in anything. He is now in a fair way towards recovery, but you cannot fail to see that he is still depressed, and that he welcomes the return to health almost indifferently. It is because he loves Margaret Büdingen, and knows that the great hope of his life is a vain one."

Watching to see the effect my words had created, I noticed the face of Herr Grossberger underwent a change. He made no reply; but Madame, looking inquiringly at her husband, murmured, "Poor Karl!"

"I think you must have loved Margaret Büdingen," I continued. "I know her to be worthy of being the wife of the best of men. As a proof of her constancy and her devotion, I have to tell you that she refused me because she would be faithful to the memory of your son. Surely, Herr Grossberger, you can forego your prejudices, if I can so far forget my own love for Margaret as to endeavour to promote the cause of another suitor?"

Madame's eyes brightened, and she said kindly,

"Dear Margaret! I always loved her."

Cold as the Herr was I had compelled even his admiration. Madame arose, and, with some enthusiasm, spoke to her husband.

"The Englishman," she said, "speaks rightly. Margaret Büdingen is a noble woman, in every way worthy of our son. Dear husband, let us forget the disgrace on the family. We are getting old; before we die let us see those we love happy."

Herr Grossberger was moved.

"I am going to England shortly," I said.

"Let Karl accompany me."

"Dear husband," cried Madame, "let us grant Herr Fane his request. We owe him a great debt. He saved our son's life. In

his conduct he has shown how noble he is—to plead Karl's cause, having loved Margaret himself!"

"Herr Fane," said Herr Grossberger, his stern face relaxing, "I do owe you a debt. I love my son Karl, and his death would have been very bitter to me. I had no cruel motive when I separated my son and Margaret. You have proved that she is a noble woman, and that she is capable of retrieving a name sullied by the acts of the evil Max Büdingen. I yield to you. Tell Karl that my opposition to his marriage exists no longer."

When I had thanked the old German and his wife, I hastened to Karl and fulfilled my happy mission. My last words at that interview, after having made arrangements for leaving for England at once, were:

"Don't forget your fiddle! I have involuntarily found that instrument associated with a little drama of mine. On the next occasion I will suggest its introduction. I was never more surprised by anything than I was by its tones last evening; and in a few days I will astonish some others as much as I have been astonished myself."

In less than a week I was once more in the presence of Herr Büdingen and his daughter.

"Back again, Mr. Fane?" cried Herr Büdingen, laying aside his fiddle, and jumping up. "How delighted I am! We have missed you, and longed for your return."

"I have been travelling in a land you love, Miss Büdingen—Germany."

"Germany!" cried Margaret, her eyes lighting up, and then filling with tears; "the land of my home—you have been there?"

"Yes; in many of its towns and villages. Delighted with everything I saw."

"So Mr. Fane has been to the Fatherland," said Büdingen. "I am glad to know that he enjoyed his tour there. And where did you go?"

"To many places, amongst them Carlsruhe."

"Ah," said the Herr sadly, "Carlsruhe!"

Margaret's face dropped at the word, and she turned it sadly towards her father.

"I stayed also at Ettlingen."

"Ettlingen!" they both cried.

And Margaret took her father's hand, and moved closer to him, whilst he with tremulous voice cried:

"My child, he has seen our home."

"There was an avenue of limes, under the shade of which I walked," I said.

"The avenue of limes!" cried Margaret, with a voice half joyful, half tearful. "Oh, the many,

many summer days I have walked there!—I can see them now. And so you have been there too, Mr. Fane?"

"Yes. I wandered also by the side of a little stream, and saw the mill where—"

"Poor Marie Alten died. Have you really seen it? Was not the place bright and lovely? Oh, my home, my home, my home!"

She threw herself on her father's breast sobbing.

"My dearest child," said Herr Büdingen, soothing her, "calm yourself, and he will tell us more."

"I have not told you what I heard," I said significantly; "that may interest and astonish you even more than what I saw."

Saying this, I took Herr Büdingen's fiddle, and, with as much skill as I was master of, commenced playing the first few bars of the "Life-Dream." When I laid the fiddle down, the air, with far greater power than mine, was taken up by somebody without. Seeing that I had ceased to play, and hearing that the music was still continued, they looked with blank wonder at me.

"Father," said Margaret, in almost a whisper, clinging to Herr Büdingen.

"Herr Fane, what is this?" he cried.

The beautiful music still reached us from without.

I bent down towards Margaret, and whispered a name.

"Karl!" she cried, repeating it.

The air ceased. There was a rapid movement in the two persons before me; doors opening—a third person, fiddle in hand, entering from the garden before the house, and meeting some one in the passage and embracing her. There was Herr Büdingen, distracted with pleasure, looking vaguely about him what to do; and then, seeing Margaret in the arms of Karl, crying and kissing, crying and kissing them too! Then it dawned upon Herr Büdingen that the scene in which he was taking a part was my handiwork.

All at once he rushed to me.

"Oh!" he exclaimed as he seized my hands, "it is you who have done this—you who have made us happy—you who are our good angel! Thanks, thanks! Margaret, Karl, thank this good and kind man!"

"You must not thank me alone," I said, "but the 'Life-Dream' as well. Without that, which I heard played miles away from my home, I should never have discovered Karl's relationship with Margaret."

Herr Büdingen sobbed loudly, and hugged his fiddle.

—*Tinsley's Magazine.*



## DR. SPECIFIC.

**D**R. SPECIFIC has an office on Broadway, New York, a branch in Washington Street, Boston, and another in Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. When he wants a little excursion, he advertises in Boston or Philadelphia that he is about to spend a week there. Twice in the year he goes West. His track may be traced all over the country by the sarsaparilla bottles he leaves.

The secret of his success is simplicity. His practice is as plain as a pike-staff. Everybody can understand it. There is only one medicine; therefore there can be but one disease. The one medicine is *Dr. Specific's Sovereign Sirup*.

Seven men met in Dr. Specific's office one morning, waiting their turns. They all complained of dyspepsia.

"Very good," said the doctor, smiling. "There is only one disease, and here we see it. My Sovereign Sirup will cure you all. And now, gentlemen, to show you my mastery of the subject, I will tell you your own symptoms. I'll take you all together."

"But, Sir," interposed the first, a sunburned farmer from New Jersey—"Sir—"

"That's enough," said the doctor, raising his hand. "You need only open your mouth, and I see through you. You've got no teeth. You can't digest without mastication, and you can't masticate without teeth. You mumble your food, and down it goes in lumps. It's like putting pebbles in a coffee-mill. Now a regular physician would tell you to go to a dentist, and have your old stumps out and get a set of good clean grinders, and you'd laugh at dyspepsia. But I know better than that! I know you don't want to have 'em out; and you think you can't afford a new set. You think it better to pay me five dollars a bottle for the Sovereign Sirup, which you can take with a tea-spoon, than to pay a hundred to have your jaw broken. And I think so too. Here's a bottle. Five dollars, if you please. You'll feel better after taking it every day. There's a little spirits in it, to produce that effect. But don't feel troubled if you don't get well right away. How long have you been ailing?"

"Oh, these fifteen years."

"Very well, now. Remember that what's been on you these fifteen years can't be cured by sirup in fifteen days, nor fifteen weeks either. Come back for another bottle as soon as you've used this up.—And you Sir," said the doctor, turning promptly to the next, a stout, ruddy gentleman, who but for a pallid cast upon his sanguine complexion would have

seemed the picture of health. "I see you are in a bad way, Sir."

"Yes," replied he; "my food distresses me, and I can't sleep nights."

"I see," said the doctor. "I see. You are in business?"

"Yes. My factory is at Williamsburg, but our warehouse is down town."

"You attend at both, don't you?"

"Yes; I am back and forth all the time."

"And you're on the School Board, ain't you?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And on the Executive Committee of the Bible Society?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And do you hold any office in your church?"

"Yes, Sir; I am an elder, and president of the trustees."

"How many evening meetings do you have?"

"Two church meetings a week, besides vestry meetings, and church Sunday nights."

"Perhaps you are in the Sunday-school?"

"Yes; I am superintendent of our mission school."

"Any bank or insurance company?"

"Yes; I am on the board in our bank and one in Williamsburg too, and I am in two or three insurance companies. But what has all this to do with it? I'll take care of my business, if you'll cure my dyspepsia."

"Excuse me," persisted the doctor. "But who is a good broker in Wall Street? You go down there once in a while?"

"Yes; Smith I always deal through."

"And for gold who do you employ?"

"Jones."

"Well, how are governments to-day?"

"An eighth lower."

"Well, well," said the doctor, musingly. "Stocks, gold, governments, church, board, committee, Sunday-school, bank, insurance company, mill, counting-room—now it's odd, isn't it, that you should have just the same complaint as our quiet friend here who has only lost his teeth? But that's just the fact. Your food distresses you. Now a regular physician would laugh at you, and tell you to get out of Wall Street and committees, get home at four every day, and not leave till nine in the morning, and spend the evenings with your family like a Christian."

"Yes," interposed the patient, "that's just what our physician told me."

"Now you and I know better than that," continued Dr. Specific. "He meant well, but that is humbug. You won't take any such advice as *that*. You *can't* do it. It's sheer nonsense to expect it. You think it is a

great deal better to worry through, with a gentle stimulant from the Sovereign Sirup, and a little sedative at night. You lose \$50,000 a year, perhaps, on his advice, and mine only costs you five dollars a bottle. You think it is better to take *my* remedy, and *I* do too. But you must keep it up. If you want the cure to be permanent, you must make the medicine permanent."

The next gentleman was a thin student.

"You don't eat enough," said the doctor.

"Well," replied the poor fellow, meekly, "I am in the seminary—"

"I understand," interposed the doctor. "Some benevolent institution is starving you into the ministry. They might, at least, see that you were fed well till they get you at work. I know what goes on sometimes in those dormitories, where proud and self-sacrificing young fellows conceal their wants and feed on meal stewed in water over their stove, and flavoured with salt. Your food distresses you, of course. Isn't it odd, now, that you should have the same complaint as our friend here, the bank president? Now a regular physician would tell you to live well; but, good Lord! that's a mockery. Suppose I were to give you a prescription, *prandia cum beefsteakibus*, they would not understand *that* at the seminary. Gentlemen, there is a great deal of humbug in this world. This young man ought to dine sumptuously every day; but I'll not be guilty of the humbug of telling him to go and be fed. Come and dine with me, my friend, at one o'clock. It sha'n't be said that you were hungry and *I* gave you no meat. Meanwhile, here is a bottle of the Sovereign Sirup, which, if you can only get something to eat with it, will do you—well, will do you no harm.—And now, Sir," turning quickly to the next, a thin, cadaverous man, "what's the matter with your digestion?"

"Bless you, Sir, I have no digestion at all."

"You have plenty to eat?" said the doctor.

"Yes, but it seems to do me no good."

"I see your case at a glance," responded the doctor. "You're a teacher, perhaps?"

"Yes."

"Is your school in your house?"

"Next door."

"What are your amusements?"

"I amuse myself with my books."

"Do you walk?"

"Yes—to my school-room."

"Then your only recreation is to eat and drink?"

"That's about all."

"And no exercise but to whip the boys, eh? Now isn't it odd that you should have the same complaint as these friends here, and that you should need the same medicine? That's the fact. A regular physician would tell you that you eat too much and move

about too little; you put out the fire with too much fuel and too little stirring. *Of course* your food distresses you, and you may well say you haven't any digestion. But I know it would be only humbugging you to make you think you could change your habits. That's what you *don't want* to do, and you come for the Sovereign Sirup because you know you can't do better. I think it's the best thing you can do to pay me five dollars a month (and," whispered he, "I'll take back the bottles at three dollars a dozen if the labels are clean). If you were of a mind to take in this young man and divide your meals with him, both of you would be about right. But then you would rather feel full and stupid than hungry and bright at any time; I know it as well as you do. So take this whenever you feel stupid, and the oftener the better. Five dollars, if you please—or will you have half a dozen?"

The next patient was a fine-looking man, apparently a clergyman, with crape upon his hat and grief upon his face. He had been broken down by sudden sorrows, and his crushed heart, overrun with cares and duties and incessantly drained by oversensitive sympathies for the sufferings he found about him, was unable to recover itself. He had fallen into a morbid, nervous state, in which he passed alternately through extreme mental excitement and profound moral despondency.

"Now, my dear Sir," said Dr. Specific, "see how admirably the Sovereign Sirup works. A regular physician would tell you you must leave your duties and go abroad to recuperate. Your life is all up in your brain, and you have no force left. You ought to go away and leave your head behind you, a physician would say; but I know you won't do that—you've no heart to go, you've no means. Your conscience won't let you leave the tread-mill where you are killing yourself, and you know as well as I do how little use it is to reason with conscience. But you know the power of faith; you want something to believe in, and the Sovereign Sirup is just that thing. Take it every day, and only believe it is doing you good, and it surely will do you good."

The next man was a merchant, a tall, stalwart person. One would have thought it impossible that he should complain of dyspepsia. But he could eat nothing in the morning. If he took food, his stomach rejected it. It was noon before he was fit for anything. He had terrible distresses.

"Now, my friend," said the doctor, "you have splendid teeth, are not overrun with work, neither starve nor surfeit, have not been broken in nerves, and yet— isn't it odd?—you need just the same medicine as our friends here. Perhaps you drink very hard at your evening dinner; perhaps you have to be put to bed

three or four nights in a week by your servant; perhaps you are so quiet about it that your friends are almost ignorant of your vice, and you manage it so adroitly that you are never 'the worse for liquor' in the daytime, yet your wife knows you are dying of drink. But if her cries and tears do not stop you, what's the use of a regular physician to advise you? There's no hope for you but to take the Sovereign Sirup, which is good for dyspepsia in *all* its forms. There's only *one* disease after all that's said. Isn't it odd, now? A regular physician would talk to you in vain about stopping the cause of this trouble; but you know that's no use as well as I do. What's the use of paying doctor's bills to be told to do what we don't want to do, or not to do what we are going to do? That's what I call swindling the public, to practice on that principle. What you want is something to make you feel better, and steady your nerves in the morning and quiet your stomach and brace you up till dinner-time, when you're all right again. My medicine won't interfere with your diet. That's what I call scientific practice. It's all one disease. What's wanted is *something to operate on the mind.*"

With that the doctor came to the last one, a pitiable object, who sat with eyes cast down and fingers nervously playing. It was a wreck—a wreck deserted, vacant, hopeless, but still floating about, tossed on the waves of dissipation, and drawn hither and thither in the eddying currents of vice. It was a phantom of a man. The only semblance of reality it possessed was the reality of wretchedness.

"Good God!" said Dr. Specific, in a reverent tone, with pity, "*what a mercy it is when wrecks go to the bottom!*"

"Doctor," said the wreck, "you're right. Yours is the scientific practice. We don't want to know what is the matter with us. We want something to take. Don't ask me any questions. Don't give me any advice. I can't stop. I must go on, but I want something to oil the wheels. Will your medicine do me any good?"

"My friend," said the doctor, "I won't deceive you. I have never tried it in so extreme a case as yours; but, you see, it's all one disease, and what is good for everybody must be good for you. This I can say, that if my sirup don't save you, nothing will."

As the doctor took the last five-dollar bill, he asked the gentleman each to give him a little certificate of the success with which he had treated their cases. The clergyman immediately arose. "My friends," said he, addressing them, "I think it is due to Dr. Specific that we should give him our certificates before we go. It is true that we have not tried his medicine yet, but we have taken his advice and understand his system; and it is

my practice to give a letter of recommendation whenever I get an opportunity. If the doctor will write now, we will each tell him what to say."

"Certainly," said the toothless old farmer. "I can say that the doctor's advice has saved me a great deal of suffering and expense."

"For me," said the overworked man of business, "write that Dr. Specific has enabled me to go on with my business as usual, when other physicians had given me up unless I stopped work, and that I consider he has saved me thousands of dollars."

"For me," said the starved student, "say that I have received from Dr. Specific kind attentions such as no other physician ever gave me."

"For me," said the overfed teacher, "write that, being of a sedentary and studious habit, I had suffered a great deal from dyspepsia, but consider the doctor's sirup exactly suited to my case, and shall continue to take it as long as I feel the need of it. Date it, if you please, at the Classical Institute."

"For me," said the nervous clergyman, "write that I believe Dr. Specific to be a physician who not only thoroughly understands the ills which flesh is heir to, but enters into the feelings of his patients, and treats them intelligently upon a beautiful scientific and moral theory."

"For me," said the wine-bibbing merchant, "write that I have tried many physicians, but they never understood my case; that Dr. Specific understood it perfectly, and that his medicine does not interfere in the least with my diet or habits."

"For me," said the forlorn wreck, "write that I had suffered terribly from dyspepsia, headache, particular debility, and blue-devils—every kind of unutterable torments—and never found anything or anybody to relieve me until I came to Dr. Specific and procured a bottle of his sirup."

"There," said the clergyman; "now we've done our duty by the doctor and I dare say our certificates are quite as good as any he has got, and yet we have none of us said what isn't true enough. Doctor," added he, "those certificates will be published in the daily papers?"

"Certainly."

"And you will put my name in capitals?"


"Certainly."

"Thank you. I always look for it in such cases."

So the seven men, bearing seven bottles of Sovereign Sirup in one hand, and seven of Dr. Specific's Medical Almanacs in the other, marched down stairs and filed into the street, while the doctor arranged his new certificates in a flaming advertisement, which may be found in most of the papers of the day.

—Harper's Weekly.

## TERRIBLY DECIDED.

" H, Sara, you are too absurd!" And pretty Grace Ashleigh laughs her pleasant laugh. "The idea of loving two men at once, and not knowing which to choose! I don't believe you at all."

"Believe or not, Grace; just as you please," is the soft, serious-voiced answer.

Those wonderful deep, hazel eyes of Sara Prescott's turn all their subdued richness of colour toward her friend whilst she speaks, and every feature of her beautiful oval face wears an impress of earnest meaning.

"It is true, Grace," she whispers; "true, true, true! There are moments when I feel confident that Ralph Curtis, with his dark, southern-looking beauty, and his impulsive, reckless ways, is by far the dearer to me. But a visit from blond-haired, blue-eyed Walter Crosbie changes everything. I'm just tossed about in spirit from one to the other. Each seems to touch, with me, a separate chord of congeniality. I don't know how it will end. Here they have both been lingering along at the hotel, Grace, paying me daily visits since the first of July."

"Perhaps," suggests Grace, after a little silence, whilst they walk along through the twilight paths of the great lawn, which compasses the luxurious summer-house where Sara Prescott lives—"perhaps you will end by hating them both, Sara?"

"I cannot tell. And yet that seems impossible."

"Very well," answers Grace; "I must ask you to have my carriage ordered round now, Sara, notwithstanding that I should like to remain and help to counsel you in your troubles; but please remember that I have seven miles to drive, and that mamma makes a perfect Rachel of herself if I stay out after dark."

So Grace presently takes her departure, and Sara is left to hold converse with her own thoughts, whilst she begins a second, and this time a wholly solitary, stroll among the stately shrubberied lawns.

Very gloomy and miserable those thoughts are. She recalls, with a sense of shrinking fear, how intense a passion for her has recently grown to possess both Ralph Curtis and Walter Crosbie—how each has become almost aggressive, of late, in his fierce request for some final answer to his eager hopes, and how the more that either pleads the more absolute and complete has been her indecision, her doubt, her perplexity.

No; she cannot make up her mind. Allow that she is mentally a monstrosity of womanhood; allow that nobody has even been pre-

cisely in her unsettled condition; the fact exists, all the same, that she loves two men at once, and has no power to choose between them.

Suppose they should have some deadly quarrel on her account! Nothing is more probable. They have grown cordially to hate each other; of that fact Sara feels right sure. They are living at the same hotel, and are constantly thrown together. Sara shudders when she remembers what evidences she has had of how fierce a temper each possesses. Oh, why cannot she be like other women? Why must she suffer so keenly from what seems nothing except her own cross stupidity and silly irresolution?

Just at this stage of Sara's thoughts the sound of a footstep directly behind her meets the young girl's ear. She turns, and in the vague dark sees Walter Crosbie's tall, commanding figure, and fair, Saxon face. He begins speaking with brusque suddenness: "Sara—Miss Prescott—I have come to bid you good-bye."

She clasps both hands together in an abrupt burst of surprise.

"You cannot possibly mean it?"

"I do. I am tired of being played fast and loose with, from day to day."

"You are not going," she answers, calmly, after a little silence, and whilst they were walking on, "I know by your tones and your manner that it is only a *ruse*. You are not going until I—I give you a final answer."

"And for God's sake," Walter bursts forth, "when is that final answer coming? There are times, Sara Prescott, when I feel like believing that no more heartless coquette than yourself ever drew breath, and that you care no more for me than you care for Ralph Curtis."

"Pardon me. I think that I heard my name mentioned."

None other than Ralph Curtis himself spake these words.

The vague half-light was now yielded to the brightening glimmer of a full, superb moon, whose silver globe hangs midway between horizon and zenith, beautiful pendent in the still, blue, breezeless dusk.

Ralph Curtis, having just emerged from behind a dark barrier of tall, heavy shrubbery round which the road winds, stands facing Walter Crosbie and Sara, his black-eye, olive-brown countenance fully visible to them both. Under his dark moustache there plays a bitter, cynical smile.

Sara utters a little scream of dismay.





TERRIBLY DECIDED.—“PARDON ME. I THINK THAT I HEARD MY NAME MENTIONED,”

*Page 836.*

"How unexpected!" she falters; and then there is a silence among the trio, which lasts until Walter Crosbie harshly breaks it.

"Very unexpected," he exclaims; "and yet, after all, scarcely inopportune. I, for one, am glad that it has occurred. It gives me, at least, the opportunity of asking you, in Mr. Curtis's presence, Miss Sara, how much longer you desire that this absurd masquerade shall continue. With whom—to make a sort of epigram out of the situation" (whilst he laughs a low, discordant laugh)—"do you wish to walk home with, Mr. Curtis or myself?"

And then Ralph Curtis speaks promptly:

"I echo Mr. Crosbie's question."

Whereupon poor, weak Sara bursts into tears.

"Please both go away," she murmurs brokenly.

"I can walk home just as well alone by myself."

Silence.

This time it is a silence that Curtis ends.

"That is no answer, Miss Sara."

"Right," states Walter Crosbie, with stern emphasis. "It is no answer."

"I—I can't help it," laments Sara. "Please go—both of you."

Suddenly a fierce flash shoots from the night-like eyes of Ralph.

"Let there be some decision," he cries, addressing Walter. "If Miss Prescott will not make it herself, it is for us to do so."

"I do not understand," replies Walter.

Ralph draws nearer to him.

"I beg your pardon," he commences, speaking to Sara; and then there follows between the two men an inaudible whispered conference which she, who witnesses it, watches and wonders at. The conference continues nearly five minutes; and at last Ralph Curtis turns toward Sara.

"Miss Prescott, Mr. Crosbie and I have formed a compact together. Do you see where yonder road emerges from those clumps of shrubbery?"

"Yes," answers the puzzled girl, in right puzzled tones.

"Very well. We desire you to wait here. We will disappear. When you next see either of us it will be as he advances toward you, doubtless at fullest running speed along that same road. One will in all probability win the race which we propose to run, but if it proves a neck-and-neck race, then—then—"

"Then?" questions Sara, with trembling voice.

"Then," Walter Crosbie here breaks in, "*you will walk home alone.* Do you quite understand, Miss Sara? Think, for a moment, and I feel sure that further explanation will be useless."

"I—I—have thought," quivers Sara, "and—and—I think—I am sure, indeed—that I understand."

"Very well," exclaimed Walter. "Do you consent to such an arrangement, strange and wild as it seems? Reflect for a moment before replying."

Sara covers her face, impulsively, with both hands, and remains in this attitude for a brief while. Then she uncovers her face again, with an equal impulsiveness, and cries out, in tones almost fierce from intense excitement:

"I have reflected; and I consent."

\*

SARA is standing quite alone now, in the clear, perfect moonlight. Around her gleam the shadowy lawns, broken with their great, dusky masses of foliage. Her eyes are fixed intently upon that fragment of opposite road which its skirting shrubberies allow her to see. She is listening—listening with strained, anxious ear, and with every nerve on the *qui vive* of expectancy.

Presently there is the distinct sound, at what seems a considerable distance, of rapid, advancing feet. Sara's eyes fairly dilate, and her head stretches itself forward in the wild eagerness of her feelings.

The steps come nearer, nearer—heavy, decisive thuds of vigorous feet against hard, unyielding gravel.

And now, without a moment's warning, the steps cease. Then there is a man's wild, fierce cry; after that, what seems a second of silence, and then the dreadful, cracking, unmistakeable sound of a pistol.

Just for a brief space Sara stands as though frozen into stone. Then she rushes down the road, turns the corner, made—so to speak—by the great shrubbery clusters, and darts on, on, with fleetest speed. A long, quivering, terrified moan leaves her lips, as she pauses at last by a dark, outstretched form.

"Walter—Walter Crosbie! for God's sake, what has happened?"

No answer.

And then she sees the ghastly, upturned face, and the long, gory stream that oozes from its temples!

Not two yards distant there is another prone form. Sara staggers toward it.

Ralph Curtis's swarthy face gleams, livid and ghastly, in the pale moonlight!

"His fault," he gasps—"all his fault! He stabbed me as I was passing him. Then I fired—not till then. God help you—poor Sara—poor Sara!"

These are the last words he ever speaks. And so the race has been run; and so Death has won it.



## MISCELLANEA.

**FLIRTATION.**—(*See Frontispiece.*)—Here is a chapter in human history which transpires several thousand times every day. Young people, the gentle sex not excepted, love to frisk about on that debatable territory which lies on the outer edge of real affection. If each party understands each other, in this toying with life's most sacred experience, possibly no great harm may result. But if, as often happens, one party is in earnest and the other is in joke, heart-wounds may ensue which nothing can heal. Therefore let our picture be an admonition, and not an incitement, to youth. In the sanctuary of love let only honest words be spoken. Let never the semblance of a promise be looked or uttered without a sincere intent. The "conquests," which fair maidens sometimes boast of having made, often leave consuming fires behind them which destroy human peace. Love is a noble vanquisher; but the momentary triumphs of beauty and insincerity every true heart will despise and eschew.

**AN EGYPTIAN WOMAN.**—(*Illustration, Page 813.*)—The Egyptian face of to-day is, in its characteristic features, essentially the same as it was in the time of the old Pharaohs, and could we carry ourselves back some thousands of years we should doubtless discover a striking resemblance between the subject of our illustration and the royal lady who found Moses in the bulrushes. Perhaps among all the living painters, Gustav Richter, the creator of the picture of which we give a copy, has succeeded best in reproducing oriental portraits; and our illustration, taken from a photograph by the Photographic Society of Berlin, well represents the style and peculiar gifts of this distinguished painter.

**THE LOVE-LETTER.**—(*Illustration, Page 829.*)—That the young lady is not an early riser is manifest enough. Were it not for this letter, she would doubtless still have been fast asleep. But she is wide enough awake now; for her maid has brought a missive whose contents we may not read but can easily conjecture. Some absent one, who, in the poetry of the heart, is her other self, has sent this sheet brimful of promises and fervent avowals. His pen was a magician's wand, and has filled the air with a thousand enchanting visions. Wide awake, and yet in dream-land, is the fair maiden. Let her read and dream; for this is the season of hope and expectation, and the sober realities of life will come soon enough. The artist who drew this picture was an idealist, and we leave every reader to discount a proper percentage by the light of his own experience and observation.

**MR. MARTIN F. TUPPER** is making a six months lecturing tour in America, during which he will give readings from his "Proverbial Philosophy" and miscellaneous poems.

**AUERBACH'S NEW TALES.**—The first volume of Berthold Auerbach's new series of tales has appeared. He announced (the *Academy* says) that, as in the former series he endeavoured to delineate the village life of the earlier age,

when the peasantry of Germany passed their days in secluded districts, far removed from the rest of the world, in the present series of tales he aims at a correct representation of the German village of railway times. By this double group of life-pictures he hopes to bring into strong relief the good that Germany has secured through the changes which the progress of time and the course of events have wrought for the Fatherland.

THE aggregate admissions to the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia were 9,780,392, of which 8,004,325 have paid. The receipts amounted to \$3,813,749, and the average daily admissions were 61,568.  
—*London Times.*

A COPENHAGEN CORRESPONDENT writes that Madame Christine Nilsson has left Copenhagen and has proceeded to Hamburg. During the late visit which Madame Nilsson paid to her native village of Wexiö, in Sweden, she settled a handsome annuity on her old parents, who hitherto have lived in very straitened circumstances.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**OTTO S.**—The article on Richard Wagner was copied from the *New York Times*, and by that journal credited to the *Concordia*.

**MILLER L., Paris.**—You will be obliged to make your inquiry more explicit before we can answer it. If you have not sufficient command of English, write to us in French.

**J. L., Baden-Baden.**—We are not well enough acquainted with the autotype process to explain it; and, as it is carried on under patent-right, we should have no authority to do so.

**FAÜLEN VON G., Berlin.**—You had better trust to your own judgment in the matter than to take counsel of your neighbours, each of whom would probably give a different opinion.

**C. M., Wiesbaden.**—The "Relief from the Temple of Assos" is in the Louvre; but, in a late visit to Paris, we had to search a long time before we found it. It is a pity that such an important art-relic is not put in a more prominent place.

**PROF. S., Constantinople.**—We do not know any German and English dictionary upon which you can, in all cases, rely for correct spelling.

**N. L., Stuttgart.**—Your communication is returned with thanks.

**D. B., Winterthur.**—You will find a knowledge of English of commercial value in seeking a situation, and we advise you to pursue its study. With the good beginning which you have made, you can soon become sufficiently proficient in it for business purposes.

**LINA, Breslau.**—We regret that we have no editor of fashions connected with our *MAGAZINE*, and must refer you to the periodical literature in this department, which is abundant both in the English and French languages.

**MARIE VON M., Graz.**—We will try to give you the information which you seek in a future number; but we have not space at present.

## OUR HUMOROUS PORTFOLIO.



VETO.

"SHALL WE—A—SIT DOWN?"

"I SHOULD LIKE TO; BUT MY DRESSMAKER SAYS I MUSTN'T!"

## TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

*IN concluding the Second Year of our "Illustrated Magazine," we offer to our subscribers our cordial thanks for the generous encouragement which they have given our enterprise. For the future we promise our most earnest endeavours to make our Magazine in all respects worthy of its founder.*

*We shall commence with the next number the charming illustrated serial novel of*

**"JULIET"**

BY MRS. H. LOVETT-CAMERON,

*which is surpassed by no other story of the current year in the interest which it has awakened in the English public.*

*Besides this engaging feature, every number of the Magazine during the year will contain a complete single tale and other literary and pictorial attractions which we believe will make our periodical a welcome guest in the family circle as well as a source of entertainment to the travelling public.*

EDWARD HALLBERGER.







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